



THE
AMERICAN
WHIG REVIEW.

— • • —
"TO STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION."

—
NOVEMBER, 1852.
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PORTRAIT OF HON. TRUMAN SMITH, U. S. SENATOR FROM CONNECTICUT.

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THE
AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW.

No. XCV.

NOVEMBER, 1852.

FRANKLIN PIERCE:

HIS QUALIFICATIONS FOR, AND PRETENSIONS TO, THE PRESIDENCY.

It must be apparent to every attentive observer, that the Executive has attained an ascendancy in the administration of our government which was not contemplated by the framers of our Constitution.

It will be recollected that Hamilton, and those who acted with him in the Convention, were seriously apprehensive that the Legislature would gradually encroach upon and undermine the Executive; hence they were for conferring on the latter powers much more comprehensive and significant than those ultimately conceded, and were for surrounding the Presidential office with barriers against the anticipated aggressions of the representatives of the States and of the people.

On the other hand, it is well known that Patrick Henry insisted that the danger was all on the other side—that the powers actually conferred on the chief Executive were not only more extensive than the exigencies of the case required, but were in fact highly dangerous; and that the President, under the Constitution as proposed, would ultimately become the head of a mere party, and would arrogate to himself imperial authority. Hence, he resisted most strenuously the adoption of the Constitution, and exerted all the vigor of his great mind, and all the resources of his unsurpassed eloquence, in opposition to the new system.

Unhappily, the history of the country for the last quarter of a century has abundantly vindicated the soundness of his opinions, and made what was prophecy by him a dread reality.

Neither time nor space will allow us to enter into an extended examination of a subject so vitally important; but our readers must indulge us in pointing briefly to the causes which have led to this fearful revolution—causes which, though suspended for the time being, may soon be brought into full activity, and which should be closely watched by every lover of free institutions, and by every friend to the great experiment of self-government which we are now trying in face of the world.

These causes are to be found in the unscrupulous use which has been too often made of the veto power; in the control which the President can exercise over our foreign relations, holding as he does in his hands the issues of peace or war; and above all, in an abuse of the appointing power, first introduced by the party now in opposition, and ever practised by them, when they could influence public sentiment, to shape legislation, and to give a direction to public affairs in conformity with the whims, caprices, prejudices, and passions of the hour. On each of these points we propose to submit a few remarks.

We do not intend to touch here on the motives which induced the investment of the Presidential office with the veto power. Fortunately, the history of the Convention, and the expositions of contemporaneous statesmen, (many of them participants in the counsels of that body,) do not leave us in doubt.

But we observe that the framers of the Constitution obviously intended to confer on the Executive only a qualified veto;—they did not dream that the power could or would become absolute in practice, and yet it has become so in fact.

It was supposed that a bill which might be returned by the President, “with his objections, to that House in which it originated,” would be taken up and dispassionately considered, and that a majority of two thirds would be found, at least in some instances, to decide that it should “become a law,” the objections of the Executive to the contrary notwithstanding. On no other hypothesis can we account for the carefully arranged and apparently well considered provisions or clauses introduced to qualify the veto. If the Convention could have foreseen that the power was to become practically absolute, would so much ingenuity have been displayed, and so much ability exerted, to render “the one-man power” subordinate, to some extent, to the will of the people?

All the restrictions and qualifications, however, thrown around this power, have proved vain and idle. No instance is recollected where a majority of “two thirds of that House in which a bill originated” have, after it had been returned with objections, “approved” or sustained it, and certainly there is none where two thirds of both Houses have done so. The President then can, by the exercise of his despotic will, defeat any measure, or arrest any course of policy, for his entire term—no matter how imperatively demanded by the interests of the country, or anxiously sought by a vast majority of the people. Even though two thirds, or more than that proportion of their immediate representatives, stand by the measure, yet it is in the power of a minority of but one over a third of the other branch to make the veto effectual.

But we have had added in modern times, by what we have ever deemed an enormous usurpation, a new species of veto; it has

been appropriately denominated the pocket veto. The Constitution provides that “if any bill shall not be returned by the President within ten days (Sundays excepted) after it shall be presented to him, the same shall be a law in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the Congress by their adjournment *prevent* its return, in which case it shall not be a law.” Now we insist that the expiration of a Congress is not an “adjournment” within this clause. The Constitution evidently contemplates a voluntary act to be performed by Congress; that body was to *prevent* the return of a bill “by the President within ten days,” in which case it is declared that such bill should not be a law. But how can Congress be said to have prevented such a return when there is in the case nothing but an expiration of their powers by constitutional limitation? Is it not obvious that it was intended that Congress should have an opportunity to pass by a two-thirds vote any and every bill objected to by the President? And yet on the construction here resisted, the President is invested with the absolute power to defeat a large portion of the legislation of the country. It is well known that such is the exuberance of oratory displayed in the two Houses of Congress, that little or no business can be consummated until within the last ten days of each session. It will be found, on examination of the acts of Congress and the journals of the two Houses, that more than nine tenths of such acts have been for a long time “presented to the President” for his approval within the period mentioned; at the first session, within ten days of the adjournment, and at the last within ten days of the expiration of the Congress. And yet Democratic precedent and practice affirm that all the bills coming within the latter category may be pocketed by the President. And this has been repeatedly done. We will point to only one example. At the second session of the Twenty-ninth Congress, the House of Representatives passed a bill of appropriations for river and harbor improvements, and sent it to the Senate; it ultimately received the sanction of that body, but, as has been usual with Congress, at least for many years, it was not consummated so as to be presented to the President until the last day of the session, when Mr. Polk (then President) put it in his pocket, and thus defeated the measure. At the succeeding ses-

sion he by an act of supererogation sent a long message of "objections" to the House of Representatives, when he knew well that it was not in the power even of two thirds of both Houses to make it a law. We beg our readers to consider the vastness of this power, exercised sometimes by abuse and sometimes by usurpation—the power to defeat measures of urgent necessity, and to render null great principles of public policy—and to ponder well on the consequences. Has not a substantial revolution by these means been effected in the structure of the government? It has been well said that the abuses here reprobated have rendered what was intended to be only "the medicine of the Constitution, its daily food."

But we must hasten to the consideration of the second cause, which has had some share in augmenting the power of the Executive, and is worthy of serious attention. In the administration of Mr. Polk, we have proof conclusive that a President can by rashness or folly involve the country in a foreign war at any moment.

We do not propose to consider at this time the subject of the Oregon controversy, nor the brave assumption of $54^{\circ} 40'$ as the indisputable American right, only to retreat ignominiously to 49° ; an assumption which came within a hair's breadth of plunging the two countries (parties to that controversy) into all the horrors of an issue of blood.

But we will dwell for a few moments on the incipient measures of war adopted by Mr. Polk against Mexico, and which were calculated to produce, and did in fact produce, a collision between the two Republics. On the 30th of January, 1846, Mr. Polk issued an order to General Taylor, then lying at Corpus Christi, within the acknowledged limits of Texas, to advance with his army to the Rio Grande, and to take possession of all that part of the State of Tamaulipas which was situated on the left bank of that river. This territory had never been for a moment subject to the authority or jurisdiction of Texas, and had been at all times in the sole possession of our sister Republic. The Department of War had, as early as July 8th, 1845, distinctly recognized the fact that Mexico had "some military establishments on the east side of the Rio Grande;" and General Taylor was explicitly told that in carrying out his instructions he must "be careful to avoid any acts of aggression un-

less an actual war should exist;" that is to say, unless war should be authorized by Congress or declared by Mexico. Notwithstanding these facts, Mr. Polk, by the agency of his Secretary of War, gave the order already adverted to, and it is manifest on its face that he and his Cabinet regarded it as a semi-belligerent measure, as will appear by the following extract: "It is not designed in our present relations with Mexico that you should treat her as an enemy, but should she assume that character by a declaration of war or any open act of hostility towards us, you will not act merely on the defensive, if your relative means enable you to do otherwise." This measure was preëminently adapted to provoke "a declaration of war" by Mexico, or some "open act of hostility" on her part. May a President do this on his sole authority? If so, then in vain has the war power been by the Constitution exclusively vested in Congress.

And what aggravates the case essentially is the fact that Congress was at the date of the order in session, but Mr. Polk did not deign to take the advice of that body. What aggravates it still more is the conviction which all candid men must entertain that if Congress had been consulted it never would have concurred in the measure. We will not speak with confidence of the House of Representatives, but refer most emphatically to the Senate as containing several distinguished members of the Democratic party, who were conservative in all matters appertaining to our foreign relations, and who would have been sure to veto this deplorable movement. We would be understood to indicate Mr. Calhoun and Colonel Benton as belonging to this class, who resisted strenuously Mr. Polk's Oregon policy, and who did perhaps more than any body else to preserve to the United States and Great Britain the inestimable blessings of peace. We do not hesitate to pronounce this act of Mr. Polk a stupendous usurpation, and it enables us to reiterate our original proposition, that the President (under Democratic sway) holds in his hand the issues of peace or war.

But it is not necessary for a President to transcend his legitimate authority to involve the country in a war.

The right of negotiation and the powers of diplomacy belong to him exclusively, and it is easy to see he may pursue such an irritating, not to say hectoring course toward

a foreign power, as to render war inevitable. The people of this country are martial in their instincts; they are fond of arms, and brave to a proverb. Any Chief Magistrate, by exciting the prejudices and arousing the passions of the nation, may have war *ad libitum*. It is fearful to think of the control which a bad man in the Presidency may under this head of administration exercise over the destinies of the country.

And here is the proper place for advertizing to the many advantages which have in this connection resulted to the Republic by the elevation of Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore successively to the Presidency. Their administrations have been eminently pacific. While they have vindicated the right of the nation and upheld the honor of our flag, they have preserved the peace of the country; they have preserved it both externally and internally, and this alone is sufficient to cause the memory of the one to be revered, and the name of the other to be honored, now and at all times.

And what would have been the event if Gen. Lewis Cass, the great war-hawk of the Senate, had been called to the Presidency in 1848? Have we any assurance that our national peace would have been maintained for a single year? Would the obligation of treaties have been asserted, and our neutrality laws enforced; would the many turbulent spirits (mostly foreign adventurers) to be found within our borders have been held in check; and would aggressions on the territory of a nation with which we are at peace have been sternly repressed? How would he have treated filibustering in Cuba, and what would have been our condition if ten thousand men had been thrown on that island from the Gulf coast?

The slightest intimation from the Executive of impunity to such lawless proceedings, or even the belief that they would be winked at, might have kindled the flame of war between the United States and several of the leading powers of Europe. Even a slight examination of the senatorial and diplomatic career of Gen. Cass must convince every one that his policy would have been belligerent, and hence it is impossible to over-estimate the importance and value of the results in 1848.

And here we would reprobate an idea in which even Whigs have sometimes indulged, that those results have been productive of

little benefit to the country because we have not been able to control to its fullest extent the action of the two Houses of Congress. But even in the halls of legislation that memorable victory has not been without some fruit. Have we not carried through the two Houses, at the late session, a highly important River and Harbor Bill; and is it not manifest that the measure was extorted from the Democracy by fears which the last canvass inspired? Moreover, the popular arbitrament had opened the White House to a statesman who knew his duty too well to veto the will of the Legislature on the subject of rivers and harbors. In short, we have obtained, in the form of legislation, nearly all that we desired except a modification of the tariff of 1846, and even that we may extort (should the two Houses remain in the hands of the opposition) by results this year not less brilliant than those of 1848.

But it is in the Executive department mainly we find the advantages to which every Whig can refer with pride and satisfaction. The reins of government have been held with a firm and steady hand, and we have had in succession Chief Magistrates who have been faithful to the Constitution, to the laws, to the cause of "peace on earth and good-will among men," to our glorious Union, and to the confidence reposed in them by a great and generous people.

But we have digressed, and will return at once to the line of discussion originally proposed, by considering the third cause which has contributed to the enhancement of Executive power,—and here we advert to the subject of patronage. It is well known that during the first ten Presidential terms, viz., two of Washington, one of Adams (the elder), two of Jefferson, two of Madison, two of Monroe, and one of Adams (the younger), covering a period of no less than forty years, the practice of dismissing the employees of the government for opinion's sake was totally unknown, unless a few removals made by Mr. Jefferson constitute an exception. The whole number of removals from the commencement of Washington's administration to the close of that of J. Q. Adams was only 114, and over one half of these were made by Mr. Jefferson soon after his accession to the Presidency. J. Q. Adams made only four removals, and these were strictly for cause. But at length the period anti-

pated by Patrick Henry arrived, when the head of the nation became the chief of a mere party. On the fourth of March, 1829, Andrew Jackson entered upon the discharge of the duties of the Presidential office, when, prompted by his resentments and circumvented by the wiles of a political magician, he was induced to transplant the spoils system from Albany to the unaccustomed soil of Washington. Here it struck its roots deep into the earth, threw abroad its branches, and soon overshadowed the whole government with its luxuriance. It has been by means of this system that other elements of mischief have been strengthened and reinforced; that the veto has been made so effectual and destructive; that large bodies of men, and even States, have been induced to abandon their opinions on great questions of public policy—in one instance suspending for years appropriations indispensable to our navigating interests, and in another overthrowing the encouragement of our domestic industry, regarded as an object of the first importance in the earlier and better days of the Republic. Where were the Democracy of Pennsylvania before the spoils system was introduced on the subject of protection, and where are they now? And what but the allurements of office, and the love of place and power, could have induced some of her most distinguished sons to betray, in 1844, her vital interests by the imposture of "Polk, Dallas, Texas, and the tariff of '42?" What but this system has produced the loquacity of the two Houses of Congress, and rendered them utterly powerless for purposes of good? What else has occasioned scenes of disorder, and sometimes even of violence, in our halls of legislation, adapted to suffuse the cheeks of every true-hearted American with a blush? Why is it that, so soon as one Presidential election is over, a multitude of aspirants rush into the arena, and commence struggling for positions from which they hope to vault into the Presidency; why, we ask finally, have we occasion to witness such a surprising degeneracy of manners and morals, and why such an utter loss of that dignity and elevation of character which uniformly marked the course of public men during the earlier Presidential terms? Indeed, we regard the subject of patronage as the Pandora's box from which have emanated nearly all the evils which now afflict the body politic. Not the least of

these, we repeat, is the enhancement of Executive power, particularly when the government is in the hands of a bad man; a consideration of the very first importance, which should be incessantly present to the mind of every citizen when called to the duty of voting for a Chief Magistrate of our country.

And here we will step aside for a moment to repel the reproach of inconsistency frequently cast on the Whig party, in respect to the matter now adverted to. We believe that the sentiments here avowed are universally entertained by the leading statesmen and well-informed men of the great conservative party with which it is our pride and pleasure to act. If you regard (exclaim our opponents) the "spoils system" with so much disapprobation, why do you conform to its behests, on accession to power? Why did you make such extensive removals in 1841, and then again in 1849? Ah! do these interrogators suppose they are to be indulged in a monopoly of place and power? When they carry an election, are they to take all the places because they are for the system, and when we and our friends carry one, are they to retain them all because we are opposed to it? As well might a man be forbid the use of a deadly weapon in self-defense, because he entertained and inculcated sentiments of opposition to deeds of bloodshed and violence. But an adequate remedy is at hand. Let the authors and originators of this detestable system abandon it; let them return to the rule of moderation, and listen to the accents of justice; let them recognize merit wherever it exists, and whatever may be its political aspect; and let them say to the Whig in office who has proved himself "honest, capable, and faithful to the Constitution," "Well done, good and faithful servant;" and we will guaranty a response of like generosity and liberal appreciation from those who not only profess, but practise, sound republicanism. In short, we insist that the so-called Democracy are responsible, not only for the introduction, but for the continuance of this evil; and all imputations on the Whig party in this connection are alike unfounded and impudent.

But if we could reduce the power of the Executive within its original limits, and if we had no occasion to apprehend a repetition of abuses, such as we have depicted, still we should have, in the vast expansion

of our territory, in the rapid growth of our population, and in the enormous increase of the resources of the country, and of the revenues and expenditures of the government, all calling for the performance of corresponding duties, and imposing corresponding obligations and responsibilities, ample reasons for magnifying the Presidential office. Washington ruled over three millions of people: the next President of the United States must rule over twenty-five millions at least. Washington presided only over the cis-montane portion of the United States; a strip of territory comparatively narrow, and lying within the St. Croix on the north, and the St. Mary's on the south: the next President must extend the sceptre of authority from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And Washington, by the influence of his great name and character, held only thirteen States within their proper spheres; but our next Chief Magistrate must keep no less than thirty-one States true to their position and faithful to the attractions of our glorious Union.

We have indulged in this train of remark in order to prepare our readers for a proper estimate of the great crisis before us. Within a brief space of time, the American people are to decide how the Executive department of our government shall be filled and constituted for the period of four years from the fourth of March next. They are to say whether lofty intelligence, unquestionable abilities, unspotted integrity, unalloyed patriotism, generous impulses, a just appreciation of the true interests of the country, and a lively sense of its proper destinies, are to rule the hour, or whether the mediocrity of a mere provincial reputation, and the contractedness of a character whose aims have been directed no higher than to objects of mere partisanship, shall administer the affairs of a free people; or, in other words, whether WINFIELD SCOTT or FRANKLIN PIERCE shall be the next President of the United States.

Fortunately, we are relieved from the necessity of entering into any expositions to establish the claims of the former to the respect, the confidence, and the affections of his countrymen. Fortunately, his name, his character, and his public services are as familiar to the millions who throng our territory as "household words." Fortunately, there is not a bright page of American his-

tory (appertaining to the last forty years) which does not contain a record of his actions and of his life; there is not a page from which his great and good name does not flash out in all the effulgence of heroic daring and of consummate statesmanship—a name which is the pride of every true American, and the admiration of the world. We unhesitatingly leave Winfield Scott and his pretensions to the arbitrament of an enlightened public sentiment. We refer his great services, both in the cabinet and in the field—the prudence, moderation, sense of justice, firmness, clear discernment, and never-fading sagacity which he has displayed in some of the most difficult positions of civil life, and the vigor, enterprise, skill, fortitude, and unflinching bravery which have ever marked his course in the field—to the judgment of a just and generous people. He is before them in all the admirable proportions of a character such as the country has seldom seen, and he and his friends may fearlessly abide the result.

But we are constrained to turn to a very different picture; one which must be viewed by every competent judge with other emotions than those of satisfaction; one got up and presented to the country by the artists of Democracy in the earlier days of June; and the question is whether it is fit to adorn the walls of the White House. There perhaps never was a political assemblage the results of which were more entirely committed to chance, than the late Democratic National Convention. There was never such a complete political lottery drawn before. After an unexampled struggle between men who have occupied the first positions in the government—between ex-heads of departments, ex-foreign ambassadors, ex-senators, and senators *de facto et de lege*, and some with all these characters united—all at once, in the twinkling of an eye, Franklin Pierce turned up with the Presidential card in his hands, and then the exclamation instantly burst from thousands of lips, *Who is Franklin Pierce?*

And well was that question put; appropriate and just was the astonishment of the nation. We reiterate it—Who is Franklin Pierce? Where are the evidences of his statesmanship, and where the records of his public services? We learn, indeed, that he was several years a member of Congress, first of the House of Representatives, and

afterwards of the Senate; but what beneficent or useful measure did he propose, advocate, or carry through?

Was there either originality, dignity, or ability in his course? Did he display any expansion or liberality of views? Were his aims high and his purposes noble? Did he consecrate all of his faculties to his country, and appreciate properly the responsible duties of an American legislator? On the contrary, we do not hesitate to declare, that there is no where to be found a more barren or even repulsive record than that which exhibits the Congressional career of General Pierce. No where else is there to be found so thoroughly developed all the indications and expressions of low partisanship. He is incessantly found on the mean side of every question; and if any one will examine (as we have) the journals of the two Houses, he will be deeply impressed with this truth. But those records not only reveal great illiberality and contractedness of disposition, but highly perverted views of public affairs. They prove that he belongs to the anti-progressive school of politicians.

His is the stand-still, the do-nothing policy. He apparently holds that government is constituted only to take money out of the pockets of the people, and to hand it over to the cormorants of office. The moment any thing beneficent is proposed, any thing adapted to promote the well-being of the toiling millions, he hesitates and stumbles, not to say, faints. There is a lion in the way: the Constitution forbids it, yea, the Constitution! which, according to a certain class of public men, ever admits what they desire, and is opposed to what they dislike.

Can it be possible that *such* a man is about to be called to the Chief Magistracy of this great country? Can it be possible that the American people will elect as their President one who was so prejudiced as to vote against granting to the American Colonization Society the privileges of the Hall of the House of Representatives; who, from a similar feeling, would not concede to citizens of the District of Columbia corporate powers for "benevolent purposes;" who would not admit the just claims of Mrs. Harrison, widow of the excellent William Henry Harrison, to some consideration at the hands of Congress, and who endeavored to return her penniless to her desolate home; who would not make the slightest concession to the merchants of

the city of New-York, ruined by the desolations of 1836; who would not recognize the obligations of the country to those citizens "who were engaged in wars with the Indians subsequent to the Revolution," nor of "the organized militiamen, mounted militiamen, and rangers, who defended the frontiers during the late war with Great Britain;" who would not admit the propriety of favoring the hardy pioneers of the West, in the matter of preëptive rights, and of a reduction of the price of the public lands; who has opposed himself strenuously to the policy of fostering the industry of the country; and who has manifested, on every occasion, an uncompromising hostility to appropriations for harbors and rivers, and to every form of internal improvements?

That he regards with great disfavor any attempt to augment the national wealth, and to make us truly independent, by so arranging duties on imports as to place the loom and the anvil in proximity with the plough and the harrow, appears from a resolution (the emanation of his own pen) submitted to the Democratic State Convention, held at Concord, N. H., on the 11th of June, 1846. Should he therefore be called to the Presidency, we cannot for a moment indulge the hope of any modification of the chimerical tariff now in force; a tariff of universal *ad valorem* duties; a tariff of constant evasion and incessant fraud, such as was never before found on the pages of the statute-book, and involving a policy every where else repudiated by the civilized world. This act fraught with such incalculable evils, has been recently denounced by Colonel Benton in appropriate terms. Is it fit and proper that one of its avowed advocates, now put forward by the votaries of (so called) free trade, should be elevated to the Chief Magistracy, only that we may dismiss every hope of a modification during the next Presidential term?

That he is equally hostile to every form of national improvement, we find evidenced by the journals of the two Houses while he was in Congress, almost page by page. To no purpose does the storm-tossed mariner appeal to him for relief. To no purpose does the citizen speak of the rock-bound coast and inaccessible harbors, nor of the perils of our lakes, of our rivers, and of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts—to all he turns a deaf ear. The wild cries of men, women and

children, about to be engulfed in the mighty deep, strike on his insensible ear, and appeal to his adamant heart, in vain. The behests of party can only reach him, and he gives the public safety and the public welfare to the winds; to the same element to which he consigns life, property, and every thing dear to man.

But it is not enough that the storm rages, and the waters lash the heavens, so that those who "go down to the sea in ships," and "do business in great waters," have "their souls melted" for the want of places of refuge; but, according to his sense of duty, the mariner is to be deprived of those beacon lights which have often enabled him to conduct his cargo of living souls to the haven of safety. Who could expect to acquire, or even to maintain for an instant, a character for generous, lofty and enlightened statesmanship, by votes of opposition to the establishment or maintenance of lights on our coasts? and yet this is exactly what Franklin Pierce did in 1834, and then again in 1837.

Ought not the example of Washington, and of every other great name which has adorned American history, the devoted friends of this indispensable policy, and ought not the uniform practice of the government, and the crying necessities of commerce, to have had some weight with him? And shall a man so lost to every sense of duty, and so insensible to every dictate of humanity, have the countenance of a free people to *light* him on the way to the White House?

But though his measures are naught, and his votes mean or detestable, perhaps we may find some redeeming quality in his legislative appeals. Perhaps he was accustomed to rise and address an admiring Senate with all the fervor of a Clay, with all the logic and compactness of a Calhoun, and with all the breadth, solidity, profoundness, and force of a Webster. Perhaps a modern Cicero or Demosthenes has enchained the attention of a rapt and delighted audience. Surely we must find some where attributes and qualities as the basis of pretensions now urged. But, alas! the records of Congress speak out the melancholy fact. We defy the world to produce such an example of inanity as is exhibited by the speeches of Franklin Pierce. His topics were ever of the most inconsiderable character; his views

illiberal, restricted, and unsubstantial; his illustrations and developments poor and spiritless, and his conclusions often false and illogical. But we wish to do him justice. He was for several sessions profoundly silent, acting upon the sacred injunction, "Let your communications be yea, yea, and nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." Whether, if he had made this the general rule, any thing would have been lost to the intelligence of legislation, and whether so wise an example might not have had an influence to economize the public time, and to expedite the public business, are questions which we must refer to the judgment of our readers.

We do not desire to say one word touching the military career of General Pierce. We are not aware that any one pretends that his qualifications for the Presidency were thereby enhanced, or that he established, while in the field, any peculiar claim to the gratitude of his countrymen. That he was led to embrace, *pro tempore*, the profession of arms from patriotic impulses, and that he possesses (attributes common with our people) courage and firmness, need not be disputed. But if the mere presence of such qualities fits a man for the first executive office in the country, then we have many hundred thousand citizens prepared to enter upon the Chief Magistracy at once. We can find them every where, in every village and hamlet from one of the great seas to the other, from the Canadian to the Mexican frontier. We admit that a man may, while at the head of armies, display vast administrative abilities, and evince his qualifications for the highest walks of civil life. This was true of George Washington, and it is equally true of Winfield Scott. But it is only those who have the chief direction in the field that get that sort of training which qualifies men for responsible and difficult civil employments. Those in subordinate situations acquire only military habits, which are to be deprecated rather than otherwise, though we admit that the experience of General Pierce was too brief and too inconsiderable to do him any particular harm. The military pretensions then of our friend are of no more significance than would have been those of any other New-Hampshire lawyer, of fair standing, who had turned soldier without knowing any thing about the soldier's profession, and then turned lawyer again after an inter-

val so short that he could resume his legal studies at the very point of interruption. Indeed, we regard the employment of General Pierce in Mexico only as a species of legal vacation, and we presume that on his arrival at Concord he could recur to his briefs and to his authorities (doubled down in dogs' ears) as readily as he would have done after an excursion to the White Mountains or a visit to Saratoga.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that there are authorities which take a more favorable view of the career of General Pierce in Mexico: we have one of them now before us, entitled "Sketches of the Lives of Franklin Pierce and William R. King," published, if we mistake not, by the National Democratic Executive Committee at Washington, and extensively circulated over the country, from which we take the following extract:

"In this battle, (Molino del Rey,) J. H. Warland, an officer of the army, writes, (1847,) that the New-England regiment was ordered to take off the dead and wounded and cover the withdrawal of the troops from the field. The duty assigned was an honorable one, and was worthily performed. General Pierce led a portion of his brigade before the blazing fire of the enemy's cannon, with a degree of courage and daring which has been spoken of with admiration. He narrowly escaped with his life; several times the six-pounders ranging within a few inches of him, and ploughing the ground by the side of his horse. He continued waving his sword and encouraging his troops till the duty assigned was performed. The cry was—
"Come on, brave New-England boys!"

"The same gentleman wrote the lines containing notices of the New-England officers in the army. Of General Pierce he writes:

"Break New-England's lion spirit!
No—not while Pierce can plunge his steed
Amid the blazing cannon near it,
Wave his bright sword and onward lead."

Shades of Alexander, Hannibal, Scipio, Cæsar, Frederick, (the Great,) Bonaparte and Washington, hide your diminished heads in presence of the mighty paladin of New-England! Heavens! how he mounted to the "imminently deadly breach;" how he swept over the plains of Mexico! Surely the world has been grievously misled—it was Franklin Pierce who captured the Halls of the Montezumas, and not Scott, Riley, Worth, Harney, and a few other "small lights" of the old army.

But there is a matter in connection with the Mexican war for which we are disposed to hold General Pierce to a serious respon-

sibility. By accepting a commission at the hands of Mr. Polk, he made himself a party to the unparalleled abuse which the latter committed, *flagrante bello*, when he converted appointments to the army into mere *spoils*, and conferred commissions of every grade on partisans and political favorites only, to the great prejudice of the accomplished and gallant officers of the old army, and to the infinite detriment of the public service. He conferred on William O. Butler and Robert Patterson commissions as Majors-General, and on Thomas Marshall, Joseph Lane, and James Shields, as Brigadiers, to command the volunteer force, neither of whom had been educated to the profession of arms; but all of them were Democrats, and the appointments were obviously political. We believe that it would have been better to have taken for these important situations some of the accomplished and highly educated soldiers of the old army, but are not disposed to make any particular complaint, as the volunteers were in the nature of militia, and perhaps civilians suddenly garished with epaulettes and swords would do well enough in commanding them. We cannot, however, reprehend the conduct of Mr. Polk too much, in proscribing as he did, in this connection at least, one half of the country. Is it to be assumed that there is no patriotism, no bravery, and no devotion to the honor of our flag in the Whig party? Fortunately, Congress enabled some of our friends to prove directly the reverse. Fortunately, the volunteers were, by law, authorized to designate their own field and company officers, and thus a considerable number of Whigs obtained access to the field of battle. As Colonels, and in other subordinate situations, they acquitted themselves creditably, and won a higher reputation than Mr. Polk's Majors-General and Brigadiers. Of this class we point unhesitatingly to Colonel Campbell, of Tennessee, now worthily filling the Gubernatorial office of that State, and to Major Gaines, of Kentucky, also holding a like situation in Oregon, as comparing most favorably with any of Mr. Polk's partisans and favorites.

But though the course of Mr. Polk in this respect may be entitled to some indulgence in consideration of the character of the force, yet what are we to think of his conduct on the occasion of the increase of the regular army by the addition of ten new regiments?

Is it not obvious that he was bound by every rule of justice and every dictate of propriety to recognize the claims of men who had consecrated their whole lives to their country; of men who had been thoroughly trained to arms, and who had been present on every battle-field, from the opening of the last war with Great Britain down to that of Mexico? But we are safe, at any rate, in insisting that he should have paid some attention to those who were then in the presence of the enemy, and who had distinguished themselves on the fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and at Monterey. They were, however, all of them remorselessly set aside and passed over. He appointed Pillow and Quitman Majors-General, and Pierce, Cadwallader, Cushing, and Price, Brigadiers; and thus enabled the two former to command every officer in the regular army except Majors-General Scott, Gaines, Jesup, and Taylor, and the four latter all of those gallant officers who had obtained imperishable renown in conflicts with the enemy, from 1811 to 1847. Among some of those superseded by these political Brigadiers were Colonels Bankhead, Totten, Riley, Harney, Churchill, Garland, Childs, Belknap, Paine, and Clark, veterans of great merit, whose scarred front bore incessant testimony to their heroism, and have been from that day to this remonstrating against the indignity offered them by Mr. Polk. And, what is a little curious, these men, so suddenly and so unaccountably elevated above such exalted worth, were all lawyers, and some of them not very considerable even in that line. Why could not Mr. Polk discover some fitness in other walks of civil life? He should have recollected that Warren, who fell on Bunker Hill, and Mercer at Trenton, were both physicians. One would suppose that there might have been found among the millions who handle the plough or the hammer at least one individual quite equal to his democratic lawyers; or did he suppose that chopping logic in court-houses alone fitted a man for chopping off, *secundum artem*, heads, arms, &c., on battle-fields?

But how did the lawyer-Generals manage on their arrival in Mexico? It has been said "there is no royal road to geometry;" so we say there is no democratic highway by which small politicians can ascend to a knowledge of strategy, and other branches of the art of war. Of this truth Majors-General

Pillow and Quitman, and Brigadiers Pierce, Cadwallader, Cushing, and Price, seemed to have had a lively sense, for they immediately called around them some of the most accomplished officers of the old army for their respective staffs—all graduates at West Point, who thus in effect became the Majors-General and Brigadiers, though the words of authority emanated from democratic lips. The merest dunce could do pretty well under such circumstances, though, when the nominal superior took the responsibility unaided, he would uniformly make a legitimate display of himself—as witness the ditch on the wrong side! But we must accord to General Pierce one merit: having discovered his unfitness for the situation in which he had been so unadvisedly placed, he threw up his commission before the war was over, and returned to New-Hampshire to resume once more the practice of the law.

We should not do our duty as faithful journalists, and as watchful guardians of the public interests, if we did not reprobate this conduct in Mr. Polk, and hold it up to the country as a prostitution alike unprecedented and indefensible. Mr. Pierce was a party to that prostitution; he was a party to the enormous injustice done to the gallant officers of the old army, and to the no less enormous outrage of committing to untried and incompetent hands the safety of our armies and the honor of our flag. What was the response of General Scott, when it was proposed by Mr. Polk and his administration, after the deeds of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey, to send him to Northern Mexico to take the chief command of our forces there out of the hands of General Taylor? He replied, it was contrary to military etiquette to supersede a successful General in the field without sending with the superior officer large reinforcements. Besides, he added, the proposed measure would do great injustice to General Taylor. He therefore declined the proffered honor. Had General Pierce possessed a similar delicacy and sense of propriety, he would have remained at home, occupied with his briefs and his law-books.

But an attempt is now made to promote him in civil life (as in case of the Mexican war) over merit infinitely superior to his own. Has he considered now, as he should have done then, whether he is really qualified for the office proposed; and supposing

his election to the Presidency possible, may we not anticipate another resignation, and another return to law business at Concord?

However, we can make no such supposition, for the American people will not do as Mr. Polk did;—they will not place inferiority, inexperience, and comparative obscurity above all that is great, noble and brilliant in American history. Besides, we shrewdly suspect they will be quite unwilling to become parties to the many impostures which the elevation of Franklin Pierce to the Presidency would sanction and involve. They will be unwilling to become parties to the imposture of the Democratic platform, of which it has been truly said that it is made up wholly of “unmeaning generalities, obvious truisms, doubtful phrases, cant terms, false premises, illogical conclusions, impudent pretensions, by-gone controversies, uniform evasions of all the living matters of dispute between the two great parties, and a succession of cold, forbidding negations on the exercise of such powers and the adoption of such measures as are indispensable to our country’s welfare;”—they will be unwilling to become parties to the imposture of acceptance of such a platform by General Pierce, “because the principles it embraced commanded the approbation of his judgment, and with them there had been no word or act of his life in conflict,” when a half dozen Philadelphia lawyers, with all their shrewdness and sagacity, could not discern the meaning either of the platform or General Pierce;—they will not make themselves parties to the imposture of the anti-republican two-thirds rule adopted by the Democratic Convention, which enabled a small faction of disunionists and secessionists in that body to force the nomination of Pierce and King, and then to go before the country and exclaim, boastingly, “We shall not be easily driven from the ticket of our creation and choice;”—they will not become parties to the imposture long attempted to be practised by the New-Hampshire Democracy, of whom Franklin Pierce is the Head and Front, in holding themselves up at Washington as entertaining broad, liberal, and truly national views, while at Concord they have ever run into the extremes of fanaticism, and have incessantly inculcated doctrines incompatible with the plain import of the Constitution, the peace of the country, and the maintenance of the Union for a single day;—they will not make them-

selves parties to the imposture exhibited by a coalition of every variety of character—“black spirits and white, red spirits and grey”—of men entertaining views and purposes, and cherishing principles, totally irreconcilable, who have sacrificed their consistency and their self-respect for place and power, and are banded together by the “cohesive attraction of the public plunder;”—they will not make themselves parties to the imposture involved in the torrent of detraction and abuse poured out by the sham Democracy on the devoted head of Winfield Scott, who has committed no other offense than permitting his name to be used by his grateful countrymen for the Presidential office;—nor will they be willing to become parties to an imposture more monstrous than any other, that of seeking to elevate such a man as Franklin Pierce to the Chief Magistracy of this great Republic, setting aside whatever there is of experience, learning and ability in his own party, and casting into oblivion, if not contempt, the services of his great competitor, whose name will be revered to the end of time. Far be it from us to indulge an anticipation which would reflect dishonor on the American people. On the contrary, we are permitted to turn to realities apparently just before us, which must cheer and animate every patriot’s heart. We are permitted to believe that the time has not arrived when a great public benefactor shall have served his country in vain. It is obvious that an enlightened public sentiment is thoroughly aroused, and hosts of freemen are every where gathering, resolutely determined to assert the dignity of our government, and to vindicate the honor of free institutions. Already the patriotic and devoted columns of the “Empire State” and the “Keystone State” are in line, and the equally patriotic and devoted column of the “Buckeye State” is advancing, with rapid strides, to their support; every where, North, South, East and West, the phalanxes of liberty are in dense array, and prepared to rush forth “conquering and to conquer.” Soon one universal acclaim from millions of freemen will call Winfield Scott to the head of the government, a position which he has richly earned, and then, in all the impressiveness of his noble person, and in all the dignity of his lofty character, he will move on to the White House as he did to the Plaza of Mexico, bearing for a commission the generous confidence of a great and free people.

NATURAL RELIGION.

RISE OF ITS IDEAS IN THE HUMAN MIND.*

No sooner have skeptics exhausted ridicule on belief, the mind of a people, diverted only for a time, rushes back to its faith and its superstitions. We are constrained to admit the religious element as one of those that compose our spiritual nature. If its force is not equal in all, nor at all times in one, still it is a human characteristic, which we are bound to recognize as one that elevates us above the animal nature, and makes men "like unto God," subduing death, and dreaming of immortality.

Let the suffrage of nations be taken upon the question of the immortality of the soul: Egypt, Judea, Persia, India, all the nations of the north and south of Europe, and all the tribes of the two Americas, come forward in its favor; the universal suffrage of all the races elects the doctrine, against small and doubtful minorities, and compels us to revere it. The greater literatures of all the cultivated nations exhaust themselves in the effort to embody it. That man is not material in his essence; that time and space, number and substance, are forms of a lower intelligence; that spirit is eternal, unchangeable, the image of God, the paragon of creatures, *one* with, and resembling, its Creator; that body is but a transitory vehicle of soul, which, through its eternity, is capable of animating and guiding an infinite succession of bodies; that human life is good and perfect only when it is guided directly by the deathless spirit or soul; that law, morality, obedience, freedom, all that erects communities, faiths, governments, is its immediate product; that to express it is to utter the divine will, to be "great," whether in action or in word: these sentiments prevail, with more or less intensity, and with a various symbolism to express them, and various corruptions to load and degrade them, among all races of men, in all times, with or without tradition, instruction, or communication.

If religion, but more especially the faith in immortality, were not an element of human nature, there would be no accounting for the universal power of the priest; a person whom we find in all ages, and all tribes and nations, enlightened or not. Why is he there? what sustains him? why does he invariably teach the doctrine of spiritual immortality, either as Buddhist, Heathen or Christian? Who sustains him in it? The people, the human race. No power can dethrone him; he supplies a *want*, a necessity more pressing even than that of food, that survives all other desires and necessities, and triumphs in the article of death. It is as necessary to infer from such evidence that the religious element is natural to the human soul, inherent in it, created with it, as that hunger is native to the body, curiosity to the intellect, or love to the heart. The religious sentiment of the darkest soul yearns toward eternity, either in terror or in hope; it seeks to be informed, it *demand*s a "symbolism," a language and a rite: the priest announces or *invents* it; he performs a duty, he confers a happiness, he alleviates a pain, he administers a consolation suited to the grief of the soul; the medicine is fit for the disease, and he receives his reward; his function is permanent, indestructible, and of infinite respectability in the eyes of the votary.

In speaking of Natural Religion, we refer not to a particular form, sect, or symbolism; not to Deism, Heathenism, (Pantheism,) or this or that modification of these; but solely to the element itself, to that which is the *substratum*, cause, and sustainer of these in the mind of the human race, as distinguished from the intelligence of mere animals. We mean to include every degree of it, from its dawn in pagan superstition to its most splendid development in the philosophy of Christian theology. It is not now a question of how much, but merely of the exist-

* The Serpent Symbol in America. By E. G. Squier. New-York: G. P. Putnam. 1851.

ence of the element itself, of natural religion in the human mind, as a necessity of its constitution.

All religions claim to be "revealed." Revelation, immediate or traditional, of the present moment or in past times, is the foundation, in general, of priestly power, and the source and substance of the terror which the priest inspires, and of the consolation and happiness which he confers. Egeria came from her cave to instruct Numa in the true method of propitiating the gods. Buddha and Confucius conferred with the Absolute. Hermes Trismegistus composed the Holy Books of Egypt. The word of the Papacy is the revelation of the Divine will. Brahma inspired Menu, and Menu conversed in thought with the sages of Indian antiquity. Mahomet received visits from angels. All beliefs date from *revelation*; without revelation or the tradition of it, in some shape, there is no religion.

The Priest, whose education and superior purity fit him to be the repository of sacred tradition; the Prophet impelled by a divine afflatus to the expression of the will of Deity; the Holy Impersonation or supposed God in form of man, have accompanied and founded the great sects. In the traditions of Egypt we find a government of the gods in person preceding the establishment of the monarchy; in India, the Avatar, or Divine Impersonation of Vishnu, under the form of Rama and Crishna; in the heathen nations of Europe, the gods in person engaging in the affairs of men. The doctrine of Anthropomorphism is universal and inherent. Man is taken by all to be the spiritual image of his Creator, reflecting the infinite in the finite. No less universal is the recognition of an Evil Principle: the Typho of Egypt, Satan of Judea, Ahriman of Persia; Cal and Siva of India; the peculiar devil of Mexico, of the Toltecan religion; the terrible Kirk of ancient Gaul; the diabolical spirits who have received worship in all the lower grades of heathen and pagan superstition. "Hell" and "Satan," the place of torment and the Destroyer, are universal; they are fixed beliefs, and the power they exercise as ideas has been directly proportioned in all the heathen sects, whether of America or the old world, to the ignorance and baseness of the people.

In all religions we find preëminent the idea of a Creator, or Maker of the world,

from whom all things proceed. The cosmogony, or theory of creation, among heathen sects, in ancient America, as well as in Europe, has been the hatching of the mundane egg, a natural symbol of production offering itself to all nations alike in the hatching of an egg. The mysterious and gliding motions, and the deadly power of the serpent, have also caused it to be selected *instinctively* as an object of mystery, and made alternately—for reasons which are elaborately developed in the learned work of Mr. Squier, but which propriety will not suffer us to enlarge upon in a popular journal—the emblem of temptation, of destruction, and of creation.*

The universality of the idea argues powerfully against the supposition of its merely traditional and derived instruction from a primeval and long since forgotten inspiration. But the most powerful of all arguments against the supernatural derivation of the heathen idea of deity is its anthropomorphic form. The Creative Power of heathen belief resembles man even in his lowest attributes. The idea of a debased, revengeful and cruel Creator of the universe will not be attributed by the enlightened to inspiration, either immediate or received by tradition, being a mere projection outward, or idealization of the human consciousness itself in all its imperfection. The Creative Power represented by the imaginations of a corrupt and vicious priesthood is but a kind of deification of the spirit they discover in themselves. He is represented with all the attributes of barbarism and sensuality, and though transcendent in power, he is the exaggeration of the humanity that conceives him; his attributes are the grand attributes of the tribe; all that they know of power they will bring together to shape his image.

But Creation and Destruction are not the sole attribute of heathen deity, given to its idea by a priesthood who found it necessary to satisfy and surpass the instinctive desire and the untutored but powerful imaginations of their votaries. The imperious and irresistible Passions must also be represented in their pantheon, and propitiated by rites and orgies. They therefore conceived for them

* Squier on the Serpent Symbol, chapter VI. Also consult Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book IX, C. 1010, &c, where the idea of the Talmudists is partially adopted, at least sanctioned.

a moving and exciting power, an impure, bloody, and vehement phrensy, sweeping over the world and over the hearts and intellects of men, and rousing them to orgies, battles, migrations, and persecutions; inspiring the prophetesses of the sacred oaks, or of the sacred tripods, from whom issued vehement and obscure phrases, supposed to indicate the will of that impulsive Deity who presided over the hearts of nations. Every heathen religion had its phrensy and its oracles, its enthusiasm inspired by the impelling Deity, to whose guidance it resigned itself in times of national danger, or when the faith of the people was imperilled by a foreign influence.

It is now eighteen centuries and more since the true inspiration of the Holy Ghost of Love fell upon the disciples of the Son of God, and infused into them the tender and sweet enthusiasm of Christianity. They recognized the Deity, the Inspirer of the world, one with the Creator and the Word. And yet even in these days, with the examples of the past spread before all men, odious and cruel superstitions pervade the masses of men; persecution wags its viperous tongue, and shakes its sword and faggot against the free in spirit, prophesying for itself a restoration of the human sacrifices, of the Inquisition, and of the obscene rites of a corrupt and sensual priesthood.

The unity of the human race implies a unity of faculties and of intellect, as well as of origin; and from the same causes we expect always to see the same consequences arise. Between man and nature in America there arose a certain relationship, which we name Nature-worship, or having its ground in the natural faculty of belief. Natural Religion (or religiousness) existed in the Mexican, as well as in the primitive Egyptian. The nature that surrounded them offered symbols for its expression, nearly resembling each other, in Egypt and the tropics of America. The serpents and the flowers, the rocks and caves of the Cordilleras were only *more* symbolic and expressive than those of Egypt, and therefore more likely to be adopted by a people of similar tastes, and whose government and social organization had arisen by the same laws of progress: laws existing in the nature of man. The Aztec, the Egyptian, and the Hindoo, whether created separately, or derived from one pair, were nevertheless of one *species*; all

had the faculty of imagination, and of conscience; all were liable to superstitious terror; all occupied a position and developed a social organization, by reason of their created or derived nature, which allowed the formation and separation of a priesthood: a class of men whose duty it was simply to express, and by expressing to guide, the natural imaginations of a sensuous, timid, and superstitious agricultural race. The nature that sprang up around them offered its symbols, the snake, the water-lily, the fire, the rocks shaped by nature into caves, or into rude resemblances of human faces, and dwellings. The same sun, moon and stars were over them, and excited in them the same thoughts. Internally resembling each other, externally holding the same social organization; living all under a tropical sky; surrounded by similar species of plants and animals, and developing among themselves a similar order of a thoughtful and ingenious priesthood, would it have been possible for these three nations, the American, the Egyptian, and the Hindoo, to develop religious systems more unlike? That there were prodigious points of difference between the systems of India, of Egypt, and of Mexico, it would be easy to demonstrate, and these differences, like the resemblances, have their reasons in nature.

While we are contending with violence over the *historical* unity of the human race, a unity of infinitely greater moment, that of the species or spiritual substance, is utterly neglected and forgotten. That millions of minute animals were simultaneously created over the entire surface of the globe, is found an indispensable hypothesis for geology. If we admit this hypothesis, that of the human species, as of animals, many pairs were created, (and there are passages in the book of Genesis which seem to favor, while others seem to contradict it,) there is nothing in that admission which militates against the really important supposition of the psychological unity of man; that is to say, of the unity of his ideas, and of the natural method of their development. If it can be shown that, while a peculiar social organization, a peculiar heathenism, and peculiar rites, were developing in Egypt and in India, the same process of development was being undergone by the Toltec race in Mexico, without mixture or intercommunication, the irresistible conclusion

presents itself, that the mind, soul, *human* instincts, and moral nature of these three races, the Hindoo, the Egyptian, and the American, are the same in their original essence—specifically one; and thus we have established for a ground of argument the only unity which it is of consequence to have proved. So also of the northern races of Europe and Asia, between whom and the Hindoo, or Egyptian, much greater differences appear than between these latter and the Aztecs of Mexico.

Notwithstanding the nearness of Italy, Greece, and Spain to Egypt, the religious systems and social organization of those countries—separated only by the Mediterranean, and between which a full communication was established by the commerce of primeval Tyre and Egypt—presented, until the rise of the Roman power, differences as great, or greater than those which separate the ancient people of the Nile from those of the two Americas. If we adopt the now almost exploded hypothesis of an early communication between Egypt and America, an hypothesis which has no ground either in history or fiction to sustain it, we are struck with wonder upon finding greater differences existing between the Egyptians and the nations *in immediate contact* with them, than between the people of the Nile and the tribes of Mexico!

Nor does it follow of necessity from the old hypothesis of a single pair, that a psychological unity is established by its confirmation. For it is equally necessary in that case to regard the human soul itself as a thing inherited from father to son, as qualities and traits are inherited. But will any Christian theologian admit the inheritance of a soul? The doctrine of the soul, as established, requires its derivation from the Deity at birth; the soul of man being an unity, the image of God, communicated by Him, and passing back at the moment of dissolution to Him who gave it. We must set aside this notion of a material inheritance of souls, or we fall into a pantheistic, or even a more debasing heresy.

If he adopts the old and childish theory of intercommunication at some ancient epoch between the old and new continents, he destroys the finest proof of the psychological unity of the human races that has ever been conceived. In this work of Mr. Squier, and in others devoted to the antiquities of India,

Egypt, and Mexico, a vast body of resemblances, of the most striking character, are brought together, to show that not only the animal species *man*, but the spiritual being *MAN*, is the same in all ages, and all parts of the globe; that he develops a natural religion, a government, a priesthood, arts, literature, agriculture, and all the economies of human life in the social and savage state, according to certain laws of his interior being; laws which compel him to do certain acts, to invent language, to place himself in certain relations with nature and with those about him, with an unfailing regularity; this regularity being imposed upon him not only by his physical and spiritual nature, but by the situation in which he finds himself—the climate, vegetation, animals, and geographic features of the earth around him. That he cannot escape from these necessities is clear; that he has but one way of overcoming nature, and providing under the circumstances for his own subsistence and social existence, is equally so; and that *one* way will be regulated by three conditions, namely, his material, physiological, and spiritual condition at the time. *He must work in harmony with the rest of creation, or he dies.*

We find existing among all nations the idea, *first*, of a Creating, and second, of an Inspiring divinity. What are we to infer from this observation? Simply, that the ground of all religion lies in the soul of man, considered as a specific, spiritual unity, and that from this ground there will always rise, upon reflection, certain ideas, that will be in all ages and nations essentially the same. That these ideas will differ in their force, and acquire greater prominence in a civilized nation than among barbarians, need not be urged, for the culture of man has come to be regarded as only a more complete development of his ideas.

That there is a natural preparation, in fact, a yearning for the knowledge of spiritual things, for the true idea of God, implanted by the Creator in the entire human race; that the *struggle* of the human soul to comprehend and express the Divine Providence, and the order of the universe, makes itself manifest in all religions, of all nations and ages; that this yearning, this desire and struggle, with all its absurd, uncouth, and terrible manifestations, arises, not from the cunning or fancy of an isolated

priesthood, but from the interior nature of the human soul; that the priesthood do but express, more or less perfectly, the passion of the race or nation, and of human nature generally, for a worship of the unknown, and a symbolization of the mysterious, and that they are obliged to adopt certain symbols, and no others, to express certain ideas, or struggles toward ideas:—these positions seem to us to have been demonstrated by the works of modern antiquaries, bringing together with learned labor, with travel, and with toil, true representations and comparisons of the usages and religions of primeval nations.

In the religion of the Aztecs a deity was worshipped, whose leading attribute was Beneficence, or philanthropy. "Among the nations of Anahuac," says Mr. Squier, in the seventh chapter of the work before us, "he bore the name of Quetzalcoatl, the feathered serpent. To him it is said the great temple of Cholula was dedicated, and his festival was the most gorgeous of the year." "The god of the 'Milky Way,' in other words, of heaven, (Tonacatecoatl,) the Great Father" (i. e., Creative Will and Ruler) "of gods and men, sent a message to a virgin of Tulan, telling her that it was the will of the gods she should conceive a son, which she did without knowing any man. This son was Quetzalcoatl, who was figured as tall, of a fair complexion, open forehead, large eyes, and thick beard. He became high priest of Tulan, introduced the worship of the gods, and established laws displaying the profoundest wisdom." His reign was a Saturnian epoch, during which life and happiness prevailed among men. "He disappeared suddenly and mysteriously." After his death, he was adored throughout Anahuac. Other deities corresponding with the beneficent demigod of Anahuac, and with similar attributes, were worshipped by other ancient tribes of the new continent. It was said by the Peruvians, among others, that the Sun, i. e., Creative Power, sent his son Manco Capac to redeem them from wretchedness. In brief, various fables, describing under various names a beneficent being derived from deity, but with the sympathies of a man, were current among all the tribes of the Americas at the time of their conquest by the Spaniards. If these fables had been derived from Europe, they would all have borne the stamp of their origin, but each

differed from the other; agreeing only in the idea of the beneficent attribute, and divine sympathy with men.

The attributes of Crishna and of Rama, the Bacchus of India, are those of an Avatar, or divine apparition of deity in human form, for the good of men. Buddha, the founder of the most numerous sect of Asia, is said by his votaries to be an Avatar, or appearance of God in man, for the salvation of men from sin. The fable of Osiris, the Egyptian beneficent deity, bears a wonderful resemblance to that of Crishna, and of Quetzalcoatl. Osiris suffered the pains of death, though he was a god. He was pursued by Typho, (Satan,) and for a time he was in hell; he afterward became the judge of the dead.

Before making the full application of the arguments afforded us by this wonderful material, (and it is a mere fragment taken out of an immense accumulation of testimony, which it would require volumes to develop at full length,) let us revert to a peculiarity of the primeval religions, which definitely marks them as of natural or spontaneous origin, originated by the contemplation of nature's operations in the universe of life.

In those primitive theologies, but more especially in those of Asia, of Egypt, and of the primeval Americas, Deity was not only anthropomorphic, but it had the form of man and of woman.

Creation was supposed to be typified by generation. The male and female principles were recognized as dividing even the greater gods of the Egyptian heaven. They were eight in number, four male and four female. Their children were gods of the second order. In the Mexican mythology the male and female principles were recognized and separately worshipped, and their symbols, as in Egypt, are an indescribable kind of architectural ornament upon the Aztec temples. No less were the male and female principles deified in Hindostan, where they are worshipped under thousands of names. The myth of man-god, or Son of God, is not indeed as universal as that of the male and female principles, but enough examples of it can be quoted to show that in the early periods of the world it was originated by many different orders of pantheistic priests or nature-worshippers.

A very ordinary error of modern conver-

sation is the making a distinction between the German Pantheism of modern times and the Brahminical, Buddhist, and Egyptian Pantheism, merely for the reason that the more ancient form of that superstition erected a system of Polytheism for the people and the priesthood. It is easy to imagine the rise of a modern Polytheism, had the founder of the Mormon sect been a German Catholic Pantheist. The powers of nature worshipped by the Egyptians, Hindoos, and Aztecs were the identical powers deified by the German philosophy; and the proof is that the counterparts of all their systems are to be found in the philosophical writings of the Brahmins and Buddhists. They have not made the deductions, nor have they reaped the fruit of their *natur-philosophie*, in the establishment of an order of priesthood and a nature-worship.

Philosophy goes hand in hand with religion, and keeps even pace with it. The philosophy of Christianity, distinguishing the Idea of God, and His Image in man, attributes to these only those attributes which are Divine, and offers no worship to a mere exaggeration or infinitude of the lower powers. The Ideas of the Creator, the Word, and the Inspiring Spirit of love, contain within themselves all the attributes of holy and perfect manhood, as well as of Deity, and with the same ease we conceive the unity of the Human Soul, or Divine Image, as the Unity of the three manifestations in one Godhead. Anthropomorphism, on the contrary, the fundamental idea of Heathen Philosophy, images a deity, or rather orders of deity, whose *unity*, like that of the hand with the foot, is materialistic, in the nature of matter and necessity—deities representing the material and physiological, the passionate and the intelligent nature of man; and it offers worship to all. A priesthood “*impure in heart*,” and which could not “*see God*,” was a priesthood uninspired, or upon whom the Inspiring Spirit had not conferred the true Theophany, or God-seeing. All that Intellect could do, without the Spirit, they did in India, in Egypt, in the Americas; but their Trinity was *always* the derivation of a son from the reciprocal, or male and female principles of the physiological nature. The conferring of a sex upon Deity, which in the language of Christianity arises from the mere inadequacy of language, but is carefully guarded against in

theology, is an inherent and necessary vice in Pantheism, because that philosophy recognizes nature only, and not a Divine Personality, with its attribute above nature, and creating it.

The symbolism of Pantheistic Heathenism, derived from nature, expressed the effort of the human intelligence to arrive at the idea of God, without which the organization of society was found to be impossible. That symbolism retained its ancient hold upon the imaginations of the people, and carried along with it a mass of vulgar superstition into the Christian Church, which centuries of enlightenment were needed to expel. In some parts of Europe we hear of worship offered to male and female deities, under the name of saints, with male and female attributes; and it requires all the power and philosophy of Europe to maintain the purity of Christianity, in its various churches, against the natural proclivity to Pantheism and its fruits, not only among the people, but among the learned. Necessarily, however, as a faith is purer and more elevated in idea, its variety and corruption will be greater and by more numerous steps in the descending scale.

Not only is the fundamental doctrine of all morality (that of a sanction or divine punishment) obscurely shadowed forth in the rites of the Physiological Pantheism that preceded Christianity; those also of mediation and forgiveness, and of universal passion or enthusiasm of the pervading and impelling Spirit, had their typical representation. The inferior soul of humanity, even in the womb of darkness, showed by its uncouth and terrible motions that it was created to become in future the servant of a Spirit made in the likeness of God. The entire human race found itself created for the reception of divine ideas; without which the very body of man remained imperfect, and all the institutions of society inadequate to its preservation. Hence it came that all Heathenism should be the expression of a want, of a deficiency: it could no where discover the propitiation of God, and substituted the propitiation of nature, by penance, pain, and sacrifice.

For fear of losing our way in the labyrinth of conclusions and illustrations to which we are led in this order of discourse, let us adhere closely to the original design of this essay, to show, namely, that heathenism, or natural Pantheism, is a growth of the unin-

spired human soul, in all ages and nations, and not an artificial system invented by one or two persons and communicated gradually to others; that its universal prevalence over all the world is a proof of a substratum or ground of religion created in man as an indispensable preparation and indeed an element of human nature; *that this ground contained in itself all the systematic, symbolic and intellectual preparation for Christianity*; and that the natural working of these preparatory powers gave rise to those singular resemblances in form between Christian and Heathen theology, which have so deeply wounded since their discovery, and even terrified, the timid divines of our day. Let us grapple with these fearful resemblances: to fly from them is ruin; to master them is to strengthen our faith: doubtless they are appointed for the latter purpose.

To recapitulate:

1. Those who have argued so earnestly for the unity of the human race, have done so because they felt it absolutely necessary, for the integrity of their doctrine, to establish the unity of the human soul, meaning by that, the equal resemblance of the souls of all human beings to the Divine Image, and their consequent equal endowment with all the moral powers.

We have set aside the question of an unity by inheritance as a question purely speculative and immaterial to the argument. We have insisted with them on the absolute, specific, psychological oneness, or sameness of the human race, and have brought forward in support of that position the identity of primeval religions, and of the ideas of social organization; admitting differences only of degree, and of development by circumstance and education.

We have referred our readers to the vast, still accumulating masses of testimony collected by the antiquaries, historians, and anthropologists, as the historical groundwork of our deduction. We might have appealed also to the authority of religious persons of all ages, who attempted the conversion of the heathen, under the supposition of their unity with the Hebrew and Caucasian races, who were at one time heathen themselves.

2. We have appealed to the same masses of testimony for the proof that there exists in human nature, as a whole, a groundwork,

substratum, or element of religion which is the same in all. We have shown that the mass of human beings feel the absolute necessity for a divine ideal, and that they have looked for that ideal in nature, more especially in the nature of human and animal life, and have thence developed a physiological symbolism, which symbolizes the powers of nature, sanctioning and controlling the intelligent and passionate nature of man. That they have drawn from the observation of nature ideas of supernatural powers, have personified them, have sought to propitiate them by penances and sacrifices suitable to their attributes. That they have thereby developed complicated systems of polytheism, whose rites, and the science of their natures, have maintained a priesthood from the earliest ages to the present day. Finally, we have shown that these powers were worshipped as the sanctioners, approvers, and punishers of the passionate actions of men.

3. We have found that all the religious ideas of the uninspired or heathen intelligence fall into three grand classes; namely, those (a) of a creative, sustaining, and punishing force—a prime mover of the universe of life and matter—from whom the inferior natures and the substance of all creatures was supposed to be derived; and that this power was held to be of a paternal character, the Father of gods and men; that he was a *begetter*, a parent;—and if propriety had permitted, we could have quoted those abundant historic and modern testimonials, which show that the physiological, pantheistic, or heathen religions, openly figured and symbolized the creative by the generative powers, and held the doctrine of a double nature, a male and female primary principle, from whom the universe and all creatures were supposed to be derived as by a conception and a birth. (b) Of an inspiring or impelling power, who imparts the prophetic furor, the enthusiasm of the tribe, and who sanctions all the phrensy of the passions, in the orgie, the mystery, and the bacchanalian rite.—An inspiring, and most part a ferocious and relentless deity, a Siva or a Bacchus; an idea congenial to the ferocious worship of the Indian devotees, by whom self-torture, human sacrifice, causeless war, and the most obscene and unnatural excesses were supposed to be sanctioned. (c) A power wholly mild, beneficent, and

philanthropic; an Osiris, Isis, Crishna, or Mexican Osiris, born, perhaps, of a virgin; a philanthropic deity, presiding over speech, over wisdom, over fertility, over all things kindly and good for man: a power begotten by the Motor Principle, or Father of the world; inferior, but still great, and honored by a worship equal to that of the Father.—A power derived from and inferior to the Motor Principle, or Maker: the child of the first male and first female principle; and in barbarous creeds a demigod-hero, or man-god, a founder of institutions.—The incarnate Idea of Benefaction and good works, persecuted by, and finally triumphing over, the Evil principle, or Typho.

We have our choice to regard the heathen doctrine as a degeneration, or corruption, not of Judaism, but of a primeval Christianity, or to attribute it to the uninspired, unassisted energy of human intelligence, striving to establish a faith and a morality out of the analogies of nature and the powers of the human impulses.

There is proof uncontrovertible that the establishment of these doctrines was coeval with the first rise of heathen civilization, in India, Egypt, and America, long before the prophetic promises given to the patriarchs of Syria. There is no proof that those doctrines of heathen theology were disseminated by the patriarchs, or by their predecessors; there being first a strong improbability, and second, an absence of all historical testimony to such a dissemination. Those who have wasted labor in the effort to prove such a dissemination and subsequent corruption, have only established the record of their own ignorance. Had they considered that the general order of nature in primeval ages was a preparation for the faith and institutions of the present time, they would have looked upon these coincidences between the Heathen and Christian systems as the sublimest evidences ever yet brought forward of the unchangeable truth of Christianity itself.

Logical evidences for the existence of a Creative power from the necessity of a Cause, prove only the existence of an universal material Cause, and not that of a Triune Being. By the arguments of natural theology, as developed in the Bridgewater Treatises, and by all the heathen logicians, we make only the first step; as it has been

made by heathen nations in the darkest and most barbarous ages of the world.

By the second step in natural theology, with a science much superior to that of the Bridgewater Essays, we arrive with the modern Germans at the heathen *Anima Mundi*, or physiological and intelligent world soul, or spontaneity; an idea taken for divine in the modern German literature, and in much of our own, but which does not furnish the first ground or basis of any species of morality or law; which is not even above time or space, substance or number, in idea, and is consequently not an attribute, much less a personation of the Eternal.

By the correct and powerful working of the human intelligence, unaided and uninspired, all was attained in primeval philosophy that has been put forth as novel and divine in these later ages. In primeval ages, the generalities arrived at by Aztec, Egyptian and Brahminical intelligence were immediately made gods, and a worship appointed for them. Modern philosophers, on the contrary, are satisfied with the registration of their ideas in the books of science, and of *natur-philosophie*. The correctness and reality of these modern generalizations can no more be controverted than the correctness of the heathen conception of a god. The attributes of Thoth, the Egyptian Hermes, were strictly those of memory and abstract intelligence. Apollo represented truly the faculty of artistic ideal, and Osiris of human kindness and fellowship. In our criticism of the heathen psychology, embodied in a pantheon of gods, we find that no faculty of intelligence, no passion or affection, failed of its representation; even phrenology could not have been more numerous and exact in its orders of material faculties; nor was the progress of their discovery and deification accomplished by less observant and judicious savans than those who in modern days have materialized what the priest of On, and of Cholula, and of Benares exalted into gods.

Who can fail to discover in this immense system of intellection, carried on from the earliest ages, a prodigious and overwhelming evidence, a perpetual prophecy of the secret desire for, and expectation of, a purer doctrine; or rather, who can fail to see that in the nature of man is an upward striving toward the truth, and that the affairs of men and nations are the fallow time and seed

time, of which the knowledge of Divine truth is the harvest? *Whatever is in the doctrines of Christianity, was foreshadowed in heathenism*, just as the embryo in the womb foreshadows—or rather is a material and physiological prophecy of—the entrance of the human spirit into matter. When the time arrived that had been preordained by the Triune God, from the beginning of the world, that those animated human atoms floating in the infinite ether should become sufficiently pure to reflect each a sparkle of the triple beam of Divine radiance, then it was found that Nature and Intelligence, the blind and struggling servants of Divinity, out of the preordained fitness of their natures, had gone through all the preparatory stages, and had erected all the ideas that were to serve as the working ground of the superior mind. That mind established for men a morality that was to itself a sanction. The perfection of the system itself dawned upon the human intellect, and reconciled it with its God. Instead of a Brahma or a Phtha—a creative force—men saw the manifestation of the Eternal, the Father of men, whom to fear is to live and be at peace, in whose idea imparted to men lay the sanction of morality, and the principles of human freedom. To Him it was not necessary to offer the sacrifice of blood, for they saw in his providence the punishment of guilt and the reward of truth, conferred instantly and eternally. They now saw in the energies of nature, which they had ignorantly worshipped, only the blind and irresponsible servants of His will, and ceasing to worship them, asserted over them authority, delegated by Divine will and intelligence. Nature from the master became the slave of man, and his conquests over her extend continually his beautiful and wide dominion.

Heathenism, meditating the human passions and impulses, had established for itself a phrensy, and a prophetic furor, blind, bloody, and mysterious; its orgies celebrated the grosser nature of the beast in man, and gave a license and a sanction to every phase of the impulsive nature. Over this murky chaos, tossing like the bed of a volcano with the continual outburst of interior heats, arose the doctrine of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, crushing and trampling into hell the fiendish and destructive passions, and inspiring men with the loveliest sentiments of brotherhood, of patriotism, of the fellow-

ship of the good, and the companionship of angelic natures dwelling in one with them. Unity in the Divine nature then first became possible for men, and a common love began to pervade and unite them. The oracles became silent; it was no longer necessary to predict for those who, guided and impelled by the Divine Spirit, worked out from moment to moment the immediate impulsion of the Comforter. Bacchanalian orgies, the low substitutes of yearning nature, gave way to the rapture of adoration, when the people met together that they might receive together the descending Spirit, and be thereby raised to a wonderful and hitherto unknown ecstasy of holy delight.

Equally ripe and universal had been the preparation in all nations for the doctrine of the Word, or of the Eternal Truth made manifest in human form. A Man desired and prophesied by all nations, worthy to be called the Son of God, and equal in spirit with the Creator, as the form is equal and co-eternal with the substance of truth, had at length appeared. The form of the Divine Idea, the expression of the Word, had been with it, and was equal with it from the beginning, but hitherto it had not been manifest in the flesh. At length appeared One worthy to be its incarnation. We of this age look backward and discern it in our past. Primeval ages saw it in their future: they saw it either by the eyes of the spirit clearly, and gave predictions of its coming, or they felt it working in them as a necessity of nature, without which the liberty of man could never be achieved. That this necessity lay in the very structure of the human mind will be contended by all who admit the subordination of matter to spirit, and who view the progress of ages, and the totality of the universe and of the life of the human race, as an harmonious and still developing system of creation. If the Word was to be the crowning of God's works, all things ought to have predicted it, even the least of his works in the remotest past; much more ought the human soul, when we look back upon its progress from primeval darkness to the light of modern days, to have discovered *every* feature, have originated *every* idea, and have instinctively and unconsciously *foretold* the circumstances of the coming event. We are not afraid to urge this argument even to the brink of wonder, and to say that the Word, or Divine Appearance,

flesh in perfect obedience to the Supreme Creative Will in its eternal manifestations, required myths expressive of its purity; and that out of the hundred or the thousand originated to express the birth of Deity from a woman, the most popular and acceptable, because the most symbolic of all, would be that of an immaculate conception.

Not that the true Word or Idea of a perfect utterance of and obedience to the will of the Creator ever took shape in the Heathen intellect, in that form which to us is the Idea of a Mediator; let us guard against a too active fancy in this respect, by observing the frightful immoralities and corruptions that followed the heathen conception in all the primeval nations: we return upon the often repeated circle of this sublime and serious argument to say again, that it was the preëstablished necessity, in the form of the human intellect and heart itself, that made heathenism an uncouth prophecy, a nature-revelation of the final advent and triumph of the true Idea of God.

The Triune Idea carries with it the entire body of the Moral Law, the law itself being one with and inseparable from the Idea.

Under the conception of God, the Holy Spirit, arises the spirit of man, as a universally loving, heroic, paternal, and generous creature, receiving thus much of Divinity,

by his original resemblance to Him in whose image he was made. From what but an Holy Passion could that great Honor arise, which marks the chivalry of the true hero? All the law of Honor is included in the idea of it. Under the conception of God, the Creator, Justifier, Father, and Avenger, every idea arises incidental to the *freedom* of men and of nations; all rights and merits; the laws of property; the right to life, to freedom of action; in brief, the duties of self-preservation, and of maintaining the completeness and perfection of men singly, and in nations. Under that idea we find the Mosaic law.

Under the conception of the Eternal Word, which to be known by men must be made manifest to them in a Teacher or Speaker, falls all that is scientific, all that is philosophical; the sums and generals, the expansions and high beliefs, the Ideas themselves, for in the Word we find the incarnation not of Force, nor of Creative Will, but of the expressed God in matter, the Image of Obedience and Truth. As the Power, the Substance, and the Form are absolutely one, these three are One: as they are ideally diverse, these are also diverse. Our human intellect reflects their Triunity or Personality in One, by its own interior person or self.

THE DEBATE IN THE U. S. SENATE ON TONNAGE DUTIES,

AUGUST 23d, 1852.

THE amendment of Mr. Douglas, brought in at the close of the grand annual conflict over the River and Harbor Bill, elicited from Mr. Smith, of Connecticut, a speech so felicitous in manner, and so forcible in illustration and argument, we have been led, by our admiration and satisfaction with the effort, to make it the subject of a general article. Some portion of the details, too bulky and statistical for the pages of a popular journal, we have found it necessary to omit. These details embody the provisions of various bills brought before the Senate in former years, showing that the West and Southwest have been invariably favored above all other parts of the Union, in the appropriations for the improvement of navigation. For example, in the bill under discussion, \$1,557,090 was advised by the House of Representatives, of which only \$77,000 was for New-England, and for all the rivers and harbors of the Atlantic coasts, only \$425,000! The Senate added, by amendment, \$530,000, of which the Western and Southern harbors were to get \$346,500. Such has been also in former times the general system of distribution: New-England and the Middle States, the principal movers and supporters of the bill, receiving a very small portion of the appropriations. Inequality of distribution was not, therefore, the cause of Western and Southern opposition; though, in the face of facts and figures, we are annually annoyed with ignorant or malicious assertions to the contrary. With these remarks we pass over the latter half of Mr. Smith's speech, which is a statistical demonstration of the truth, without further remark or examination.

The debate came unexpectedly upon the Senate. The amendment, intended apparently to destroy the bill, was a general proposal to give up the whole matter to the States; the General Government to furnish occasional aid, as long as it might be wanted.

The contest over the River and Harbor Bill has illustrated for many years the causes

of party strife, and gives a clue to the labyrinth of State factions. The proposition of Mr. Douglas, to commit the entire care of River and Harbor Improvements to the State Legislatures, by an amendment to a bill providing for their improvement by national appropriations, was supported by a strong body of Democratic Senators. The nominee of the Democratic Convention for the Vice-Presidency, SENATOR KING, was one of those who supported the measure. His vote is recorded in its favor. Testy Senator Mason also sustained it. This discontented gentleman, who seems to be angry and suspicious upon all legislative occasions, as if it were a point with him to demonstrate at every turn the redness of his blood, and the pellucid whiteness and innocence of his understanding, made himself quite positive in support of it. Mr. M. wished to "test" the thing, he said, and when Mr. Douglas, acting upon the wise caution of Mr. Cass, who saw through the absurdity of the scheme, withdrew it for reconsideration, Mr. Mason was grieved, and praised Mr. Atchison for renewing and pressing the mischievous folly to a vote. A vote was taken. Senators Atchison, Bolland, Broadhead, Brooke, Butler, Charlton, Dawson, De Saussure, Dodge, of Iowa, (!) Douglas, Hale, (!) Hunter, Jones, of Iowa, (!) King, Mallory, Mason and Soulé, voted in its favor. Senators Cass and Hamlin were opposed to it. Mr. Cass, especially, made it appear ridiculous.

Here then is a *new issue*. If Pierce and King are elected, the next Democratic Administration will veto River and Harbor bills, and advise Congress to give a general permission to the States to shift for themselves, and look after their own navigation. We shall presently show that they cannot do this without violating the Constitution, the Territorial Ordinances, and the compact made severally with all the Western States, on their admission to the Union. It is a sad prospect for the West and South.

Intelligent readers have already pene-

trated the heart of this project, and understand its motives. A system of taxation and expenditure is to be imposed upon the Western and Southern States. Congress is to give the States a general permission to levy tonnage duties. Tonnage is an indirect taxation of commerce, in which the quantity and not the quality of goods is taxed. A load of Western produce, corn, flour, pork, lard, lumber, &c. &c., filling the capacity of the vessel in which it is carried, is taxed by the *weight* of goods, and not by the *value*, the tax being upon the tonnage, which may be, as on canals, a tax upon the weight of goods carried, or on the capacity of the vessel, the empty vessel paying as much as the full. By the wording of the amendment, no restriction is placed upon the States. If a canal is made, or the channel of a river enlarged, the charges may be laid either upon the vessel, or the cargo, under the name of "tonnage."

Let us observe the operation of the system, first, upon the Western producer. A ton weight of raw produce passing from Michigan to New-York, would probably have four or five tonnages to pay, of ten cents each, at the various points where improvements were going on. Arriving at New-York, this ton of produce will have cost 40 or 50 cents more in consequence of the tonnages; in anticipation of which, the merchant will have deducted that amount from the price paid per bushel or per hundred weight, to the farmer who raised it. The producer would lose about *one fiftieth of a cent* on every *pound* of produce, of every description. The price of produce is regulated by the English market, a consequence of our present Anti-American system. The merchant cannot add this fiftieth to the price at New-York, or New-Orleans, and he must consequently deduct it from the farmer's profit. The farmer consequently pays *all* the tonnages, and bears the entire cost of internal improvement.

And now, following the argument of Senator Smith, let us answer the question, "Who pay the tonnages of imports?" Why, the purchasers again; the same persons who paid those on exports. Foreign manufactured goods, carried to the West in exchange for produce, are five, ten, and even a hundred times more valuable, bulk for bulk, than raw produce. Tonnages, compared with values, will consequently be light upon

these; and if the foreign manufacturer, or the importing merchant, was obliged to pay them, the tax would be small, compared with that paid by the farmer on his bulky produce. The farmer knows that he must pay *all* the cost of getting his goods to market; that is to say, they must all be deducted from the price at New-York or New-Orleans, the small remainder being his. Very naturally, he expects to have some portion of this loss fall upon imported goods: but no, he must pay also the tonnage upon the goods he buys, as well as upon those he sells; for to reach him by the way either of the river or of the lakes, they must run the gauntlet of tonnages under the New Grand Democratic System of Internal Improvements, to be paid for by the farmers.

Another view of the case presents itself. Mr. Douglas declares that the Internal Improvements of the West require an annual expenditure of "five millions" by the General Government. Mr. Douglas thinks very little of expending *sixty* or *eighty* millions upon a war of annexation, and has openly announced himself in favor of the purchase of Cuba "at any price." Cuba would not cost less than \$50,000,000. If gained by a Spanish war, three times that sum, for Mr. Douglas is also in favor of enlarging our steam navy, to be on a par with England; and yet he shudders at the thought of an annual expenditure of five millions upon improvements, which, he says, ought nevertheless to be made.

Now, if even 20,000,000 tons of produce were annually sent by the Lakes and the Mississippi, at ten cents tonnage, it would only yield \$2,000,000 for the construction of rivers and harbors. This would be all that could be derived from a commerce of \$500,000,000 subjected to tonnage. Double the tonnages, and you have \$4,000,000 for rivers and harbors, expensively collected and distributed over a hundred different enterprises, of which only a few would be of positive utility.

The first result of this system would be a suspension of all appropriations by the General Government. This would be followed by the imposition of tonnages at so many points as to create general dissatisfaction throughout the West. Improvements would go on more slowly than ever, or be entirely suspended. Congress would be petitioned

for heavier internal taxes on navigation. Now would start up over all the West companies borrowing funds to invest in schemes of internal improvement, guaranteed by the State, the tonnage duties pledged for the interest on loans. Congress would be besieged, session after session, for higher and higher tariffs on the lakes and rivers. Can any thing be imagined more lamentable and ruinous than such a state of things? And yet this is what we are to have if Messrs. Pierce and King are intrusted with the Veto.

Let us imagine one case only, to illustrate the whole. At the mouth of a small river emptying into the Mississippi, (there are hundreds on that river and on the lakes,) a company of enterprising speculators have resolved to have a commerce with the interior. They apply to the Legislature of their State, under the new law, and get permission to levy tonnage duties for the improvement of their river. They open roads, rail-tracks, and river-channels, with funds borrowed on the strength of an embryo commerce, predicting vast results to follow their improvements. Meanwhile, similar enterprises are going on all around them; and though commerce is increased, in some degree, by the opening of new channels, the proportion which comes their way is too small to pay the mere interest on the loans. The whole speculation, railroad, river-channel, plank-road, bank and all, becomes insolvent, and pays in paper. Now imagine two or three hundred of these enterprises sustaining each other, and clamoring at Washington for the right to tax the produce of the country. The cry will be, "Give us more tonnage, 20, 30, 40 per cent. We shall fail else." And fail they would, as a matter of course; and great would be the crash of their failure; years upon years of bankruptcy and distress for the West.

It is enough for our purpose to know, however, that this amendment was intended as a final and fatal blow to the system of appropriation by the General Government.

"The mode in which these tonnage duties are to be laid and collected, and the money expended, and the plan of improvement to be adopted, will of course be left to the several State Legislatures. I may be permitted to suggest, however, that so far as the question relates to the improvement of harbors there can be not the slightest difficulty. The proposition is, that each State may authorize the public authorities of any town or city to levy

the duties and make their own harbors. This proceeds upon the principle that the local authorities at any town are better capable of judging what improvements are necessary in their harbors, and what amount of money is necessary to be expended for such improvements, and what plan is best adapted to accomplish them, than the Bureau of Topographical Engineers at this place, who have no local knowledge upon the subject, can possibly be."

Mr. Douglas either does not understand the duties of the Topographical Engineers, or, in the spirit of a demagogue, he misrepresents them. The duty of a national engineer is not to say where an improvement shall be made, but when its necessity has been pointed out by the local authorities, as by a petition from the merchants and underwriters, to see that it is executed in the best manner.

"Sir, I make no assaults upon the Topographical Corps. I simply say, that there is one thing which science, taught at West Point or elsewhere, has not demonstrated—and that is, what effect will be produced in navigable water by works intended to control or restrain its channel. It is a matter not dependent upon science. It is a thing, the result of which cannot be foreseen, or demonstrated by the application of any scientific principle, because there are so many shifting bars and currents affected by every storm or flood, which cannot be subjected by any known rules. These bars and currents are generally formed or diverted by substances beneath the surface, which are invisible to the eye, each dependent upon causes peculiar to itself. The only men who can tell what effect the sinking of a buoy, or the construction of a pier will have upon the channel, is the pilot, captain, or owner of a vessel, who, for twenty years, has been in the daily habit of watching the effect of storms, currents, and tempests upon these shifting bars and varying channels. You must have local knowledge, the result of long-continued observation, in order to make your money, when appropriated, of any considerable value to this great navigating interest. I say that all experience has proven, that that local knowledge does not exist, and cannot be found in the Topographical Corps. It cannot be found in any efficient body of men known to the laws of our country. It can only be found in those men whose lives have been devoted to navigation, and whose observations have been daily directed to the subject."

Mr. Douglas affects to depreciate "science." He prefers a hearty, rough, good-hearted boatman to a scientific engineer. Now, these fine, hearty, and brave men are doubtless the cream of creation, and their experience in running upon snags, sinking cargoes, and steering sharp to avoid a flat, is not to be questioned on this side of the Alleghanies; but because a man has had the good fortune to sink a dozen steamboats, it does not follow

that he is the best man to clear away the snags. It is with these excellent and intelligent gentlemen of the far West, as it is with Mr. Douglas himself. Admirable in destructive legislation, excellent in running the ship of state among the snags and rocks of annexation, it does not follow that he thereby earns for himself the fame and skill of a progressive and constructive legislator. But let us hear Mr. Douglas again :

"The Mississippi river extends more than two thousand miles from north to south, with nine States bordering on its banks. I presume that each of those nine States would agree, by compact, that each State should appoint one commissioner, and that the nine commissioners should constitute a board for the transaction of business, and be invested with the power of laying the tonnage duties, prescribing the mode of their collection, and expending the funds. I believe a board of nine men, selected by the Legislatures of the various States bordering upon the banks of the Mississippi river, would be better capable of judging what improvement that river needs than the Congress of the United States, or your Topographical Bureau, or your War Department, can possibly be."

If a board of nine men from the nine States bordering the Mississippi ought to be appointed, why, in the name of common sense, have they not *been* appointed? Let the nine commissioners meet; these nine, it appears, are just the number necessary to determine what ought to be done for the Mississippi. It requires nine men to count the snags in the Mississippi, and to say that they ought not to be there any longer. Now, we are just as ready to listen to the suggestions of nine men, on that point, as of one. But these nine men, it strikes us, would be a mere honorary deputation, and of no account. Mr. Douglas would not vote an appropriation to have the snags taken out of the Mississippi, because nine men asked him to do it. The improvement of the Mississippi would cost two or three millions a year for a series of years. Mr. Douglas will not vote the funds necessary for that improvement; and that is the whole matter, the rest all talk and nonsense. It is not nine commissioners, but nine Senators at Washington who are needed to say what ought to be done; nine Senators with inquisitive minds, who know what the people of their States wish to have done, and with an honest and courageous heart to vote the necessary appropriations.

"Again, when the States interested come to select their own commissioners to be intrusted with

this power, they would choose men who felt an interest in the improvements that were to be made; and you would have men selected whose hearts, as well as pecuniary interests, were enlisted in the success of the enterprise. You would have careful and well-devised plans; you would have strict economy in the expenditure of the money; and what is more, you would have every steamboat captain, and pilot, and owner, interested in reporting any wasteful extravagance in the expenditure of the money, or in pointing out any obstruction that might interpose itself to the navigation of the stream. You would have the most strict accountability and rigid economy in the application of the money to the objects for which it was collected."

Now, let us put this to the test. Let every State along the lakes and the Mississippi do what ought long ago to have been done: let them appoint each *three* intelligent men—two Senators and a first-rate engineer—to examine all the navigable waters of the State, and report an estimate of the funds needed to improve them. Let this report be laid before the State Legislature and revised; let the Senators of the State be peremptorily ordered by their constituents to present the report, and move its acceptance by the Senate. Let the bills be joined in one bill, and sent to the House of Representatives for initiation. Suppose the amount required exceeded five millions annually for a period of ten years, what of that? Before two years had passed it would pay for itself. The country know that it would, and the people are ready and willing to undertake it. What says the critical Senator of Illinois? Here are no topographical engineers, but, instead, the opinion of the people of each State, maturely gathered and distinctly expressed. Would the Senator vote for such a bill? No; he and his fellows do not want such a bill; they have other plans in view, quite independent of all river and harbor improvements.

The amendment of Mr. Douglas was to permit each State to authorize the public authorities of any city or town within the limits of the State, on the coasts of the two oceans, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Lakes, with their arms, bays and inlets, to levy duties of tonnage upon vessels entering or leaving the harbor or waters of the place; the revenue thus collected to be employed exclusively for the improvement of the harbors, mouths of rivers, &c., in aid of navigation. The application of these revenues is restricted in the amendment to the purpose specified. It also provides that two or more States may join upon common waters in

improving the joint navigation, either by deepening old channels or opening new ones, and may collect tolls upon new openings and channels, and for no other purpose; the tonnage duty not to exceed ten cents on the ton, and the portion diverted by a compact of two or more States for improvements of new channels, not to exceed four cents the ton; the tolls to be reasonable, and no surplus or profit allowed.

Congress was also to give permission, by this amendment, that a river being entirely or in part within the limits of any one State, all boats and vessels navigating the same within those limits might be compelled to pay a tonnage duty by authority of the Legislature of that State; the tonnage not to exceed ten cents, and to be wholly applied to the improvement of navigation.

The last section of the amendment gives authority to any number of States to combine for the improvement of common waters, the duties of tonnage and their application limited as above.

On the 12th January, 1848, a similar measure was introduced in the form of a bill, by Mr. Rhett, of South Carolina; it was rejected by the House. In Mr. Rhett's bill it was ordered, that every State should transmit an annual account to the Treasury of the United States, and that nothing should be done by a State or States inconsistent with the rights of foreign nations guaranteed by treaty.

At a convention of citizens of the United States, held at Chicago, July 5th, 1847, the question of tonnage duties was discussed with great clearness and ability, and the articles summed up in a memorial to Congress. This memorial condemns the whole project as inadequate and fallacious, as a plain violation of the Constitution, of the ordinance of 1787 in regard to territories, and of the compacts made with the Western and North-western States on their admission to the Union.

The memorial shows that all the navigable waters entering the lakes and the Mississippi "are for ever exonerated from the imposition of any such burthen," and that too by solemn compacts, which are the fundamental law of the Union. The memorial, after showing that the projected improvements can only be accomplished by the authority and at the expense of the General Government, inquires whether it would be

just or expedient to favor the navigation of the great interior waters which are now shielded from the power of the States, while the Atlantic coast and the Gulf of Mexico are neglected; exact and equal justice requiring an equal distribution according to the wants of the commerce of every State.

After completely demolishing, by unanswerable arguments, the whole project of tonnage duties, the memorial remarks: "For fear of overcharging the picture, we will say nothing of the interminable discussions likely to arise respecting the application of the collected duties. If the wit of man were taxed to devise a scheme utterly destructive of all commerce, trade and navigation upon these waters, a better one for the purpose than this of artificially obstructing them by hosts of collectors of tonnage duties, imposed by local legislation, could not be framed."

The experience of Germany is shown by the memorial to have proved the injuriousness and absurdity of a system of duties imposed by local sovereignties. The greatest progress in commercial reform in Germany has been the Zollverein, or commercial union, established for the sake of uniformity in duties on the frontiers; and the Germans have been striving, for many years, to apply the American principle of confederation to their navigable waters also. "What a singular, and may we not say, humiliating spectacle would our Republic present, if we were now to retrograde to a system of local duties similar to those established in barbarous ages by petty despots, and maintained by feudal violence!"

The memorial, after enumerating a vast variety of mischiefs which would arise from the tonnage system, shows also that it would lead to combinations by which certain portions of the Union would tax for their own benefit, under pretext of improvement, the products and industry of their neighbors.

So much in preparation. The speech of Mr. Smith is probably the last of any importance that will ever be made in opposition to the system of tonnage duties, for the reason that it utterly and finally subverts the entire project; and any person who attempts to bring forward the measure, after having read that speech, will do it for demagogical purposes alone, in the face of every principle of popular legislation, and of the fundamental laws of the Union. The mea-

sure will indeed be offered, if Pierce and King are elected, but it will be pushed through by force, without argument.

Mr. Smith expressed his surprise at the extraordinary attempt of Mr. Douglas to spring this measure of tonnage duties upon Congress during the two or three last days of the session. It was well understood that the amendment would destroy the bill. The Constitution provides, sec. 9th, art. 1st, that "no States shall, without the consent of Congress, *lay any duty of tonnage.*" Another provision of the Constitution, in the same section, is that "one State shall not enter into any agreement or compact with another State or with a foreign power." But it may do either of these with the consent of Congress. It is competent for Congress to authorize a compact between any two States, as, for example, between Massachusetts and Carolina in regard to colored seamen. Congress might authorize an agreement between Pennsylvania and New-Jersey regarding improvements on the Delaware, or the building of bridges. Congress may authorize the State of New-York to levy a hospital tax on seamen and emigrants. This power has been conferred upon Congress in order to meet particular exigencies; but it is not competent for Congress to assign over in perpetuity any portion of the sovereign power of the whole people, as defined by the Constitution, to any portion of the people, or to a State or compact of States. Congress cannot abdicate, more than the Executive can abdicate. Any general power of the Central Government resigned by the Congress of a certain year, falls back, by the unalterable power of the Constitution, into the Congress of any succeeding year. There can be no division of the sovereignty: this is the national doctrine as opposed to nullification.

The amendment of Mr. Douglas proposed that a State should authorize the public authorities of any city or town within its limits to levy duties of tonnage; and this under a general permission from Congress to all the States.

The amendment does not propose, that after a State shall have passed a law in regard to tonnage duties, Congress shall permit that law to take effect, for certain exceptional reasons and for a specified time, but that the Central Government shall resign one of its most important functions, namely,

the power over commerce, by the simple act of a majority, and without consultation with the people. Such was the effect of Mr. Douglas's amendment.

Let us now review the arguments of Mr. Smith. The power of collecting the tonnage duties, it was proposed by Mr. Douglas, should be conferred by a State upon the authorities of any city or town which might consider itself interested in the navigation passing through its limits. "Who," inquires Mr. S., "are the authorities of a town? Can any one tell? Perhaps the Senator contemplates a levy by the high constable of each town. I should like to have him explain his meaning. We have here a singular state of things—he assent of Congress to the assent of a State to the levy of tonnage duties by a high constable, or somebody, we know not who, called the authorities of a town."

The amendment does not distinctly provide by what rule the duties shall be levied; it merely authorizes the selectmen, or whoever the authorities may be, to regulate the commerce of the town, or rather, the commerce passing through the town, for the sake of constructing dams, break-waters, or whatever they may please, under the general name of internal improvements. And this was the kind of legislation that proceeded from that popular and rising politician, the Douglas of Illinois,—a man, as is well known, short in stature, but supposed to be of a broad and solid understanding.

The most remarkable incident of the dialogue in the Senate, preceding the delivery of the speech which we are reviewing, was the polite and gentle protest of Mr. Cass against the delivery of any speech on the subject, by any Senator, after the lucid developments of Mr. Douglas. Mr. Cass said that the people of America understood the question so well, it was a mere waste of breath, and of the valuable time of the Senate, for Mr. Smith to speak upon it. Popular Senator from Michigan! Wise Senator from Illinois! A pair of Presidential candidates!

For our own part, we do not believe that all the people of the United States are thoroughly versed in Constitutional questions or in political economy; and we begin now even to suspect that there are members of Congress, Presidential candidates even, who need to be enlightened.

"Perhaps," continued Mr. Smith, "the Honorable Senator contemplates a number of local Congresses" to fix the rule for tonnage duties. It is a fundamental principle of popular government that all rules in regard to the collection of revenue shall proceed either directly from the people or from their immediate representatives.

"In the next place," observes Mr. Smith, "I would observe that the Senator provides for the execution of these works by a combination of States through the instrumentality of compacts." "Nothing is said," he continues, "in the Constitution, about a compact between a number of States, more than two; such cases are purposely excluded; for if several combine for one purpose, though it be by the approval of Congress, they will soon unite, for other purposes, without such approval."

In the course of the argument the Senator from Connecticut establishes the principle that the consent of Congress for the "levy of duties by a State must be *subsequent* to the act making levy."

"The Constitution does not contemplate the granting of a general power of attorney, but a law is to be enacted and laid before Congress. We should then have something tangible, and be able to decide whether it should go into operation."

Mr. Douglas, in supporting his amendment, produced an array of precedents, showing the assent of Congress at various times to the levy of tonnage duties by the States; these, however, as Mr. Smith affirms, were cases of assent to a law passed, and not a general conferring of powers. Mr. Douglas then showed, in turn, that in some instances the assent of Congress had been given in advance; to which Mr. Smith replied that these were exceptional cases, but that the general course of legislation had been the other way; that laws of the kind may have slipped through, but that they did not affect the principle.

"Let us suppose," said Mr. Smith, "the States of Kentucky and Indiana were to enter into an arrangement to repair the Cumberland dam, and levy tonnage duties for that purpose." Here opens a new branch of the argument. "On what commerce would they levy those duties? Why, Sir, on the commerce of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, as well as on that of Kentucky and Indiana. Now should not the citizens of

the three States first named have an opportunity to be heard on the question, whether a dam would be of any use, and whether a burthen should be laid on their commerce? The States may, if invested with a general power, undertake improvements to the last degree improvident; they may undertake improvements which conflict with each other, or which are incapable of execution, or if executed, worse than nothing."

"There is another provision of the Constitution," said Mr. Smith, "which should arrest the attention of the Senate, being the sixth clause of the same section, as follows: 'Nor shall vessels bound to and from one State be obliged to enter, clear, or pay duties in another.' How can the Senator carry out his scheme without violating this clause? Suppose a wheat grower of Illinois should load a vessel with produce at Alton, and send it to New-York via the mouth of the Mississippi; can Louisiana, consistently with this provision, compel him to pay tonnage duties to deepen the channel at the mouth?"

New-Orleans would be a foreign port to Alton, and would, in a measure, control the commerce of Alton, and generally, of all the States north of Louisiana. She would tax the commerce of Arkansas, of Missouri, of Iowa, of Wisconsin, of Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi.

In the appendix to the printed speech of Mr. Smith, we find the following: "Another great impediment to the progress of the navigation and commerce of Europe, in fact, of the whole world, is the Sound dues of Denmark, obliging every vessel to pay a heavy duty which passes the Sound from either the Baltic or the North seas. Against this unjust Sound due, against this impediment of navigation upon the great highway of the world, our merchants and shipowners protested, and made many a just complaint. And whilst our government is endeavoring to remove these obstacles, some of our own legislators of this great and free country wish to establish tolls upon our extensive internal lines of navigation, and try to inflict upon a free nation those curses which trammelled the commerce and navigation of Europe for centuries, and kept the people in serfdom." The above was written by a German.

We were present on a certain occasion in Tammany Hall, when a speech was delivered explaining the policy of that party of which

Mr. Douglas was to be the candidate. The speaker developed with considerable power the injustice and tyrannical oppression of the King of Denmark inflicting black mail upon the commerce of the Baltic; and if we remember right, he was ready to compel the discontinuance of this oppression. He supported the nomination of Mr. Douglas, and put him forward as the advocate of liberal principles, of ideal republicanism. We were pleased with many of the patriotic sentiments attributed to Mr. D., and the writer of this article regarded him, excepting always his British prejudice in regard to free trade, as one of the staunchest supporters of American republicanism. We even regretted that so *promising* a politician was not also a Whig. It was a vain regret. Mr. Douglas is emphatically a Democrat, the enemy of liberal legislation.

But we have not done yet with the argument of Mr. Smith, nor has Mr. Smith done with the Honorable Senator from Illinois. "His scheme is violative of the fourth article of the Ordinance of 1787, which provides that 'The navigable waters, leading into the Mississippi and St. Lawrence, and the carrying places between the same, shall be common highways and for ever free, as well to the inhabitants of said territory as to the citizens of the United States and those of any other States that may be admitted into the confederacy, WITHOUT ANY TAX, IMPOST, OR DUTY THEREFOR.'"

Thus it appears that the amendment sprung upon the Senate by Mr. Douglas not only proposes a resignation of one third the power of the Government over commerce and the violation beside of an express prohibition of the Constitution, but attacks fundamental ordinances of the whole nation, established to maintain the equilibrium of the Union, and more sacred if possible than the Constitution itself. Again and again we cannot help admiring the gentle caution of Mr. Cass, that the Senator from Connecticut was wasting his time in speaking upon a subject so well understood by the people of the United States.

We have adverted to the compacts entered into between the United States and the several States situated between the Mississippi and the Lakes, on their admission to the Union. Thus, by the act for the admission of Louisiana, quoted by Mr. Smith, it is provided as a condition, that "the river

Mississippi and the navigable rivers and waters leading into the same, and into the Gulf of Mexico, shall be common highways, as well to the inhabitants of said State as to the inhabitants of other States, without any tax duty or impost or toll therefor, imposed by the said State." This agreement was concluded April 8th, 1812. By the act of March 1st, 1817, for the admission of Mississippi; of March 6th, 1820, for the admission of Missouri; of June 15th, 1836, for the admission of Arkansas; of March 3d, 1845, for the admission of Iowa; of August 6th, 1846, for the admission of Wisconsin, the same compact was entered into. That with Wisconsin, however, including the great lakes as well as the rivers, and therefore covering all the rights proposed to be violated by the Senator from Illinois; and in regard to which Mr. Cass informs us that the people of the United States are so well informed that it is not proper to talk to them upon the subject. Much less proper was it then to bring forward a proposition like that of the Honorable Senator from Illinois. It would seem, however, that the people are much better informed upon the subject than the Senator. This gentleman has lately acquired the title of the Little Giant. We confess that at one time the strong movement in his favor among a number of active and intelligent men in the Democratic party, impressed us strongly with an idea of his importance; but this specimen of statesmanship which would have passed quietly over, and been forgotten in the confusion of the last few weeks of a session, but which was, unluckily for Mr. Douglas, so thoroughly exposed and ridiculed by the Senator from Connecticut, has powerfully contracted our imaginations of the Little Giant, and forced us to class him amongst the decidedly young Americans.

After having cut up the scheme of Mr. Douglas, Mr. Smith, somewhat unnecessarily, we think, is at some pains to set forth its impracticability. He inquires how these tonnage duties are to be collected. He wishes to know whether every State is to have a posse of Custom House officers, who are to throng all the avenues of commerce; whether every steamboat is to be boarded on all the waters of the United States, at every boundary and port, by State officials, demanding toll. He wishes to know if forts will have to be erected to compel steamboats

to come to and pay toll. The steamboats would run by in spite of all opposition. An immense fleet of steam revenue cutters would be required to put these odious laws in execution, of which the expenses, to say nothing of civil wars and rebellions under this worse than alien and sedition law, would consume, five-fold, all the money that could be collected by any system of tonnage duties.

To the attack of Mr. Douglas on the United States corps of Topographical Engineers, in which he intimates their incapacity for these numerous works of improvement, Mr. Smith very properly replies by the rejoinder: "If they are not able to complete these works, who will undertake them with ability? Are the woodmen and log-choppers of the West, the prairie men of Illinois, and the bar-room politicians of the Western cities, as they would be the collectors, be also the employers and engineers of this new system of internal improvements? Why, under such a system there would be a dam on every river, toll-gates at the mouth of every harbor; cutters on creeks, and tonnage excise-men, with rifles and bowie-knives, lining the shores of all the interior waters of the Union." Is it possible that any man, born on American soil, with two great organs of causality projecting from his forehead, can have lent himself to such a childish and abominable project?

Mr. Smith remarks that he takes it for granted that the prairie Senator contemplates "something practical, and that he has something more in view than to display himself and his subject before the country." Now it was a mere act of politeness in Mr. Smith to say that he takes any such thing for granted. The solid and substantial sense of the Senator from Connecticut is not of the kind to take any thing for granted. He has applied the dissecting knife to the scheme of our prairie legislator, and could doubtless have applied it with equal talent to his motives if he had chosen to do so. Senator Douglas undoubtedly wished to display himself and his scheme before the country; there is nothing wrong in that. It is necessary to display a scheme if we wish the people to adopt it, and necessary to display ourselves if we wish to have the benefit of our own talents. The people are well and justly pleased with a man who displays himself and his scheme without reservation. The Senator from Connecticut has also made a display of

himself; or rather of that powerful intelligence, the groundwork of American prosperity, with which he is so largely endowed. He has come down upon the scheme of Mr. Douglas with the weight of a mill-stone, and ground it in pieces; and had therefore no occasion to penetrate the political motives of his antagonist. Mr. Smith says, "I do not understand that the Senator proposes to oust the United States of all jurisdiction. I understand from the concluding portion of his remarks, that in the plenitude of his condescension he is willing to receive a proper contribution for this great national object from the stroug box of Uncle Sam, at least until his scheme could go into operation."

But the most important question in connection with this subject is, who is to pay these tonnage duties? Mr. Smith demonstrates that the producer will pay them; that is to say, these tonnage duties will come out of the pockets of the Western farmers, which is all well enough and right if they had an equivalent; but they will have none. "We will suppose that a farmer in Northern Illinois raises 500 bushels of wheat, which he sends to the New-York market. On arrival at Chicago, some tax-gatherer, or publican, as they were called in old times, makes a grab at it in the nature of tonnage duties, to improve the harbor of that place. At the St. Clair flats, another publican makes another grab, to open a channel there. At Buffalo, another grab for the use of the harbor; and finally at Albany, another grab to subdue the overslaugh below that city. How much of the wheat of the poor farmer would remain after running the gauntlet of all these tax-gatherers? Or if the farmer of Northern or Middle Illinois chooses to ship his wheat to New-York, via New-Orleans, how much will remain after being taxed to improve the harbor of St. Louis, to clear the snags and sawyers out of the Mississippi from St. Louis to New Orleans, and even to clear out and deepen one of the mouths of the great Father of Waters? I care not which way the freight is going; if going down to the ultimate market, I can demonstrate that every shilling of the duties upon produce is to come out of the pockets of the farmers; and I can demonstrate also that every shilling levied upon freights the other way, such as téa, coffee, sugar, woollen and cotton goods, will also come out of the pockets of these same farmers. Yes, Sir,

the preëmptioners and the log-cabin boys are thus to be visited by the hand of oppression and taxation. The Honorable Senator has proposed to go into every log-cabin in the Northwest, with his system of tonnage duties, and levy them on the hard-working and hard-fisted boys of that country."

Mr. Smith's demonstration is a very simple one, as follows: "When the wheat of Illinois, or any other Western State, shall have run the gauntlet of all these tonnage duties, and arrives at New-York or New-Orleans with ten or fifteen per cent. of price added to it by the operation of all these duties, it finds itself in competition with the wheat of other parts of the country which has not been subjected to these exactions, and is nearer the market; the Western farmer, therefore, will find it impossible to indemnify himself, and after paying the tonnage duties, must continue to sell his wheat at the same price as if they had not been exacted. He, or his agent, it matters not which, if the speculator in corn purchases from the farmer, he will be obliged to deduct the tonnage duties from the price. The European consumer will not pay them; the exporting merchant will not pay them; the broker, the jobber, the speculator, the miller, will not pay them; and therefore the farmer will pay them, or he will not sell his grain. In a word, the effect of these tonnage duties will be a reduction in the selling price of every species of produce in the West to the producer, and an increase in the same region of the prices of every imported article; not merely in the amount of tonnage duties; that will not be the only charge: important channels of communication will be entirely closed by such a system."

Let us suppose that a farmer in the State of Illinois is able to make a choice between two channels of communication, one to the South, another to the East, he will prefer that upon which the tonnage duties are lightest; and where there is a choice of way, the improved way will be sometimes closed up by its own improvements; whereas if the price of these improvements is paid by the General Government, the improved way will be taken in preference to the other. Mr. Smith remarks that, "From the course of the honorable Senator, Mr. Douglas, taxation and duty-paying is regarded as a sort of luxury in the Northwest; but I am inclined to think

there are some at least who will incline to take a different view of the subject."

In other respects, too, the system would be grossly unjust in its operation. What right, for example, would the two States of Missouri and Illinois have to tax vessels descending the Missouri and Mississippi, to make improvements in the harbor of St. Louis, to be balanced perhaps by other improvements at some point on the Illinois border? A vessel loaded with pork, corn, &c., passing by the harbor of St. Louis, would be subject to a toll for improvements at that point, just as vessels passing into the Baltic are obliged to pay a toll to the King of Denmark. Nothing could be more unjust, and certain to be resisted.

"But, perhaps," says Mr. Smith, "some may be disposed to inquire why the rule in case of charges on goods freighted one way operates differently from goods freighted the other. The reason is obvious." We have seen that the produce of the West will have to compete in the markets of the Atlantic and of Europe with abundance of other produce of the Atlantic States and other parts of the world; and its price will be regulated by that competition, and not by the necessities of the farmer. This is the law of trade and the rule of the market, and it would be vain to contend against it. Foreign produce, on the other hand, carried to the West, manufactured cottons, silk, iron, will not only seek the cheapest way in going thither, but when it arrives at its Western market, will find no competitors there, and will add to its price whatever tonnage duties it has been compelled unwillingly to pay, in addition to all other charges. Thus the farmer will be doubly taxed. "Let Illinois manufacture for herself to some extent her iron, woollen, and cotton goods; then, when the people of England, or even of New-England, appear there with similar projects, they will be obliged to sustain the charges or some part of them." But now there is no competition, because there is no adequate tariff for the protection of manufactures in the West.

Mr. Smith then called the attention of the Senate to a remarkable feature in this proposition of Mr. Douglas, the most remarkable of all. The reader will recollect that it was introduced by way of amendment to a bill for the Improvement of Rivers and Harbors, to be paid for out of the Treasury of the United States; that is to

say, by tariffs. Mr. Douglas was in favor of that famous bill, so long impeded by Southern jealousy, because of its almost universal popularity in that part of the country which he represents. He nevertheless affixed to it an amendment, by which a three-fold was substituted for a single system of taxation. First, certain improvements, provided for in the Bill, were to be made and paid for in tariffs upon imported goods. These tariffs, it is well known, are paid in great part by the consumer; the only check to that evil being the competition of home manufactures, which throw back a portion of the taxation upon the foreign producer and manufacturer. Here is one item to be paid by the farmer: the second item was a system of tonnage duties upon goods going up; and a third, a similar system upon goods going down. A three-fold system of taxation, invented by the Senator of Illinois, to be paid by his constituents. A triple system of tariffs by a Democrat, for the oppression of Western farmers. This is surely the most remarkable piece of free-trade legislation which we have ever heard. Where was Mr. Douglas born? By what Government is he employed? Is it certain that he is an American? Ought not the Young American party to look a little more narrowly into the pretensions of their candidate? Will he be available in 1856?

Moreover, by the plan of Mr. Douglas, the wealthy inhabitants of the sea-coast and the cities of the Atlantic States would be finally relieved from all share of taxation for the internal improvements of the West! The cities of Boston, New-York, Philadelphia and Baltimore are to go scot-free. "I will not say," says Mr. Smith, "that the Senator really intended any such result; but it is, in my judgment, a ground of serious complaint that he should have been so careless as to the consequences of his measure." Mr. Smith supposes that there are not, for example, much less than 750,000 persons residing in the city of New-York and its vicinity, maintained by its industry

and commerce, and owing perhaps one fifth part of the surplus wealth of the country. Mr. Smith inquires, very justly, whether it is proper that all the burthen should be thrown upon the West, which is so much less able to pay, and the merchant princes of the great emporium of commerce be exempted from contributions to objects of such vast importance. If the construction of internal improvements is to be paid for, as it must be, by the General Government, let not the benefit be cancelled by an unjust distribution of taxes; let the wealth and luxury of the Atlantic States bear at least their fair proportion, distributed by a proper system of tariffs. "Why should not revenue derived from such a source," "derived from the enjoyment of every luxury that human heart can desire," "be devoted to the improvement of some river or harbor in the West and Northwest," "especially when the benefits of this system are ultimately to redound as well to the benefit and prosperity of the merchant as of the farmer?" "The merchants of New-York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities, have been for the last quarter of a century selling large quantities of goods to the transmontane regions of the United States, at large, not to say exorbitant profit. In the mean time the people of the West have been engaged in paying for their farms, building dwelling-houses, school-houses and churches, opening roads, and making a thousand improvements indispensable to a new country. Then comes in the Honorable Senator with his notable scheme, and says, Let these sons of toil bear all the burden of harbor and river improvement."

But we have already detained the reader too long upon this heavy and repulsive topic of tonnage duties. Had not the powerful intellect of the Senator from Connecticut lightened the burthen to our hands, we should have hardly gained the courage to take it up. It is precisely, however, in the dreary and labyrinthine regions of finance argument that the sense of the people is oftenest led astray by wily politicians.

THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE.*

EVERY work which proposes to develop a new phase of human character, or philosophize upon an assumption of original responsibilities, derives a species of adventitious interest from the novelty of its subject, independent of any artistic ability by which it may be accompanied. When it was publicly understood that Mr. Hawthorne was engaged in the composition of a romance, having for its origin, if not its subject, a community which once had a brief existence at Brook Farm, speculation was awakened, anticipations grew vivid, and the reading public awaited anxiously the issue of a book which it was hoped would combine in itself the palatable spices of novelty and personality. A portion of these expectations were doomed to disappointment. In the preface to the *Blithedale Romance*, Mr. Hawthorne distinctly disavowed any intention of painting portraits. To his sojourn at Brook Farm he attributes his inspiration, but that is all. *Blithedale* is no caligraph of Brook Farm. Zenobia first sprang into actual existence from the printing press of Ticknor, Reed and Fields, and the quiet Priscilla is nothing more than one of those pretty phantoms with which Mr. Hawthorne occasionally adorns his romances.

We believe that if Mr. Hawthorne had intended to give a faithful portrait of Brook Farm and its inmates, he would have signally failed. He has no genius for realities, save in inanimate nature. Between his characters and the reader falls a gauze-like veil of imagination, on which their shadows flit and move, and play strange dramas replete with second-hand life. An air of unreality enshrouds all his creations. They are either dead, or have never lived, and when they pass away they leave behind them an oppressive and unwholesome chill.

This sluggish antiquity of style may suit some subjects admirably. When, as in the *Scarlet Letter*, the epoch of the story is so far removed from the present day as to invest all the events with little more than

a reminiscient interest; when characters and customs were so different to all circumstance that jostles us in the rude, quick life of to-day, and when we do not expect to meet, in the long corridors of Time down which the author leads us, any company beyond the pale, shadowy ancestry with whose names we are faintly familiar, but with whom we have no common sympathies. Mr. Hawthorne's genius, if we may be permitted to use so extravagant a simile, reminds us forcibly of an old country mansion of the last century. It seems as if it had been built a very long time. It is but half inhabited, and throbs with only a moiety of life. The locks and bolts are rusty, and the doors creak harshly on their hinges. Huge twisted chimneys branch out of every gable, and in every chimney is lodged some capricious, eccentric old rook, who startles us unexpectedly with his presence. Great wings, and odd butresses, jut out from all the corners, the phrenological bumps of architecture; while here and there, in warm sheltered nooks, sweet climbing flowers, dewy roses, and jasmine prodigal of its perfume, cling lovingly to the old moss-grown walls, and strive, but with ill success, to conceal the quaint deformity of the building.

In the House of the Seven Gables this dreary beauty is eminently prominent. The poetry of desolation, and the leaden vapors of solitude are wreathed around the scene. The doings of the characters awaken only a faint, dream-like interest in our hearts. We seem to hear the hollow echoes of their footsteps in the silence, and follow them with our fingers as if we expected them each moment to melt and mingle with the surrounding air. This sad and unsubstantial painting is no doubt excellently well achieved. Mr. Hawthorne deals artistically with shadows. There is a strange, unearthly fascination about the fair spectres that throng his works, and we know no man who can distort nature, or idealize abortions more cleverly than the author of the *Scarlet Letter*.

* The *Blithedale Romance*. By N. Hawthorne. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

But we question much, if we strip Mr. Hawthorne's works of a certain beauty and originality of style which they are always sure to possess, whether the path which he has chosen is a healthy one. To us it does not seem as if the fresh wind of morning blew across his track; we do not feel the strong pulse of nature throbbing beneath the turf he treads upon. When an author sits down to make a book, he should not alone consult the inclinations of his own genius regarding its purpose or its construction. If he should happen to be imbued with strange, saturnine doctrines, or be haunted by a morbid suspicion of human nature, in God's name let him not write one word. Better that all the beautiful, wild thoughts with which his brain is teeming should moulder for ever in neglect and darkness, than that one soul was overshadowed by stern, uncongenial dogmas, which should have died with their Puritan fathers. It is not alone necessary to produce a work of art. The soul of beauty is Truth, and Truth is ever progressive. The true artist therefore endeavors to make the world better. He does not look behind him, and dig out of the graves of past centuries skeletons to serve as models for his pictures; but looks onward for more perfect shapes, and though sometimes obliged to design from the defective forms around him, he infuses, as it were, some of the divine spirit of the future into them, and lo! we love them with all their faults. But Mr. Hawthorne discards all idea of successful human progress. All his characters seem so weighed down with their own evilness of nature, that they can scarcely keep their balance, much less take their places in the universal march. Like the lord mentioned in Scripture, he issues an invitation to the halt, the blind, and the lame of soul, to gather around his board, and then asks us to feast at the same table. It is a pity that Mr. Hawthorne should not have been originally imbued with more universal tenderness. It is a pity that he displays nature to us so shrouded and secluded, and that he should be afflicted with such a melancholy craving for human curiosities. His men are either vicious, crazed, or misanthropical, and his women are either unwomanly, unearthly, or unhappy. His books have no sunny side to them. They are unripe to the very core.

We are more struck with the want of this living tenderness in the *Blithedale Romance*

than in any of Mr. Hawthorne's previous novels. In the *Scarlet Letter* and the *House of the Seven Gables*, a certain gloominess of thoughtsuited the antiquity of the subjects; but in his last performance, the date of the events, and the nature of the story, entitle us to expect something brighter and less unhealthy. The efforts of any set of hopeful, well-meaning people to shame society into better ways, are deserving of respect, as long as they do not attempt to interfere with those sacred foundation-stones of morality on which all society rests. It was a pure, fresh thought, that of flying from the turmoil of the city, and toiling in common upon the broad fields for bread. With all their fallacies, there is much that is good and noble about the American communists. It is a sad mistake to suppose them stern exponents of the gross and absurd system laid down by Fourier. They are not, at least as far as our knowledge goes, either dishonest or sensual. They do not mock at rational rights, or try to overturn the constitution of society. We believe their ruling idea to be that of isolating themselves from all that is corrupt in the congregations of mankind called cities, and seek in open country and healthy toil the sweets and triumphs of a purer life. One would imagine that dealing with a subject like this would in some degree counteract Mr. Hawthorne's ascetic humor. One would have thought that, in narrating a course of events which, acted on as they were by the surrounding circumstances, must have been somewhat buoyant and fresh, he would have burst that icy chain of puritanical gloom, and for once made a holiday with Nature. No such thing! From the beginning to the end, the *Blithedale Romance* is a melancholy chronicle, less repulsive, it is true, than its predecessors, but still sad and inexpressibly mournful. Not that the author has intended it to be uniformly pathetic. It is very evident that he sat down with the intention of writing a strong, vigorous book, upon a strong, vigorous subject; but his own baneful spirit hovered over the pages, and turned the ink into bitterness and tears.

Let us review his characters, and see if we can find any thing genial among them. Hollingsworth in importance comes first. A rude fragment of a great man. Unyielding as granite in any matters on which he has decided, yet possessing a latent tenderness of

nature that, if he had been the creature of other hands than Mr. Hawthorne's, would have been his redemption. But our author is deeply read in human imperfection, and lets no opportunity slip of thrusting it before his readers. A horrid hump of unappeasable egotism is stuck between Hollingsworth's shoulders. He is depicted as a sort of human Maelstrom, engulfing all natures that come within his range, and relentlessly absorbing them in his own vast necessities. He is selfish, dogmatic, and inhumanly proud, and all these frightful attributes are tacked on to a character that, in the hands of a Dickens or a Fielding, would have loomed out from the canvas with sufficient imperfection to make it human, but with enough of heart and goodness to compel us to love it.

Readers will perchance say that Mr. Hawthorne has a right to deal with his characters according to his pleasure, and that we are not authorized to quarrel with the length of their noses, or the angularities of their natures. No doubt. But, on the other hand, Mr. Hawthorne has no right to blacken and defame humanity, by animating his shadowy people with worse passions and more imperfect souls than we meet with in the world.

Miles Coverdale, the narrator of the tale, is to us a most repulsive being. A poet, but yet no poetry in his deeds. A sneering, suspicious, inquisitive, and disappointed man, who rejects Hollingsworth's advances because he fears that a connection between them may lead to some ulterior peril; who allows Zenobia to dominate over his nature, because she launches at him a few wild words, and who forsakes the rough, healthy life of Blithedale, because he pines for Turkey carpets and a sea-coal fire. Such is the man upon whose dictum Mr. Hawthorne would endeavor covertly to show the futility of the enterprise in whose favor he was once enlisted.

Zenobia, the character on which he has probably bestowed the most pains, is no doubt true to nature. Women that thrust themselves out of their sphere must inevitably lose many of those graces which constitute their peculiar charm. Looked upon by their own sex with dismay, and by ours with certain mingled feelings of jealousy and pity, they voluntarily isolate themselves from the generality of the world, and fancy them-

selves martyrs. They are punished with contempt, and to reformers of their fiery nature, contempt is worse than death. They blaspheme God by stepping beyond the limits. He has assigned to them through all ages, and seem to fancy that they can better laws which are eternal and immutable.

The Zenobia of our author does not command our interest. Her character, though poetically colored, is not sufficiently powerful for a woman that has so far outstridden the even pace of society. She has a certain amount of courage and passion, but no philosophy. Her impulses start off in the wrong direction, nor does she seem to possess the earnestness necessary to induce a woman to defy public opinion. She is a mere fierce, wild wind, blowing hither and thither, with no fixity of purpose, and making us shrink closer every moment from the contact.

In truth, with the exception of Priscilla, who is faint and shadowy, the dramatic personæ at Blithedale are not to our taste. There is a bad purpose in every one of them—a purpose, too, which is neither finally redeemed nor condemned.

Notwithstanding the faults which we have alluded to, and which cling to Mr. Hawthorne tenaciously in all his works, there is much to be admired in the *Blithedale Romance*. If our author takes a dark view of society, he takes a bright one of nature. He paints truthfully and poetically, and possesses a Herriek-like fashion of deducing morals from flowers, rocks, and herbage, or any other little feature in his visionary landscape. We cull a specimen of his powers in this respect :

"The pathway of that walk still runs along, with sunny freshness, through my memory. I know not why it should be so. But my mental eye can even now discern the September, bordering the pleasant roadside with a brighter verdure than while the summer heats were scorching it; the trees too, mostly green, although here and there a branch or shrub has donned its vesture of crimson and gold a week or two before its fellows. I see the tufted barberry bushes with their small clusters of scarlet fruit; the toadstools too; some spotlessly white, others yellow or red—mysterious growths springing suddenly from no root or seed, and growing nobody can tell how or wherefore. In this respect they resembled many of the emotions in my breast. And I still see the little rivulets, chill, clear and bright, that murmured beneath the road through subterranean rocks, and deepened into mossy pools where tiny fish were darting to and fro, and within which lurked the

hermit frog. But no; I can never account for it, that, with a yearning interest to learn the upshot of all my story, and returning to Blithedale for that sole purpose, I should examine these things so like a peaceful-bosomed naturalist. Nor why, amid all my sympathies and fears, there shot, at times, a wild exhilaration through my frame."

On the socialist theory Mr. Hawthorne says little in the *Blithedale Romance*. That he is no longer a convert is evident, but he does not attempt to discuss the matter philosophically. Judging from many passages in the book, we should say that he had been sadly disappointed in the experiment made at Brook Farm, and sought thus covertly and incidentally to record his opinion. One of the most curious characteristics of the book is, that not one of the persons assembled at Blithedale treat the institution as if they were in earnest. Zenobia sneers at it—Coverdale grumbles at it—Hollingsworth condemns—Priscilla alone endures it. We know not if this is a feature drawn from realities. If it is not, Mr. Hawthorne is immediately placed in the position of having created a group of fictitious hypocrites, not true to human nature, merely for the sake of placing them in a novel position and surrounding them with fresh scenery. The following account of the sensations of gentleman farmers is good:

"The peril of our new way of life was not lest we should fail in becoming practical agriculturists, but that we should probably cease to be any thing else. While our enterprise lay all in theory, we had pleased ourselves with delectable visions of the spiritualization of labor. It was to be our form of prayer and ceremonial of worship. Each stroke of the hoe was to uncover some aromatic root of wisdom heretofore hidden from the sun. Pausing in the field, to let the wind exhale the moisture from our foreheads, we were to look upward, and catch glimpses into the far-off soul of Truth. In this point of view, matters did not turn out quite as well as we anticipated. It is very true that, sometimes gazing casually around me, out of the midst of my toil, I used to discern a richer picturesqueness in the visible scene of earth and sky. There was at such moments a novelty, an unwonted aspect on the face of Nature, as if she had been taken by surprise and seen at unawares, with no opportunity to put off her real look and assume the mask with which she mysteriously hides herself from mortals. But this was all. The clods of earth, which we so constantly labored and turned over and over, were never etherealized into thought. Our thoughts, on the contrary, were fast becoming cloddish. Our labor symbolized nothing, and left us mentally sluggish in the dusk of evening. Intellectual activity is incompatible with any

large amount of bodily exercise. The yeoman and the scholar—the yeoman and the man of finest moral culture, though not the man of sturdiest sense and integrity, are two distinct individuals, and can never be melted or welded into one substance."

With the last paragraph we cannot agree. The mind depends for healthy action upon the health and soundness of the flesh, and in no way can the physical constitution be developed better than by hard work; that is, work, not for hours, days or weeks, but constant, unremitting employment. Mr. Hawthorne writes this passage very much like a man to whom labor was a new thing, and who, though he may have worked hard during the day, at night found himself from sheer exhaustion almost incapable of thought. But the man who habitually works feels no after lassitude. Were the laborer in the fields, or the blacksmith at the anvil, to be gifted with purer intellect or higher mental culture than is usually allotted to such men, they would not find their labor interfering with their inspiration. After working hours, such men do not experience any lassitude. They surrender themselves to a pleasing sensation of tranquillity, but would be as fit for any new physical or mental occupation as they ever were. But with the experimentalist in toil it is different. The muscles, that from their first maturity have been accustomed to lie at ease, are not so readily brought into play. The gentleman whose days have been spent in sedentary occupations, no matter how powerful his physical frame may be, will find that on his first initiation into the school of labor, he is unfit for any task save one. His nature is suddenly worked against the grain, and refuses to act beyond a certain time. But if these tasks were continued for any period, if day after day the gentleman were to go out into the fields and make fences or plough corn-fields, the mental sluggishness complained of by Mr. Hawthorne would wear off, and he would find that hardened muscles were not at all incompatible with the struggles of philosophic thought, or the play of imagination.

In Priscilla, Mr. Hawthorne has essayed a delicate character, but in his portraiture he has availed himself of an ingenious expedient, which we know not whether to rank as intentional or accidental. In drawing a portrait, there are two ways of attaining deli-

cacy of outline. One is by making the outline itself so faint and indistinct that it appears as it were to mingle with the surrounding shadow; the other and more difficult one is, to paint, and paint detail after detail, until the whole becomes so finished a work of art, so harmoniously colored, that one feature does not strike us more forcibly than another; so homogeneous in its aspect that outline, background and detail are all painted perfectly on our perceptions in a manner that defies analysis. Now, there is no question that the man who employs the first means has infinitely easier work than the last. He has nothing to do but conjure you up a pretty-looking ghost, and lo! the work is done. Mr. Hawthorne is fond of these ghosts. Priscilla is a ghost; we do not realize her, even to the end. Her connection with Westervelt is shadowy and ill-defined. Zenobia's influence over her nature is only indistinctly intimated. Her own mental construction is left almost an open question; and even when, in the crowning of the drama, we find her the support, the crutch of the rugged Hollingsworth, there is no satisfactory happiness wreathed about her destiny. This is not artistic or wholesome. We all know that a certain fascination springs up in every breast when the undefined is presented. The love of spectral stories, and superhuman exhibitions, all have their root in this, and Mr. Hawthorne appears to know well how to play upon this secret chord with his fantastic shadows. We do not look upon his treatment of character as fair. He does not give it to us in its entirety, but puts us off with a pleasant phantasmagoria. We should attribute this to inability in any other man, but we feel too well convinced of Mr. Hawthorne's genius to doubt his capability for an instant to furnish us with a perfect picture. But we doubt his will. This sketchy painting is easy and rapid. A very few lines will indicate a spectre, when it would take an entire month to paint a woman; and Mr. Hawthorne finds this unsubstantial picture-making suit his own dreamy and sometimes morbid fancy. For Heaven's sake, Mr. Hawthorne, do not continue to give us shadows, even if they be as sweet and loveable as Priscilla! Recollect that you have earned a great name as a writer of romance, and will necessarily have many followers. Cease then, good sir; for if you continue to give us shadows, in

another year your imitators will inundate their books with skeletons!

That Mr. Hawthorne can paint vividly when he likes it, few who have read his novels can doubt. He possesses all the requisites for the task—power of language, felicity of collateral incident, and a certain subdued richness of style which is one of his greatest charms. The following description of the death of Zenobia is exquisitely managed. It is suspected that the proud woman has committed suicide, and Hollingsworth, Coverdale, and Silas Foster, the farm superintendent, set out to seek for the body:

"When our few preparations were completed, we hastened, by a shorter than the customary route, through fields and pastures, and across a portion of the meadows, to the particular spot on the river-bank which I had paused to contemplate in my afternoon's ramble. A nameless presentiment had again drawn me thither, after leaving Eliot's pulpit. I showed my companions where I had found the handkerchief, and pointed to two or three footsteps impressed into the clayey margin, and tending towards the water. Beneath its shallow verge, among the water-weeds, there were further traces, as yet unobliterated by the sluggish current, which was there almost at a stand-still. Silas Foster thrust his face down close to these footsteps and picked up a shoe that had escaped my observation, being half imbedded in the mud.

"'There's a kid shoe that never was made on a Yankee last,' observed he; 'I know enough of shoemaker's craft to tell that. French manufacture; and see what a high instep! and how evenly she trod in it! There never was a woman that stepped handsomer in her shoes than Zenobia did. Here,' he added, addressing Hollingsworth, 'would you like to keep the shoe?'

"Hollingsworth started back.

"'Give it to me, Foster,' said I.

"I dabbled it in the water, to rinse off the mud, and have kept it ever since. Not far from this spot lay an old leaky punt, drawn up on the oozy river-side, and generally half-full of water. It served the angler to go in search of pickerel, or the sportsman to pick up his wild ducks. Setting this crazy bark afloat, I seated myself in the stern with the paddle, while Hollingsworth sat in the bows with the hooked pole, and Silas Foster amidsthips with a hay-rake.

"'It puts me in mind of my young days,' remarked Silas, 'when I used to steal out of bed and go bobbing for horn-pouts and eels. Heigh ho! well, life and death together make sad work of us all! Then I was a boy bobbing for fish; and now I am getting to be an old fellow, and here I be, groping for a dead body! I tell you what, lads, if I thought any thing had really happened to Zenobia, I should feel kind o' sorrowful.'

"'I wish at least you would hold your tongue,' muttered I.

"The moon that night, though past the full, was still large and oval, and having risen between eight and nine o'clock, now shone aslantwise over the river, throwing the high, opposite bank, with its woods, into deep shadow, but lighting up the hither shore pretty effectually. Not a ray appeared to fall on the river itself. It lapsed imperceptibly away, a broad, black, inscrutable depth, keeping its own secrets from the eye of man as impenetrably as mid-ocean would.

"Well, Miles Coverdale," said Foster, "you are the helmsman. How do you mean to manage this business?"

"I shall let the boat drift, broadside foremost, past that stump," I replied. "I know the bottom, having sounded it in fishing. The shore on this side, after the first step or two, goes off very abruptly; and there is a pool just by the stump, twelve or fifteen feet deep. The current could not have force enough to sweep any sunken object, even if partially buoyant, out of that hollow."

"Come, then," said Silas; "but I doubt whether I can touch bottom with this hay-rake, if it's as deep as you say. Mr. Hollingsworth, I think you'll be the lucky man to-night, such luck as it is."

"We floated past the stump. Silas Foster plied his rake manfully, poking it as far as he could into the water, and immersing the whole length of his arm besides. Hollingsworth at first sat motionless, with the hooked pole elevated in the air. But, by-and-by, with a nervous, jerky movement, he began to plunge it into the blackness that upbore us, setting his teeth, and making precisely such thrusts, methought, as if he were stabbing at a deadly enemy. I bent over the side of the boat. So obscure, however, so awfully mysterious was that dark stream, that—and the thought made me shiver like a leaf—I might as well have tried to look into the enigma of the eternal world, to discover what had become of Zenobia's soul, as into the river's depths to find her body. And there perhaps she lay with her face upward, while the shadow of the boat, and my own pale face peering downward, passed slowly betwixt her and the sky!

"Once, twice, thrice, I paddled the boat up stream, and again suffered it to glide with the river's slow, funereal motion, downward. Silas Foster had raked up a large mass of stuff, which, as it came toward the surface, looked somewhat like a flowing garment, but proved to be a monstrous tuft of water-weeds. Hollingsworth, with a gigantic effort, upheaved a sunken log. When once free of the bottom, it rose partly out of water—all weedy and slimy, a devilish-looking object, which the moon had not shone upon for half a hundred years—then plunged again, and sullenly returned to its old resting-place for the remnant of the century.

"That looked ugly," said Silas. "I half thought it was the Evil One, on the same errand as ourselves—searching for Zenobia."

"He shall never get her," said I, giving the boat a strong impulse.

"That's not for you to say, my boy," retorted

the yeoman. "Pray God he never has and never may! Slow work, this, however! I should really be glad to find something! Pshaw! what a notion that is, when the only luck would be to paddle, and drift, and poke, and grope, hereabouts till morning, and have our labor for our pains! For my part, I shouldn't wonder if the creature had only lost her shoe in the mud, and saved her soul alive, after all. My stars! how she will laugh at us to-morrow morning!"

"It is indescribable what an image of Zenobia—at the breakfast table, full of warm and mirthful life—this surmise of Silas Foster brought before my mind. The terrible phantasm of her death was thrown by it into the remotest and dimmest background, where it seemed to grow as improbable as a myth.

"Yes, Silas, it may be as you say," cried I. "The drift of the stream had again borne us a little below the stump, when I felt—yes, felt, for it was as if the iron hook had smote my own heart—felt Hollingsworth's pole strike some object at the bottom of the river! He started up and almost overset the boat.

"Hold on!" cried Foster, "you have her!" "Putting a fury of strength into the effort, Hollingsworth heaved amain, and up came a white swash to the surface of the river. It was the flow of a woman's garments. A little higher, and we saw her dark hair streaming down the current. Black river of Death, thou hadst yielded up thy victim! Zenobia was found!

"Silas Foster laid hold of the body; Hollingsworth likewise grappled with it; and I steered toward the bank, gazing all the while at Zenobia, whose limbs were swaying in the current close at the boat's side. Arriving near the shore, we all three stept into the water, bore her out, and laid her on the ground beneath a tree.

"Poor child!" said Foster—and his dry old heart, I verily believe, vouchsafed a tear—"I'm sorry for her."

"Were I to describe the perfect horror of the spectacle, the reader might justly reckon it to me for a sin and shame. For more than twelve long years I have borne it in my memory, and could now reproduce it as freshly as if it were still before my eyes. Of all modes of death, methinks it is the ugliest. Her wet garments swathed limbs of terrible inflexibility. She was the marble image of a death-agony. Her arms had grown rigid in the act of struggling, and were bent before her with clenched hands; her knees, too, were bent, and—thank God for it!—in the attitude of prayer. Ah, that rigidity! It is impossible to bear the terror of it. It seemed—I must needs impart so much of my own miserable idea—it seemed as if her body must keep the same position in the coffin, and that her skeleton would keep it in the grave; and that when Zenobia rose at the day of Judgment, it would be in just the same attitude as now!

"One hope I had; and that, too, was mingled half with fear. She knelt, as if in prayer. With the last choking consciousness, her soul, bubbling out through her lips, it may be, had given itself up to the Father, reconciled and penitent. But her arms! they were bent before her as if she

struggled against Providence in never-ending hostility. Her hands! they were clenched in immitigable defiance. Away with the hideous thought! The fitting moment after Zenobia sank into the dark pool—when her breath was gone and her soul at her lips—was as long, in its capacity of God's infinite forgiveness, as the lifetime of the world. * * * *

"We took two rails from a neighboring fence, and formed a bier by laying across some boards from the bottom of the boat. And thus we bore Zenobia homeward. Six hours before, how beautiful! At midnight, what a horror! A reflection occurs to me that will show ludicrously, I doubt not, on my page, but must come in for its sterling truth. Being the woman that she was, could Zenobia have foreseen all these ugly circumstances of death—how ill it would have become her, the altogether unseemly aspect which she must put on, and especially old Silas Foster's efforts to improve the matter—she would no more have committed the dreadful act than have exhibited herself to a public assembly in a badly-fitting garment! Zenobia, I have often thought, was not quite simple in her death. She had seen pictures, I suppose, of drowned persons in lithe and graceful attitudes. And she deemed it well and decorous to die as so many village maidens have, wronged in their first love, and seeking peace in the bosom of the old familiar stream—so familiar that they could not dread it—where in childhood they used to bathe their little feet, wading mid-leg deep, unmindful of wet skirts. But in Zenobia's case there was some tint of the Arcadian affectation that had been visible enough in all our lives for a few months past.

"This, however, to my conception, takes nothing from the tragedy. For, has not the world come to an awfully sophisticated pass, when, after a certain degree of acquaintance with it, we cannot even put ourselves to death in whole-hearted simplicity?

"Slowly, slowly, with many a dreary pause, resting the bier often on some rock, or balancing it across a mossy log to take fresh hold, we bore our burthen onward through the moonlight, and at last laid Zenobia on the floor of the old farmhouse. By-and-by came three or four withered women and stood whispering around the corpse, or peering at it through their spectacles, holding up their skinny hands, shaking their night-capped heads, and taking counsel of one another's experience what was to be done.

"With those tire-women we left Zenobia."

This is powerful—sadness and strength mingled into a most poetical and vivid death-scene. A thought crosses us, whether Mr. Hawthorne would paint a wedding as well as a death; whether he could conjure as distinctly before our vision the bridal flowers, as he has done the black, damp weeds that waved around the grave of Zenobia. We fear not. His genius has a church-yard beauty about it, and revels amid graves, and executions, and all the sad leavings of mortality.

We know no man whom we would sooner ask to write our epitaph. We feel assured that it would be poetical, and suitable in the highest degree.

Since the publication of his book, it grieved us to learn that a severe domestic affliction has overtaken Mr. Hawthorne, through the terrible calamity that befell the Henry Clay. It was a sad coincidence that death by the waves should overtake a member of his family so soon after his fictitious tragedy of Zenobia. It was a bitter thing for the secluded author to be forced to entwine with his newly acquired laurel-wreaths so melancholy a leaf as that of cypress.

Since the publication of the *Blithedale Romance*, Mr. Hawthorne has brought before the public a book which unquestionably will bring him neither fame nor credit. It is always hateful to see a man of genius degrading his pen into a party tool, and pressing genius, designed for better ends, into the service of every empty puppet that is thrust undeservedly into public notice. But still worse is it with Mr. Hawthorne, who, it will be difficult to persuade the public, did not stir himself to the ungracious task of writing a man's life, whose life no one cares to know, without the vivid inspiration of some promised office. Mr. Hawthorne was a place-holder once before, and we trust will be a place-holder again; for it is always pleasant to see the country dispensing its bounty to those whose genius has long been its boast and admiration. But there surely was no necessity that he should turn the biographer of so hitherto obscure a man as General Pierce. We grieve to see so distinguished a man of letters sully his reputation by such mean and venal homage to ambitious mediocrity. The hateful days are gone by when the author required a patron, on whom, in return for his bounty, he lavished fulsome adulation. We no longer live in the time of Dryden or Johnson. The true literary man, thank Heaven, can be as free as the air which he inspires, and as unbending as the oak tree in the primeval forests of our giant land. He need not beg at great men's doors for favor or bread, nor exchange servile verses for current coin. He writes what he thinks, and thinks what he likes; and with industry, good conduct, and a fair amount of genius, he need not fear "to look the whole world in the

face," nor "owe to any man." It is doubly disgusting, then, in an age of freedom to see a man of ability voluntarily prostitute his pen, for the paltry object of some governmental salary. There are "hacks" enough, Heaven knows, infesting every city, who would be right glad and well fitted to perform such filthy work. Surrender, then, your degrading office to the Helots of literature, Mr. Hawthorne! Live a quiet, pure

and honest life upon your farm, and spurn with righteous indignation all those unscrupulous partisans who invite you to sacrifice your own fame and annihilate your own honesty. Give us such works as the *Scarlet Letter*, and the *Blithedale Romance*—works of art and beauty, with all their deformities—and let your rare genius soar for ever above the atmosphere of mushroom heroes and penny biographies.

NATIONAL CURRENCY.

THE impossibility of effecting the minor exchanges of commerce by barter, creates a necessity for the establishment of a currency suited in kind and quantity to the activity of exchange. In France, where the population are poor, but, notwithstanding, possessed of small properties in land, the number of minute exchanges is proportionately large, each person having a little to buy and a little to sell. Those engaged in the larger exchanges are, on the contrary, a small fraction of the inhabitants; and the quantity of small currency, or *money*, in France, is consequently larger than in any other part of Europe or America, in proportion to the number of inhabitants.

In America, where the average intelligence and wealth of the people is very great, especially in New-England—where farms are measured by the hundred acres, and every village has its manufactory—the quantity of circulating medium is less in proportion than in any other part of the world.

It is necessary to attribute these differences, not to the newness or antiquity of society, as some have done, but to a much simpler cause—namely, the mode in which property is created and distributed: a large and active commerce, with great wealth, evenly distributed throughout the community, *absolutely* increases, and *relatively* lessens, the demand for a circulating medium. A highly civilized, closely constituted, and well-ordered community, regulate their exchanges upon a system of credits, whose stability strengthens

and is strengthened by the political and social structure.

In newly established states, during the periods which immediately succeed revolutions, there is a tendency to extend the system of public and private credits to an embarrassing degree. The *confidence* of men is drawn toward a government which has established itself by force;—that is to say, to a body of successful revolutionists, of whatever name, monarchic or republican. Each one of the new states of the northern and southern American continents has found it easy to effect loans in Europe, during the first few years after a successful revolution.

A few only have been able to repay these loans in full. They are supposed to have forfeited the confidence of mankind. Should it come to pass, that another series of revolutions should throw back these governments into the monarchical form, they would be able a second time to effect other loans; which would again, doubtless, like the former, remain unpaid. The mercantile world are affected, like the political world, by the appearance of strength and the enthusiasm of hope. The lenders and the borrowers are mutually deceived.

So frequently has this cycle of credit and discredit been repeated and exhausted, not only with the minor states, but with great empires, like those of Austria, France, and Great Britain, we may at length affirm, that public loans repaid are an exception to a general law. They are a *third method of taxation*, by which it is contrived that the

evils of the present shall be thrust upon the future.

Beyond a doubt, the solvency of the United States government is the most surprising fiscal phenomenon in history. The credit of the United States is perhaps the best the world has ever known. It has a two-fold guaranty—the faith of the government, and the spirit and freedom of the people: the faith of the government resting upon an almost perfect constitutional system, less variable and mutable than any other that has ever been established; the spirit of the people, beyond all example, the most enterprising, active, and intelligent.

The several States of this Union are prohibited by the Constitution from coining money, issuing bills of credit, or making any thing but gold and silver a tender in payment of debt: the power of the General Government over the currency of the nation is therefore absolute.

Its credit being perfect, and its power constitutionally absolute over the currency of a nation of 25,000,000, it would immediately appear as though the first attention of the central government, and the highest exercise of its powers, would be given to a regulation of the currency; such, however, is not the fact. The power of the central government has fallen back upon the States from whom it was taken by the Constitution, and they have divided it amongst them. The Government of the United States does nothing for the currency of the nation, more than might be done by any intelligent mint-master, who, by contract, should engage to stamp and issue gold, silver and copper coin. The material of the currency is furnished by the State of California and by the merchants, the central government having no power over mines. Individual enterprise regulates the quantity of precious metals, as well as that of merchandise and manufacture. The currency of paper is furnished by individuals or companies, and, in general, guaranteed, directly or indirectly, by the governments of States, who are themselves a species of incorporated companies. Thus it appears, that this primary and prescriptive right of imperial sovereignty is divided between citizens and the governments of States.

The intention of the Constitution was, doubtless, to have established a mixed metallic and paper currency for the use of the people, upon the European system. The

Constitution being itself a compromise between two parties, its provisions have not been carried into effect, and some completely nullified; amongst others, the regulation of the currency.

It was intended to place it out of the power of the States or of individuals to interfere, in any way, with the credit of commerce or of the people, or to invalidate or alter the terms of contracts, by tender, relief or bankrupt laws, direct or indirect. The media of credit were to have been placed under the guardianship of the national government. A bank treasury, whose issues should be founded on the revenue, convertible at pleasure into gold and silver, it was supposed, would furnish a perfect currency; the government itself being pledged for the redemption of the notes.

The first experiment was tried successfully with the Bank of North America, chartered in 1781 by the Continental Congress. This Bank afterwards accepted a charter from Pennsylvania, and lost its character as a national bank. This was also the memorable commencement of State banking. New-York and Massachusetts, and after them all other States in the Union, assisted in the incorporation of banks. Many of these were established on real capital, and were so managed, their paper became a veritable circulating medium, relied upon by the people. Thus, says an excellent writer, "by the operation of causes more powerful than legislative enactments," a victory was finally obtained over the policy and spirit of the Constitution, and the promises of corporations took the place of a metallic medium. Debts began to be paid in the promises of these corporations; receipts for these debts became good in law; bank notes, excepting by the banks themselves, became a legal tender through the effect of usage.

In 1791 a bank was chartered by Congress, called the United States Bank. It exercised a powerful influence over the State banks, compelling them to make good their promises in great measure; still, bankruptcies of State banks occasionally alarmed the community.

The great discovery was now made, by banking speculators in the States, *that a Bank of the United States necessarily exercised over their operations a power of inspection and supervision of which the effect was to make bankruptcy the immediate fol-*

lower of excessive or fraudulent issues. Against this just and natural consequence, fraudulent banking speculators began to form a powerful combination, which extended itself over the entire Union. They had discovered that the paper of a bank, condemned by the central banking power, was no longer respected by the people; they consequently resolved to remove, or to destroy, the central banking power. Opinions of an abstract character began to be agitated, with which the more ignorant portion of the people were readily indoctrinated. In 1811 the charter of the United States Bank was withdrawn. Availing themselves, at this time, of the pecuniary distress of the Government, (during the war of 1812-13,) the local banks, out of New-England, came to a determination to suspend specie payments, while they flooded the country with bank notes nominally good, but in reality at a discount of *twenty per cent.* If any person demanded payment in specie, it was represented that he was "draining the country of the precious metals," when in fact he was endeavoring to put them in circulation.

There was no remedy. These irredeemable bills, of no value in other countries, became the currency of all the States *excepting those of New-England.* In 1816, after the war, it was found that the entire currency of the United States amounted to \$110,000,000, at a time when only \$45,000,000 was needed, for all purposes of private and general trade.

The consequence of such a state of things may be easily imagined. The real value of this paper was not one half of its professed value; it occasioned a continual conflict between property and currency, producing utter confusion in all the business relations of life. The evil was increased by the different values of this currency in the different States. A debtor, paying a debt contracted previous to the depreciation, had twenty per cent. less to pay, but was not always the gainer thereby, as he had paid twenty per cent. more in goods for the money. Had the loss and gain been equally divided, by a general, and even, and acknowledged depreciation, such as follows the fall of gold coin in our day, the evil would have been felt only in the foreign exchange; but the actual effect was to break the force of enterprises and impair the credit of all incorporated companies. The evil consequently

fell chiefly upon the wealthier classes of the community, and upon those who subsist by the more intelligent kinds of labor.

Again, a dealer, moving from the Eastern to the Southern and Western States, could purchase twenty per cent. more with his specie or his Eastern money than he could at home. Thus the wealth of the East was augmented; that of the West and South largely diminished. The manufacturers of the East were enabled to realize excessive profits.

Nor was this all. It had been provided that all duties and excises should be uniform throughout the United States; but while bank notes were taken by the revenue officers, the government received in some places one fifth, and in some one tenth, less than in others.

This state of things demanded the immediate interference of the Government. The power of regulating the size and weight of gold and silver coin was no longer a sufficient remedy, since these had ceased to be the currency of the people. It was deemed hazardous, however, to use a direct interference: it had been tried, whether "a discriminating power," conferred upon the revenue officers, would correct the mischief; allowing them to receive such notes as seemed to them good, and no others. The experiment failed: the broken banks were *preferred* by the revenue officers, as a matter of favor; and the Government lost, almost immediately, about a million of dollars. The only mode remaining was to establish a Bank of the United States, with capital sufficient to control the local banks, compel them to reduce their issues by substituting good paper for bad, and thus, by a regular and legitimate competition, in the ordinary channels of business, bring the paper currency of the South and West to the par value of gold and silver.

Accordingly, the Bank was chartered in 1816, for twenty years, with a heavy capital, to which the Government subscribed one fifth. The notes of this Bank were made receivable for any debt due to the United States.

The effect of the establishment of this Bank was a reduction of the currency of the Union from \$110,000,000 to \$45,000,000, equivalent to gold and silver. The local banks found their notes returned upon them, and were compelled to issue only a redeem-

able currency. The effects upon the business of the country and its general credit may be surmised. A strong effort was made in a few of the Southern States, by pledging the public credit of the State, to force an unnatural quantity of paper into circulation; from which ensued only bankruptcy and general distress. The business of the State of Kentucky, especially, was almost destroyed by these attempts at financial usurpation; nor has that State since recovered from the effects of her own legislation.

The entire country were now satisfied of the importance and benefit of a national bank, as a means of regulating the currency; yet it may easily be imagined, the immense power exerted by the Bank over the general business of the community, and the check which it maintained over the financial legislation of the States, compelling them to keep within the precise limits of the Constitution—it may easily be imagined, that so great a power would raise an opposition against itself, that must eventually overthrow it. The fraudulent operators and banking speculators, whose plans had been defeated in all parts of the Union, by the vigilance and power of the central institution, were in the last degree impatient and hostile. The Bank was a principal organ of the central power; its influence was more direct, and more severely felt by all classes in the community, and in all parts of the nation, than that of Congress itself. It was the regulator of the general business of the nation. While it existed, State banks were institutions of no influence, and of moderate profit. The spirit especially of the Southern and Western sovereignties rebelled against a central financial power, which deprived them of all influence over the business of the people, and placed them in a subordinate position more effectually than any other provision of the Constitution. For a time, however, the opposition did not make its appearance in full force. It was not until the year 1831 it assumed a powerful shape and made for itself a majority. It was admitted that a national bank ought to be established, and with a capital large enough to control the State banks and compel them to maintain a solvent condition. The eccentric doctrine of Jefferson, that banks were generally mischievous and oppressive in their very nature, had not yet been adopted and issued by Mr. Van Buren and his friends, as a portion of the Demo-

cratic creed; it was still held to be necessary that the Bank ought to be maintained. Its enemies complained only of the provisions of its charter: they did not propose to abolish, but to modify.

The National Bank, in which the Government of the United States was so large a stockholder, was nevertheless independent of the Government, and established a financial centre superior in influence and respectability to the Treasury itself. The Administration of General Jackson were naturally jealous of such an institution, which they found exercising a daily influence of far greater moment and importance to the community than their own, and over which they could not exert the smallest control. To regulate the currency, if not the first, is at least the second duty of every government. In times of peace it is perhaps the first. General Jackson and his friends found themselves entirely deprived of this function; the entire financial power being as it were farmed out to a company of skilful operators, who carried on the currency by charter and contract, independently of the Government and at a vast profit to themselves.

Accordingly, in the first message of General Jackson to Congress, several years before the expiration of the charter, the President expressed his opinion against the constitutionality and expediency of the Bank, and asserted that it had failed in its great end of establishing a uniform and sound currency. Now, the uniformity and soundness of a currency is a relative idea: the Bank had, *beyond all doubt*, rendered infinite service to the nation; and that should have been sufficient to prevent the raising of such a groundless objection.

The administration of the Bank had not indeed been without great faults. Its direction fell at first into the hands of a few speculators, who brought it to the verge of bankruptcy, and made it incur the loss of a million of dollars. This circumstance alone was sufficient to prove the imperfection of the Bank, *in feeble hands*, as an institution for the maintenance of credit. It should not have been in the power of "a few speculators" to accomplish so great a mischief. The Bank had moreover shown a remarkable jealousy of the prosperity of New-York; a discreditable trait. It had indiscreetly enlarged its issues. Enough had been done to show the dangerous *form* of the institu-

tion, and the impropriety of leaving so large a portion of the public power in the hands of a private corporation.

In the year 1832, a bill for re-chartering the Bank passed through both houses of Congress, and was returned by the President with objections.

A great deal has been said about the "personal hostility" of President Jackson to the Bank of the United States. It seems to us, however, that he was actuated by a political, much more than a personal hostility, and that his opposition was not without good grounds. Let us examine a few of the political reasons brought against the re-chartering of the Bank.

It was an exclusive monopoly: it was the only institution which could carry on banking operations under the authority of the General Government. It was also a private corporation, managed by individuals for their own benefit! It is contrary to the spirit of our institutions to establish a monopoly of any kind; more especially a monopoly with powers superior to those of the national treasury. If national banking is to be allowed, it should be under the immediate control of the Executive and House of Representatives; of those who appropriate and those who expend the revenues of the nation.

The privileges bestowed upon the Bank rendered the stock more valuable than any other in the world; but this additional value was a gratuity to the stockholders, and of no advantage to the nation. The public moneys should not pay more than a legal interest; the moneys of the bank were, in part, public money, and their profits were three-fold that of the funds.

It was additionally urged, and we think with justice, "that the stock of this bank ought not to be held by foreigners." In 1831 the stock held by foreigners was \$8,000,000—nearly a fourth of the whole. It was calculated that the renewal of the charter would add several millions to the value of the stock. These millions were a simple gratuity, by act of Congress, to a few hundred American and foreign stockholders, who would realize enormous fortunes by its sale into still fewer hands; and these latter would again, still more injuriously, consolidate the financial power.

It was argued, that these immense profits should be reaped, not by a few wealthy in-

dividuals, but by the people of the United States; and that the annuity of \$200,000 a year, offered by the Bank for its own continuance, was not perhaps a tenth part of what should have been offered. If the Government is to sell monopolies, it should receive their full price: if the finances of the United States are to be managed by a perpetual contract, the worst method ought at least to receive the highest price. All moneys are derived, first or last, from the labors of the industrious citizen; directly or indirectly, it is needless to inquire. If foreigners or speculators reap a profit, it is derived from labor, the sole creator of values. The bill vetoed by General Jackson in 1832 proposed to sell an advantage, variously estimated at from ten to seventeen millions of dollars, for the sum of \$3,000,000, payable in fifteen annual instalments of \$200,000 each. *It was an unfortunate proposition for such an institution to make*; and would be unanimously rejected by the people of the United States, at any time, and under any circumstances, *if they understood its nature*. No wonder, then, the publication of General Jackson's reasons for not sanctioning the bill, created an irresistible popular party against the renewal of the charter.

It was further urged, and we think judiciously, that it would be *better* for the Government to create and sell the entire stock of the Bank at whatever price it would bring in the market, than to allow these enormous profits to fall into the hands of a few fortunate capitalists. The stock and the privileges should be sold to the highest bidder: it is the principle established, and should have been adhered to in this, as in all other cases. No reasons were offered against it. No wonder therefore the Executive objected to the bill.

Other objections, of a character less easy to be understood, were raised in the veto message of '32, of which the most remarkable is the following: Arrangements were made, in the charter, by which the banks of the States had the advantage over private citizens. If a State bank, for example, in Philadelphia, owed the Bank of the United States, it could pay its debt in any species of notes of that bank, issued at the centre, or at the branches; but if a private citizen owed the Government, or the Bank, he must pay in the notes of the centre, and not in those of a remote branch; laying him under the

frequent injustice of a discount upon branch notes. Thus it appeared, that in order to conciliate the Banks of the several States and avert their opposition, the Bank of the centre had given them an advantage over the citizen; departing from its original intention of providing an everywhere equal currency for the nation. This provision, *however slight its actual effect might be*, excited an excusable jealousy on the part of democratic politicians, as showing a disposition in the banking power—a disposition at least, if nothing more—to separate and consolidate its influence throughout the entire Union, above the reach and over the head of the citizen. It was unfortunate.

Another *apparently* valid and serious objection to the bill of 1832, was the curious exception made in favor of non-resident stockholders. It was conceded that the stock of a branch Bank of the United States would be taxable in the State where it was established; but not *out* of that State. *Foreign stockholders were not taxable*; an arrangement by which an advantage of one per cent. was given to the *foreign* stockholder. The effect of this arrangement would be, to remove taxation altogether from these branch banks, in all parts of the Union. The citizen of New-York would not purchase stock in the branch bank of his own State, but in the branch bank of some other State, to escape taxation; making a difference, in general, of one per cent. in favor of the foreign stockholder.

Now it appeared, that of the twenty-eight millions of private stock in the original corporation, *more* than eight millions were held by foreigners, chiefly in Great Britain, none of which was taxable! On the other hand, taking one of the States of the Union for an example, the profits of the branch bank at Mobile in 1831 were more than \$95,000; *but not a single share was held by the citizens of Mobile or Alabama*. Mississippi and Missouri were in the same condition with regard to their branches. The gist of this objection was, that by a tax on resident stockholders, the stock of the bank was driven out of the country, and preference given to foreigners.

Again, the foreign stockholders were excluded by the charter from all direct voice in the elections; therefore, as the stock passed away from the hands of citizens, and it was left unrepresented, except by proxies,

the control necessarily passed into fewer and fewer hands; which produced a farther consolidation and centralization of power. The President very properly inquires, whether serious mischiefs might not be expected to arise from so great a concentration; whether the power of the Bank would not naturally continue, from year to year, in the same hands; and intimates that the interests of the directors would, in that case, become absolutely identified with that of the foreign stockholder, and that the foreign policy of the nation would thereby be debased. Through such an institution, the commercial relations of Great Britain with the United States would soon be regulated to the disadvantage of the latter; nor would any public functionary be able, of himself, to resist the long established influence of the Bank. The President of the Bank informed the Government that the existence of the State banks depended on the forbearance of the central institution: which will give some slight idea of the regulative power over the interests of the nation deposited in the hands of at most a dozen or twenty men, and these exerting, of necessity, a corrupting influence; gaining every year additional power, experience, and wealth, managing foreign capital, principally English, without patriotic motive, and with a thousand influences to make them disregard the interest and honor of the Government, in its foreign relations.

It is apparent by what causes and what considerations the popular instinct was excited against the central banking power. Nothing could have been more natural than the opposition of the masses, as well as of the Southern and Western sovereignties; and it is idle to seek the causes of that opposition in the "private animosities" of President Jackson. Many of the arguments which they urged against the re-charter of the Bank were not merely ingenious; they were founded in fact, in history, and in a knowledge of human nature. The popular outcry which followed, and which has continued to the present time, ought not to excite the surprise of any sensible politician. What would be the operations of a bank, regulating the business of the Union, owned by Europeans, the subjects of monarchy, and managed by their adherents in connection with the fiscal of our own Government? Would such an institution facilitate the oper-

ations of our Government in time of war with any monarchical power? Would it not exert itself to the utmost in favor of its own stockholders? Would it not influence all embassies and negotiations?

We believe that in good time a Bank of the United States will be established; but it will be by the consent of both parties, and upon a plan entirely different from that adopted in 1811 and in 1832. Such an institution should be purely American in its character; and we agree with the author of General Jackson's message in thinking that its stockholders should consist of our own citizens, friendly to our own government and to republicanism. The Whigs of the present generation are opposed to free trade, because they find it injurious to the independence and nationality of the United States. For the same reason, it is probable, they will never permit the establishment of such a bank as that of 1832.

It is only within a few past years the utility of banking institutions has been called in question. The friends of Gen. Jackson, finding it impossible to resist public opinion in regard to the general necessity of a national bank, resorted to the usual means employed by desperate demagogues, and organized a general attack, not upon the *form* of the old bank, but upon banking itself. In 1791, Congress had decided in favor of a bank; in 1811, against it; again, in 1815, against it, and in 1816 in its favor. The precedents of general legislation, in every State of the Union except one, as well as in the District of Columbia, are a hundred to one in favor of public banking. Such, however, is the ignorance of the people, and even of many public men, on the subject of banking, especially in the South and West, it was found difficult to organize a sensible opposition, grounded in solid reasons; and as a substitute, the passions of the people were roused by demagogical appeals, discrediting for the time every institution of the kind.

Against a national bank, however, there has always been a powerful opposition on the part of the inferior class of banking capitalists in the States. The policy of these men has been, and still is, to excite the anger of the people against a national bank, and *afterwards to supply its place with institutions of their own contrivance*, for which charters are procured in the States by an almost undisguised system of bribery. Public bank-

ing, in some shape, is found to be as necessary as coinage; but as the profits of coinage are not sufficient to tempt the cupidity of speculators, while those of banking are largest in times of popular excitement and commercial trouble, the jobbers of the State Legislatures have been satisfied to secure banking for themselves, leaving the coinage in the hands of the General Government. So great was the influence of bank power in the States, it procured the removal of the deposits of Government in 1833, as is well known, and their division among the banks of the States, with consequences the most memorable and destructive.

By the course of this argument, the reader is perhaps already satisfied that it was *not* the "personal hostility" of General Jackson which created the anti-bank party. The anti-bank party was created by more powerful motives than the hostility of any one man, or body of men, against the central institution. The removal of the deposits, and consequent destruction of the Bank, was a victory of the States over the power of the centre; a victory of the lobby members of State Legislatures, in the interest of private speculation, over the jobbers of Congress in the interest of foreign speculation. The corruption of the States was victorious over the indiscretions of the centre.

It was in vain the opinion of the Supreme Court was brought forward in defense of the Bank: the Court decided, that whatever institution was found "necessary" for the management of the public funds, was constitutional. The question remained, and could not be decided by the Supreme Court, whether a bank of the form proposed was or was not "necessary and beneficial." A majority of the Senate had declared in its favor; a majority in the House of Representatives were of the same opinion; a majority of the nation, on the other hand, were undoubtedly against it, and finally sustained the action of the Executive. We have nothing to say in favor of that majority. It was created by the banking influence of the States, whose plans of speculation and of robbery had been defeated by the salutary pressure of the central institution.

Nor have we any apology to offer, on the other hand, for the imperfections of the central institution. The reasons brought forward in favor of its suppression as a contract, or private enterprise, seem to us suffi-

ciently conclusive. The original act of incorporation provided that no other great bank should be established while this one remained. It was therefore an exclusive monopoly, and in many respects hostile to the genius of the Constitution. Congress may establish banking institutions, but it has no right to grant monopolies to individuals, except for purposes of national defense. It may grant a monopoly of a fishery to citizens of the United States, against citizens of other states; but it cannot grant a monopoly of fishery or banking, or any other modes of profit, to the exclusion of citizens of the United States, in favor of other citizens, or of a corporate body. Few monopolies have ever been granted by any government, more exclusive and effectual than that of the United States Bank; and we cannot say, for our own part, that we regret the demise of its charter. Enormous mischief was inflicted by the removal of the deposits, and the distribution of the treasury amongst a company of private banks. By this act of the Government, a number of irresponsible monopolies were substituted for one, comparatively responsible. There is hardly a room for doubt, that the anti-bank party of 1833 was a combination utterly demagogical and fraudulent, and managed with as little regard for the welfare of the nation as can well be conceived; and yet, we insist that many of the arguments brought forward by them against the renewal of the charter were not to be set aside.

It has been argued on the other side that the Mint, even, is a monopoly, and that the Mint might be managed by contract; but the case is not parallel with that of the Bank. The Mint is a chemical laboratory and workshop: it does not *confer value* upon metal or paper; it knows nothing of credit; its business is merely to divide gold and silver into pieces of equal weight and purity, and affix upon them a certain indicative mark. It has not, nor cannot have, any control over the business of the nation or of individuals; its officers have no interest in debasing the coin; they do not furnish the gold and silver, and they do not retain a portion of it for their own profit: the profits, if there happen to be any, belong exclusively to the Government. The officers are paid by salary, and are responsible solely to the Government. The same is true, to a certain extent of the sub-treasury. The officers of the

Treasury are salaried; they are able to defraud the Government, but they must do so by direct robbery. Though it may be a cumbersome and uneconomical institution, it does not lay open the Government to the schemes of speculative *bankers*.

The inquiry immediately suggests itself, why should not a bank of the United States be conducted upon the same principle? Why is Government under the necessity of selling to a party of bankers a privilege which it is able to exercise itself, with perfect safety? Why should it place *out* of its own hands an executive power expressly reposed in it by the Constitution? Is it not clearly unconstitutional to do this; much more so, even, than to allow the States to regulate for themselves the treatment of fugitive slaves?

Is it *necessary* or *proper* that a fiscal agent of the United States should be managed for the profit of foreign capitalists? Is it *just* that these capitalists, through their proxies and business agents, should exercise an uncontrollable power over the currency, commerce, and banking institutions of this Union? Is it *right* that these foreign capitalists, profiting by the business of the Union, should be exempt from taxation?

Was it *prudent* to confer upon a private institution, performing the work of an irresponsible treasury and finance manager by contract, the privilege of establishing paper "sub-treasuries" in every State of the Union, using these paper sub-treasuries and fiscal sub-agents as a means of drawing the gold and silver of the South and West into the vaults of the parent institution, and substituting its own paper, at whatever premium or value? In a word, is it admissible, in the present state of the world, to substitute the promises of a private company, chartered by the Government, for money?—for this was the operation of the Bank.

For the privilege of realizing enormous profits by the management of public funds, the Bank was ready and willing to pay a small compensation to the Government: this was inverting the natural order. The *Bank* should have been paid, not the Government. The President of the United States and the heads of departments do not pay annuities to the Government for the privilege of exercising their functions; though, if report be true, some of them might, at times, very well do so: they, on the contrary, are paid by the Government, and cannot lawfully

make their offices a means of paying themselves.

But if the Bank was a contract, it will be said, why was it less constitutional than any other contract? We have shown sufficient reason why it *ought not* to be a contract, in any event; but it was *not* a contract, for it *was not* given to the highest bidder.

The effectual exemption of the property of this institution from taxation, when we remember that it was an institution for the profit of individuals, as well as for the convenience of the public, was another, and in our opinion a valid, objection to the charter offered in 1832. The States have jealously reserved to themselves the right of taxing all persons and property; they surrender only the imports and exports, and, by agreement, unsold lands belonging to the nation. But in the first part of this article we have shown that the stock of this Bank, was *indirectly* exempted from taxation; an exemption which interfered *directly* with the reserved rights of the States.

It is asserted in the message of July 10th, 1832, that when the new charter, upon which this message was a veto, was presented for renewal, the Executive had not been consulted in the preparation of the memorial for a new bank, although it was admitted by the President of the Bank that its executive power over the finances of the country was so great, the State banks existed only by its permission and sufferance. Independently, therefore, of all *personal* feelings, and of all political arguments and interested opposition, we do not feel the least surprise or indignation at the course pursued by the Executive itself in relation to the new charter. The Executive, whose business it was, by law, to administer the finances of the government, found an irresistible and irresponsible power growing up at its side, which at that moment, perhaps, had absorbed the greater part of its influence with Congress.

Mr. Clayton said, that he believed upon investigation certain charges could be substantiated against the Bank, showing that it exerted a powerful influence upon members of Congress and other influential persons. Now, it is not a very long time since a list of names of members of Congress could be found upon the books of the Free-Trade League in London, who were known to be, or supposed to be, capable of English influence

against a protective tariff. It is unnecessary to say by what means it was intended to exercise this influence. To enter at large upon the particulars would savor of scandal, which we wish by all means to avoid. In so large a body as the Congress of the United States, sent to Washington in part for interested purposes, consisting in part of agents of speculation, in the disguise of legislators, there will always be found a considerable number of men more open to pecuniary than to official influence. A bank that would "accommodate" members of Congress with money, without real security, and upon nominal endorsements—as it is highly probable the Bank of the United States found itself compelled to do—was open to the charge of corruption; and though it might easily have defended itself, to all appearance, against such a charge, the effect of the accusation would remain. The evil itself was perhaps inherent in the nature of the institution. Members of Congress are retained by individuals, as is well known, under a system very much resembling bribery, to forward their particular interests; but of all interests, that of the Bank would be soonest necessitated, by its very nature, to employ pecuniary influence, and would perhaps be unable to stand without it. The objection is valid: it does not arise out of the character of its conductors, so much as from the weakness of human nature.

A number of charges were brought against the management of the Bank by Mr. Clayton and others, which it is unnecessary to inquire into: many of them were invidious and unessential. The principal defects of the institution we have already pointed out: its benefits, on the other hand, were unquestionable; but they were of too general a character to be appreciated by the masses. It *did* succeed in maintaining and restoring a sound currency. It *did* exercise a powerful and salutary control over the State banks. The removal of the government deposits, and their distribution among the lesser banks of the States, developed anew all the active mischiefs which had been suppressed by the central institution. Since that time, there has been no Bank of the United States. Both parties have successively brought forward proposals for the organization of a fiscal agent for the Government: these have either failed, for want of a majority in their favor, or have been sup-

pressed by the will of the Executive. We have said that we believe a fiscal agent for the Union will by-and-by be established, and by the consent of both parties, but we do not believe that a Bank of the United States, upon the old plan, will be established again, by the consent of either party. The science of banking has undergone a revolution within the last ten years. Private banking, at one time forbidden by the law, is established in several States with the guaranty of government. The State of New-York may claim the honor of having invented a new system of banking by the pledge of government stock as a guaranty for the redemption of notes, in case those are not paid in specie.

¶ In a previous article, we have endeavored to explain how the abundance of gold and silver is likely to replace the smaller denominations of bank notes: it is uncertain, however, to what extent the substitution can be made; there is a certain habitual convenience in paper of small denominations, more easily felt than described.

To understand upon what principle, in future, fiscal agents of the Union will have to be established, free of danger both to the government and the people, it will be necessary to consider all the objections of the opposition, some of which have been already touched upon, and to avoid the evils which they indicate. The best teacher of the Democratic party is the Whig; and the tutors of the Whigs are the Democrats. The criticism of enemies is more valuable to us than the praise of friends. The Democratic uproar against banking as a business is found to have had very little practical effect upon legislation. Banks are established by both parties. As a general truth in politics, every large employment of capital excites the jealousy of the ignorant; that jealousy is not, however, without its admirable fruits. "The best laws arise often out of popular tumults."

If a fiscal agent of the Union is to be hereafter established, it certainly will not be a monopoly: public opinion prevents it; the spirit of the Constitution is utterly opposed to it. Nor will it be possible in future to establish a central banking power to control the fiscal institutions of the States. We may consider the principle of free banking as triumphant over monopoly and centralization; we are therefore at the begin-

ning of a new epoch in finance and currency. The principle of competition is hereafter to regulate the business of banks, as it does all other occupations. The credit of a banker will extend, like the credit of a commercial house; bank bills are even now criticised like the notes of individuals, and, like these, are at a discount as soon as they make their appearance among strangers, out of their proper sphere. The banker takes the place of the bank; character and credit have their full value, and stand instead of popular delusion.

It is, however, improbable that any private or State credit, that any banker, or company of State bankers, will ever be able by themselves to give an universal currency to their paper, and make it every where available for small exchange. Even if the entire public stock of the State of New-York were pledged for the maintenance of a single bank, and the institution itself managed with the utmost skill and probity, it would not be able, under the present system of free banking, to replace the currency of the State of New-York even, much less of the entire Union.

The tendency of all notes in the present day to assume a private character and move within a restricted sphere, returning promptly upon those that issue them, is generally regarded as a salutary trait in the modern system of banking; but at the same time it increases, in proportion to its benefits, the necessity of a circulating medium that shall not be so restricted, but shall be every where of an equal value.

Let us consider the process by which a promissory note is converted into currency. The note says to the bearer, "I am good for so much gold and silver." How comes it to be good? It is made good by the promises of others; it is credit supported by credit, and extended in proportion to the universality and extent of the supporting power. The bank of John Smith, in a country town, extends with the credit of John Smith, capitalist, over a circle of fifty or sixty miles. By establishing connections with each other, the two banks of John Smith and John Jones, an hundred miles apart, may give credit to each other's notes, and so enlarge their mutual influence. The credit of a country bank may be good in a single commercial house in a great city; the bills of that bank will go back from the

city, as they were issued, in packages, like a draft or a check, having never been employed as currency. It is a money-lending establishment thus far, and not, properly speaking, a bank; for it has not yet secured the confidence of the people, and consequently cannot keep its notes in circulation. Paying in promises, the bank is both a lender and a borrower; its gains are altogether upon time, or rather upon time multiplied by the quantity of issues. Every day, while a note is on its travels from hand to hand, is *time*, that is to say, interest, gained to the bank. But if the public have no confidence, they will give it no time. A bank considered as an "agency" has other profits; but to these we need not now allude.

We cannot suppose that the people of the United States will suffer their Treasury to become a money-lending institution; they would much rather increase the tariff, or establish direct taxes. The credit of the Government will never be sold in that manner; the fact that it was so sold, is the principal objection to the charter of the old Bank.

During such time as payments to the Treasury of the United States are made in specie, the Government will have an abundant supply of the precious metals. The specie system works equally for and against the Government as long as the revenue is equal to the expenditure. Paper cannot be

used by the Treasury, as common currency, under the present system.

There remains, to our view, but a single basis for the establishment of a regulative fiscal organ. We have already, in previous articles, suggested upon what system, and by what guaranties, such an organ or organs can be established. A private institution, guarantied by the stock of the United States, with a sufficiently extended capital, under the charter of the Union, established in every State of the Union, on the New-York plan,* would have the character and freedom, and be subject to all the responsibilities, of a common bank; and could be employed by the Government without detriment to itself, and freed of all the objections which have been brought against the old Bank of the United States. If the occasion should arise, it is our intention to develop, at more leisure, the idea of such an institution.

* The banks of New-York are principally secured by public stocks, as follows: (*Times*.)

New-York State Stocks,	\$8,332,176
United States Stocks,	3,784,955
Canal Revenue Certificates,	1,372,500
Bonds and Mortgages,	3,766,340
Illinois Stock,	651,696
Arkansas Stock,	375,000
Michigan Stock,	181,000
Cash on deposit,	250,000

A REMINISCENCE OF THE ISTHMUS.

It is an old habit of mine—so old as to be almost a second nature—that of prying beneath the outer surface of things, after a concealed mystery; of getting, as it were, behind the scenes in every act of life that I thought particularly worthy of my attention, that I might learn something of the motives which led to such greatness or glitter; that I might weigh calmly these palpable results in my mind, and decide for myself how much was real, and how much false; how often the heart was in the action, or in the most melancholy and perverse opposition. And especially, in visiting a new place, have I been wont to seek for something not written plainly on its front, something of its inner life; something characteristic of the spot, that should set its mark upon it in my memory, and make it unlike all other places to me; something which, when its name was mentioned, should instantly start up before me, the one bold figure of the picture, to which the surrounding objects should form a shadowy background. But in this I have not always been successful. I have spent days in certain spots, watching long and wearily for a glimpse of that subtle revelation, as one sits sometimes beside a great painting, striving, oh, how vainly! to catch something of the inspiration of him who conceived and executed it, in the glow of which presence all its most delicate beauties should start forth; and yet have gone away, and not having felt and grown, as it were, with and into them, have soon forgotten them altogether. And at other times my nature has so mingled itself with the deep earnestness of the scene, that I never—never can forget it.

It was a stormy evening; the rain fell in merciless torrents. Among the thick forests on the opposite bank it plunged with a heavy crashing sound. The yellow streams rushed in foaming impetuosity down the sloping hillside of Palenquilla, and gave a fresh impulse to the already maddened current of the river. It was no easy task to keep a footing in the ascent leading to the hotel

farthest from our barge, for while the wind did its best to overthrow you, the running water and the slippery soil under foot contributed equally to the difficulties of locomotion. Nevertheless, prompted by something which, for lack of a better term, you may call curiosity, I was bent on reaching that edifice; and as sleep in our barge, owing to the social peculiarities of our neighbors, was out of the question, had quite made up my mind, if I did succeed in reaching it, to pass the night there. Sleep—yes, to court that, not rest, but sleep—was to be the end of my toilsome journey, as I thought. Sleep—I did not find it there, but there was one who did; one who closed his little eyes for ever on the weary world that night, and was with the angels when he woke.

Ugh! I have stumbled over something, but 'tis nothing but a pig: it might have been something worse, yes, and it might have been something a good deal better, a log for instance, and then its squealing wouldn't have awakened such a deafening chorus from the dogs, who ought to keep perfectly quiet or be simply whining on a night like this. And ugh! again, for mis-haps never come singly; it is my head I have hit this time, against a beam lying on the top of posts, which may be part of the skeleton of an awning to some building which was to have been erected, for all that I ever found out to the contrary. Those big lanterns are not such ridiculous affairs after all. But here we are—this is the hotel.

Somehow, it is not a hotel suggestive of a cosy night. There is, so to speak, a lack of those substantial, home-like, thoroughly comfortable features which are associated in our minds with the idea of a model hotel. There is no great wide door, opening into a broad well-lighted hall, with a winding staircase leading to other stories, where are snug chambers with the anthracite throwing a kindly glow upon the soft carpet, and neat furniture, and snowy counterpane of the bed. There is no parlor where the ladies have assembled for a hop; no other parlor where

gray-headed men sit gazing at the coal fire, with the morning or evening newspaper upon their knees, and indulge in reminiscences of the last war, observing that when the news of peace arrived it was a sloppy night, very much such a night as this, in fact. There is no snuggery known as the bar-room, reeking with odors of tobacco, lemon peel, and fragrant old Jamaica, where young men in plaid trousers, many-pocketed coats, flat-brimmed hats, and neckcloths with square ends, sit and smoke and drink, and smoke and drink again. There is no full-fed, ruddy-visaged landlord, whom you soon get to know by the familiar name of "old Peter," to bid you welcome with as much cordiality, and order John's attention to your luggage with as much satisfaction, as if he had been expecting you for a month, and felt really very much relieved that you had at last arrived. But then it is such a hotel as one would expect, knowing that it was originally a native ranch, and that the main building, wings, and similarextensive additions which were to have been made to it, were not yet begun. It has one room, which must be some twelve feet square, lighted by a tallow candle on the usual board, a notched pole leading to the attic, the customary furniture in the way of boxes and logs, a ground floor it is true, but only partially appropriated by the puddles. It seems to be taking care of itself, for no one takes any notice of me as I enter, and indeed there is no one inside to do so; and to get in at all I am obliged to remove the arm of a gentleman who is barricading the door, and who is very sallow, thin and shaky, but habited in white pantaloons and a dress black coat, and looking like a man who had put on the last remnants of his bravery to die. I observe jovially to this gentleman that it is great weather, and think that I made an allusion to "young ducks" in the same connection; but he is past taking any notice of such trifling, or of any thing else as to that, although he afterwards turns out to be the proprietor of the place. When this truth comes home to me, I propose taking a glass of brandy and water. He answers me, "There's brandy," without making any sign to show where, or indeed looking in any direction at all, so that I am under the necessity of hunting it up myself. The ring of the dime upon the board in payment is equally powerless to arouse him, from what? perhaps from a vision

of scenes and faces far enough away. I next propose, but this time to myself, retiring for the night, and, scraping the mud from my boots as far as practicable, and assuring myself of the steadiness of the stick in advance, take my way to the attic.

I must have been very tired and sleepy, for I can only recollect one moment when the cracking of the cane floor beneath my step chimed in beautifully with the pattering of the heavy rain-drops on the roof, and I think slumber seized me even as I settled down upon my primitive couch. I had hardly lost myself, as the expression is, when I was again roused to consciousness by voices in the apartment below. The first was that of a woman, low and shrill, impressing me as coming from a heart in bitterest warfare with its destiny, and curiously at variance with the lulling sound of the rain, and the dull, heavy, mournful gustiness of the wind.

"Oh John," it cried in tones of agony, "do not let him die, he is my little angel! John, oh, I cannot let him die!"

"Hush dear," said another voice, the rough hard voice of a man; "why should we ask to have him spared? Has our life been so very pleasant that we should pray for a like boon for *him*?"

The words, and the tone in which they were uttered more than the words themselves, revealed to me a picture, suddenly illuminated as it were by a flash of Heaven's lightning, in which I noted all the details of one of those unhappy lives so commonly led by the sensitive and poor. It was with no hope of turning back the tide of hurrying events, and yet certainly with no idle curiosity, that I crept along over the cane floor of my chamber toward the aperture where I could leisurely inspect the scene below. Oh, what would I not have given for the power and appliances of the painter, to have stamped its lineaments upon the canvas, even as I saw them then! A man and woman had entered, and were seated side by side on two rude boxes, stationed in a corner of the apartment, which was possibly the most comfortable locale, if such an epithet may be applied to premises so utterly wet and cheerless. These two persons seemed in full possession of the house. The proprietor had either gone out, or was coiled away to sleep in some corner hidden to my view. A second glance revealed a third person, a child of apparently not more than

five or six summers, whose emaciated and spasmodic frame was almost wholly concealed by the protecting arms of the man, evidently his father. This group of three was so disposed, with the feeble candle-light falling full upon them, that, in my desire to read their story in their faces, I almost immediately saw their each minutest line, while all the world beside became nothing but the blackest void, and my ear ceased to take note of the rain and gusty wind, and heard nothing but the outpourings of these forlorn and seemingly forgotten spirits.

The man was apparently rather under what is termed the middle age, of small stature, wasted and thin, as if from long care and self-denial. His attire, even in the abandon of that out-of-the-way spot, somehow bespoke the gentleman, and just as plainly, too, the *poor* gentleman. As he sat holding his frail burden, every moment, alas! becoming frailer, vainly trying to soothe it to a moment's repose, and after each unsuccessful effort turning his beseeching eyes to heaven, I could read in his sharp pale face, his high projecting, but not broad forehead, his quick restless eye, flashing with a certain fire withal, and the unsteady working of his mouth, the plainly written story of a high-hearted, disappointed man. There was something in his whole demeanor which bespoke the man of pride, of principle, of genius too, but also of irresolution—the most unhappy type of all God's images on earth; the man who, seeing the prizes with which life's lottery is teeming, and knowing the way to reach them, yet lacks the nerve to follow therein, because the cowardly doubt is still there, as to whether, after all, the highest good is thus to be obtained.

The woman, like the man, in one respect at least, was "not now that which she had been," and yet there were traces of her former better self flickering occasionally in her face and mien. Although no smile played upon her lips, which were once beautiful, but were now thin and drawn tightly together, as if to shut out from her heart the atmosphere of a world that had never seemed to love her, and no especial brilliance flashed upon you when the lids were raised from eyes around which were drawn dark lines, and which stood out in painful prominence from wasted cheeks; and although her costume was of the simplest,

suggestive of a dull routine of daily tasks, and nothing of the dashiness and bravery of life, yet there was something, not exactly visible to the outward eye, which showed that this was not the destiny to which she was born; else why should I have seen her, as in a mirror of the past, sweeping with gallant grace adown a gilded drawing-room, or rousing to wild gayety a sea-shore or hearth-side party, by looks and tones fraught with fire-like electric sparks? Even now, in that worn, slender, compressed frame, there was secreted a possibility of fascination, which needed only the showers and beams of sympathizing hearts to awaken to active being. Ye rude ones of the world, ye who take pride in the scrupulous correctness of your dealings in your business relations with other men, paying promptly your pecuniary debts even to the uttermost farthing, but who, in the calculating and unfeeling pursuit of your selfish ends, jostle the pure, the gentle, and the uncomplaining from *their* paths of life, depriving them thus of those simple pleasures which you know not of, because you cannot enjoy them; think you that you will never be called to a reckoning for this?

And the little child, who was overleaping all this weariness and misery of life, and was soon to be a little cherub—I actually found myself chuckling over the idea that he was cheating the old deceptive villain of a world, and was eluding its clutches, even by a stolen march to heaven. No frittering away of the beauty and glory of *his* young life by unmanly, cankering cares. The lustre of his roguish little eye was not to be dimmed, the rosy fullness of his mischievous mouth was not to be wholly wasted, his laughing curls were not even to be cut, till he had lain them all in the bosom of the rotting earth which was their mother. I have said that he was a child of some five or six summers. There was none of the frostiness of winter about him. Nothing even in his form, worn by disease, suggestive of cold or barrenness. He was a delicate summer flower, and now that he was being crushed to earth, it was a summer storm that did it; a rude gale, that might break his fragile stock, and scatter far and wide his fair frail petals, but which would none the less certainly waft the essence of his fragrance and loveliness far beyond the clouds.

The father sat with the child in his arms,

not with any hope of keeping him from the grasp of death, but gently rocking him, as if trying to lull him off to slumber, as he had often perchance done after frolicsome days, when sleep came with a soft and welcome tread, bringing pleasant dreams and angel-whispers in her train. Then the sweet vision of the morrow awakening danced before the father's brain, and *now*—

The mother sat by his side, with her hands clenched, firmly knit together. She was trying to feel physically the agony of sitting helpless there, while her child died. She could not bring herself to feel it, and so she kept rising up, looking wildly round, but, seeing no succor in any quarter, would settle into her seat again with an agonizing groan.

"Oh John," she would gasp out at times, "tell me, will he live, will he be better soon, will he know his dear mother again? God forgive me, but I cannot—oh no, indeed, I cannot let him die!"

And then again:

"Oh, why is it, why *must* it be so? When we left every thing else, and our other children behind us, we could not leave little Charlie. He was to have been our good angel, to make every hardship light and pleasant. Tell me, John, if there is any meaning in this blow."

"It is the penalty we pay for being poor," answered the man bitterly.

A dark shadow, as of remorse, settled suddenly down upon the woman's brow, as she continued wildly:

"But I thought it was enough when we buried little Arthur; you said God had taken him, and it was better for him and us. But Charlie, he has been longer with us, and he is different from all the others; we can never love any thing again as we have loved him. Oh, see him now; see his little limbs how they twine. O God, do not let him suffer thus! take him, if thou must, but do not let him linger thus!"

And the father answered solemnly, while the child's limbs were stiff and bent in a last convulsion, and the old look of life was fading away in his upturned eyes, and great drops of agonizing sweat stood upon his little brow, and while greater drops came upon the father's face—a face whose every line spoke a voiceless prayer to God to shorten the death struggle—thus he answered:

"Yes, Mary, this suffering is very hard, almost *too* hard; but hear me, Mary, and

thank God with me that our Charlie shall never know a suffering ten thousand times greater than this, which you and I could not have seen and felt for!"

"He does not suffer," said another voice close by. "Even now, your child Charlie rejoices with the angels in the paradise of God."

As the voice spoke, the painful gurgling ceased in the child's throat, his limbs gradually straightened and resumed their native grace, while a lovely radiance illumined his beautiful countenance, as if it had caught a reflex from the happy spirit hovering there a short moment to bid adieu to its late tenement of clay. A peaceful, easy drawing of a breath or two, and the last chapter of this little life on earth was closed.

There was silence for some minutes. The rain was over, the winds were at rest, and a broad square of moonlight came in through the doorway of the ranch, lighting up the spot where sat the figures of the scene.

It was only natural that the last comer should have been Arthur Orrington. It was particularly fitting that he should have come at that moment—I had no curious sensation how or whence—to form as it were a connecting, reconciling link between those afflicted spirits and the higher order of existences, of which their child was now one. And when, taking a hand of each within his own, he knelt before them in prayer, I could not help feeling indeed that something of the spirit of Him who, coming down from heaven, took upon himself the likeness even of us, and "went about doing good," yet lingered in the form of our humanity.

His prayer was no idle expenditure of words. It rose up from his soul like spiritual incense; and as it ascended, a like incense from other souls mingled and rose with it, an acceptable offering at the throne of the All-perfect. Oh, what an odor of tearful joy, and gratitude, and hope seemed to float upward and outward from our hearts, making the atmosphere about us redolent of all pleasant things, when that clear, soft, solemn voice repeated the words of our Saviour, "Suffer little children to come unto me;" and then the ineffable peace and faith which overcame us, how can I describe it, when there followed the blessed assurance that "of such was the kingdom of heaven!" But when, for the first time, the absolute certainty of their child's eternal bliss broke upon the

parents' brain; when, following the spirit of the prayer, they saw him sitting with the white-robed cherubs at the feet of Christ, and knew that there should be his home for ever, the measure of their thankfulness was full. The great glory of the thought, that while they were going about in quest of the treasures of earth, other hands than those of men had been gathering treasures for them, worth more than all the worlds of space, and laying them up in those regions "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal," was enough. The corpse of the child lying in its last composure, as if fanned to slumber by an angel's wing, was but typical of the perfect peace and gladness of those two spirits bowed and silent in the presence of that sublime revelation.

It was long after the departure of Arthur Orrington, ere a word was spoken on either side. The man and woman sat in their respective seats, almost motionless, while the former still held in his arms his still precious burthen. At length a loud, long sob burst from the woman, and as she turned her face full towards me, catching meanwhile upon her husband's arm, I saw lines of tears streaming down her cheeks.

"John," said she, in a tone most thrillingly sad, yet earnest, "I feel that I have done a great wrong, but God has forgiven me; can you forgive me also?"

The man changed not his posture in the slightest, and she continued:

"When you were in trouble, John, when the world grew dark around you, when you hadn't a friend, John, because you hadn't money, but when a little money would have made you free and happy, I had it and kept it back from you."

The man turned upon her a countenance full of emotion, but in which was no sentiment of anger.

"Yes, John, I had money, money inherited from a relative, that you did not know of—and I kept it back. But oh! believe me, I did not keep it from avarice or mistrust; I kept it because I would have been too wise, and was a fool."

In the man's countenance was an expression of earnest, searching inquiry, which the woman interpreting, went on:

"Yes, John, I saw you suffer day by day; I saw your sensitive spirit goaded and made miserable; I saw you despised by mean, un-

worthy men, and I kept back the money which might have made you independent of them all. But oh, John, I did not keep it back for myself, I kept it back for *him*; yes, for *him*, that I might have it to keep off the evil of his dark day. Oh! I thought it would come as yours had come, when he was a handsome, high-hearted young man, and I could not bear to think of him crushed and disappointed, and despised of his companions. So I said, I will save it for him, and when his dark day comes and he shall say to me, 'Mother, I have no friends, and no position in the world, and I must die,' then I would bring it forth and give it to him, and be repaid by his kisses and his tears for all that you and I have suffered. Oh, what a fool I was!"

The woman's tears fell in gushing rivers, but her sobs were less wild and violent. The man wept too, but calmly; and taking her by the hand he said, in a voice so touchingly tender and sad that I found my own tears falling likewise:

"You are my own dearest Mary. I love you better, ten thousand times better than ever. Let us thank God together that Charlie's dark day has come and gone: he will never, never see another, never another shadow through all eternity!"

"But, John, it was wrong to let you suffer as I did, and wrong to wish to thwart the providence of God, and keep my idol from this share of the world's sorrow. Let us try to understand this lesson. Let us go back to those who are left to us. We shall have enough to begin life with somewhere, and we will live together, all of us. There is certainly a place for us somewhere in the world, and no matter how humble we live. It seems to me that there cannot be any poverty or hardship left, now Charlie is dead. Dear Charlie, he left us nothing but his dear sweet memory, and yet how rich are we in the love which he has already sent down to us from heaven! Let us go back, John, to where our home was, and not care for such wealth as gold any more."

"Be it so," said the man; and he bowed his head and imprinted a passionate kiss upon the pale forehead of his dead child, as if the little one, whose every word and act had been lovely and endearing during life, had taught a yet lovelier lesson by his death.

Afterwards, when a native woman came in, and, removing the corpse tenderly from

the father's arms, laid it upon the counter; and proceeded to wash its face and smooth down its tumbled locks, but did not remove its clothes, for the mother by signs and looks forbade, thus leading me to think that it was a favorite suit, perchance the very one which he wore to church, hand in hand with his proud parents—proud of *him*—humble enough in so much else—on the last Sabbath of their sojourn in their native land—the fact of her appearance, I say, was somehow associated in my mind with the idea of Arthur Orrington, as if he had sent her to do this. Calmly as she performed her delicate task, and tearlessly as, having prepared the body even for burial, she threw over it a fragment of a cotton robe bound with a deep fringe of elaborately wrought lace, and then taking from a box upon the floor two tallow candles, and lighting them placed them at its head and feet, it required no subtle powers of penetration to see that she worked not for hire, unless indeed payment was to be taken in looks of heart-gushing gratitude and love. What mattered it that she was black, and that her features were not delicately carved as those about her? In the dusky shadow of the Great Reaper's presence, forms and colors were alike, and God, who seeth deeper than these, knows if at that moment her spirit likewise was not pure and white as theirs.

I left my chamber noiselessly, and crept out unseen. The day was just beginning to break. It was a fresh, clear, breezy morning. As I slid along downward toward the beach, merry shouts came rolling up to greet me, and when I arrived amongst them, all was activity and bustle. The "*poco tiempo*" principle of the natives was for the time ignored by the resolute gold seekers, determined to get on. Our matin hymn was "Wake up there," "Go ahead," "Clear the kitchen," and it rose to the melodious accompaniment of tin pans and portable cooking stoves. Each was striving to be off first, and not a little gouging was going on in consequence, mingled with hard words and some unimportant skirmishes. Nevertheless, the scene was pleasant and enlivening, so suggestive as it was of cheery life and health and hope.

But I could not keep my thoughts from recurring sometimes to the bereaved couple whom I had left in the ranch upon the hill. In imagination I saw them fulfilling their last duties towards the precious remains of their darling babe, putting them beneath the ground, hiding them from their sight for ever, and then, with faces turned homeward, going in quite another way from the rest of us, down the windings of that melancholy river alone.

Alone?—

THE PROSPECT.

BEFORE another number of this journal shall have passed into the hands of our readers, the result of the contest in which the nation has of late been actively engaged will have been made known. Meantime, the space that is to elapse before the day of the election becomes more thronged with events, and more pregnant with important issues. The real magnitude of the choice which the nation is about to make, now presents itself to us, to claim irresistibly our most serious attention. In the month in which we date, our Republic is to enter upon a new era; to plunge into another of those epochs by which, like the Olympiads of old, its existence is numbered. Again are we called upon to undergo another of those epochs in whose constant recurrence the philosophers of monarchy profess to see our downfall, but from whose healthy stimulus we think we trace our firm and rapid advancement. The Ides of November are once more upon us, to be dignified with the memorable chronicles in which is to be related the renewed choice of a free and independent people.

In any case, we regard a Presidential election as a matter of grave importance. It is no light thing for the entire government of a nation as large and important as our own, to pass from the hands of one body of men into the hands of another. If the men who retire from office and the men who enter upon office are of the same party, the change still entails great contingencies upon the government, necessitates many shocks, produces inevitable confusion, and causes a universal hush of suspense as to the future policy that is to be pursued. If government is transferred from one party to another, the change becomes still more productive of concern. The removal from office of great bodies of men, and the selection of their successors from the immense number of applicants who besiege the new Executive with clamors for appointments; the alteration of financial policies, of governmental practices, and of Executive counsels; and the distrustful sentiments every where uttered by the

defeated party, in every newspaper and from every rostrum: these circumstances combine to surround an election like the present with peculiar interest, and to impart to the mind of every student of political affairs a more than ordinary degree of solicitude.

In addition to these circumstances, from which no Presidential election is free, the contest which we are now about ending presents other features of remarkable interest. It is a close, and we had almost said a final, battle between the opposite ideas of Peace and War, and between the opposite theories of Protection and Free Trade. It is preëminently a battle for principles, and whichever way it shall be decided, the results will be most important and lasting. In the event of the success of one party, our industrial interests will receive such a share of beneficial protection as shall place them for many years beyond the influence of rival manufactures, sustained by oppressed and unpaid operatives, and stimulated by the commercial ambition of an immense and haughty empire; and while the internal communications of the country shall receive the liberal attention of government, the spirit of foreign conquest will be repressed, and an effectual bar interposed in the way of the admission of such outside nations as cannot be received into our Union without involving it in bloody and expensive wars. And in case of the success of the other party, the manufactures of other countries will be allowed to rule and override our markets; our lakes and harbors will be forced to appeal to the generosity of individuals, or the conflicting interests of separate States, for the improvements which their navigation constantly demands; and the wild spirit of conquest, a bastard offspring of Democratic institutions, will be allowed its full and mischievous range, to involve us perhaps in another sanguinary war with a southern sister Republic, and to blot the waters of the southern seas with the stains of piratical invasion and aggressive war.

Once only in the history of this nation has

an election been so fraught with decisive consequences. In the campaign of 1844, a similar crisis presented itself to our serious attention. A tariff, framed by the Whig Congress of 1842, and already manifesting its influences in the unexampled increase of every species of manufacturing industry, was in danger of overthrow by the party of Free Trade. The annexation of an immense tract of territory not yet recognized as free, and foreseen to be attended by an inevitable and costly war, was impending. A man unknown to fame, and only recognized as a dexterous and unscrupulous politician, had been selected to oppose the ablest and purest of modern statesmen. The excitement of that canvass cannot soon be forgotten; nor does the present fall behind it in interest. It appeals no less to our deep attention. The cause of Protection was then in danger: now defeated, there is hope that it may be restored. Then war impended: now a like calamity threatens us, and "Democratic" statesmen are actively stimulating the rude clamors of men discontented with our present peace, and longing for another Saturnalia of rapine in the territory of Mexico. The spirit of aggression, not satisfied with extending itself in a single scheme, incites lawless men in many directions. The forcible occupancy of Cuba is intended; the Isthmus is menaced; Mexico is threatened. Men high in the Democratic party do not hesitate to avow their concurrence in projects which might deserve to be stifled even by the Empire Club. It requires no imagination to draw a parallel between the campaign of 1844 and the present, and little sagacity to discern that, in case of Democratic success, the first act of the Democratic government will be towards war along the southern frontier, and in quarters still farther south. Between peace and war, the nation is at last fairly called to choose.

Forced into temporary union by the near prospect of defeat, the Democratic party has found no influence in its retrograde and destructive doctrines sufficiently strong to compel the multitude of voters who in ordinary times hold aloof from the ranks of either great political organization. In 1844, the means by which the Whig candidate was defeated were potent enough to have insured the triumph of a much more inconsiderable faction than the then Democratic party. One of those junctures had arisen on whose

appearance no man can calculate, and whose portentous significance cannot be too seriously estimated. If the great problem of our destiny could have been solved by a single act, nothing could have more readily discovered its solution than the triumph of the annexationists in 1844. Events, when seen to be inevitable, shape the policies of men and governments. There are certain epochs in the lives of all republics when war parties are necessarily a majority. Conquest takes its steps in cycles, and let no man be so rash as to oppose when the presage of war inspires a nation to violence. The aggression upon Mexico in connection with that memorable accession to our territory was a fatality which nothing short of a miracle could have prevented; and the party who incorporated it into their policy were borne into triumph by a power against which it proved fruitless to contend.

Far otherwise is the case at present. In 1844, the war party were a majority, simply because war appeared inseparable from the extension of our southern position. In 1852, they are a minority, because it is seen that our limits are capable of being extended by purchase and treaty as expeditiously as by conquest, and with much less expense. Here and there a Democratic orator like Judge Douglas thunders menaces against European and Mexican occupants of southern soil, amid the responsive cheers of excited mobs; but the influence extends no further than simply to produce that empty sound coveted only by the short-sighted demagogue. The movement by which these threats were intended to be put into actual operation, has in every instance proved a total failure whenever brought to the test of votes. The common sense of the nation has repudiated it. England, threatened so insanely by these free-trade leaders, whose doctrine draws life and food from British looms and forges, has not yet been attacked, and does not, indeed, seem likely to be. The closing of the Caribbeian sea has not yet been called for by the nation, and the soberer portion even of the Democratic press have raised their voice against the frantic movement. The Lone Star enterprise, once defeated by the apathy of the Creoles, on whose particular behalf it was commenced, and again revived to catch the votes of reckless propagandists, has hardly been endowed with sufficient vitality to render it even a

subject for ridicule. Nor is it less remarkable to note the lowered tone of those journals by whom these mad projects were for a time defended. When the minds of men are bent on enterprises, profitable, easy, and within their grasp, it is in vain to attempt to arouse them to undertakings whose inceptions are only to be met with in the desperation of the gamester or the bankrupt. At present, peace is our policy. Wealth is flowing in upon us. We are respected and feared by other nations. We conclude advantageous treaties. Industry is everywhere successful. Amid such circumstances, the practicability of another crusade in quest of foreign conquest becomes, to say the least, uncertain, and the labors of its apostles seem destined to stop short of their expected reward.

With the Democratic party, the *man* has come to be an object of very minor consideration. That party depend for their success—first, upon their objects, and secondly, upon their organization; reckoning upon victory where the former are tolerably conspicuous, or when the latter is tolerably complete. In 1844, the latter became entirely dwarfed by the importance of the measure advocated by the party. In 1848, both were wanting, and the discomfiture of the party became complete. At the present time the party is contending indeed for certain measures, but their hopes are based not so much upon the popularity of these measures as upon the thorough and efficient organization which they profess to have attained. At the South, all the refractory and the malcontent are said to have been subdued. At the North, the Van Burens, and their Democratic allies in the memorable revolt of 1848, have sidled lovingly into the ranks, intent upon the spoils and unscrupulous as to the means. The nomination of Hale—a nomination dear to the hearts of Democratic intriguers, who claim to behold in that event the defection of ten thousand good Whigs in Ohio—has been consummated; and the entire force of their press is employed to prove the Whig candidate an enemy to our Federal Constitution, and to the permanence of our political existence.

But were this organization much more perfect than it is, were the evil effects of Hale's nomination less exaggerated and more real, were the Van Burens and their followers attached to the Democracy by the im-

pulses of sincere devotion and zeal, all this would be of but little advantage in the face of the odium of the doctrines maintained by the party, and the utter and overwhelming insignificance of their nominee when compared with the name and renown of the candidate of the Whigs. We have spoken in another part of this number more particularly of the latter reason of their impending defeat, and shall in this article confine ourselves more strictly to the doctrines which the party are carrying into the election, as connected with its results. Of one of their points of belief we have before made mention, and the impossibility of their success with the others forces itself upon our minds with well nigh the certainty of a mathematical deduction.

Driven from their ambiguous position with reference to the protection of American manufactures, in 1844, by the positive and acknowledged Whig vote which Pennsylvania will throw in November, and which not a thousand Kane letters would be sufficiently powerful to counteract, the leading men of the Democratic party are urging the doctrines of free trade with a boldness hitherto unexampled in the history of our politics. The instinct of "Democracy" is to follow the dictates of Southern free-traders. Northern Democrats look to the planters for votes by which to elect their candidates, and for those great staples of commerce without which the immense importing interest of the United States would instantly decay. Free trade, at all times unprofitable to the younger and less advanced of two countries, has lost the appearance of disadvantage when the exchange seems nearly on an equality; and the fact that the bulky produce of America exhausts a greater amount of tonnage than the compressed and refined goods sent hither by England, deludes many into the belief that our present commerce with the mother country is profitable to ourselves, and that its increase would be attended with enhanced benefits. This doctrine, inculcated in every possible form by Southern Democrats, is accepted by the Northern wing of the party without hesitation, and in proportion as the entire confidence of the South becomes necessary to the success of the candidate, greater prevalence is given to their free-trade theories among the voters of the North.

In this matter of free trade, then, the

Democracy are playing a venturesome game; and with reference to river and harbor improvements they are no less reckless. The miserly appropriations of the last Congress towards the improvement of rivers and harbors, than which a more thoroughly "Democratic" and unprincipled Congress never assembled at Washington—contested at every step, cut down at every opportunity, and only carried through by the hardest fighting on the part of the Whigs, aided by a few Western Democrats—are sufficient to manifest to the dullest comprehension the depth and intensity of the opposition which the leaders of the Democracy intend to make against the beneficent system of National Internal Improvements. Unsatisfactory, however, as this bill of appropriations is, we may be thankful that we have got so much. At the last hour, in the upper house, its destruction was attempted by a leading Democratic Senator, with a malignity which needs not his subsequent assertion to convince us that future sessions, in case of Democratic success, may not witness the passage of any similar measures. It remains for the nation to decide whether its internal commerce shall or shall not receive the consideration of a government ordained for nothing, if not for producing harmony among the several States by insuring the highest good to each in its various relations with the others.

The effect of recent Democratic movements has been, unmistakably, to alienate the votes of the reading and reasoning portion of those of our citizens who during a greater part of the time are classified with neither of the great political parties. Comparisons are in all cases difficult, and it is rare that a remark can be in all cases applied with equal force; but if enthusiasm is of any avail as a test of coming success, then Whigs need have little fear as to the result of the November election. We have no desire to draw comparisons between this mass meeting and that, between the effects of this speech and of that letter, or to decide between the amount of distracting force that has been applied to either party; but we are sure that no one can have travelled through the Western States, during the last two months, without being affected by the hearty and spontaneous enthusiasm every where manifested in favor of the Whig candidates. It is the tendency of old men and of old communities to be chary of enthusiasm, and

to repress those ebullitions of feeling, of whatever nature, which in younger days flow out so readily, and are the cause of so much noble and permanent action. It is for this reason that the strongest political excitement of the present canvass is found in the Western States. It was so in 1848, in 1844, and in 1840. With each succeeding campaign the wave of impulse traces its ripple-mark further westward. A political council in Massachusetts appears cold to a citizen of the Eighth District of New-York. In New-York excitement seems tame, in comparison with the enthusiasm manifested in Ohio. In Ohio men talk of the wonderful impulse of the citizens of Michigan. Perhaps at an era two or three campaigns distant, Minnesota and Oregon may be still more forward, and their enthusiasm may be the gauge by which to measure political feeling throughout the States. Eastern politicians have never committed a greater error than in declaring the present canvass to be wanting in vitality. We have not expected that the scenes of 1840 would be revived in New-England. The state of society is not fitted for them. And aside from this fact, the peculiar interest attaching to the Whig nominee cannot be so readily entered into by them as by the inhabitants of the Western States. It was in defense of the liberty and the safety of those States that Scott passed the years of his soldier life. Every town has its historical records, and there are few of them in which the name of the veteran is not written. His fame is synonymous with their growth and safety. They are conscious that he has always felt the warmest interest in their social and political prosperity. The irrepressible enthusiasm of the Western character is also manifested by the Democratic portion of these States in behalf of their nominee, but it differs in degree from that felt by the Whigs precisely in the ratio of the difference between the character of the candidates. One is a well-known, historic personage, of whom they have read and heard, and whose renown, before the bitterness of party strife entered into the heart of political opponents, was a household word and a theme of common pride. The other is a mere abstraction, unknown before the nomination which has suddenly raised him to his present conspicuousness; understood to be an enemy of those internal improvements on which the prosperity of the

West so much depends, and only to be labored for, because on his success depends the official patronage which his party hope to divide. For such a man, and in such a cause, it is unreasonable to expect a full measure of enthusiasm, and it is only from the peculiar nature of the Western character that enthusiasm in his favor is found at all.

What now are the prospects? Let us not fear to inquire. We are none of us gifted with prophecy, but it is not forbidden us to use ordinary sagacity in judging of momentous and future events. In only two quarters do we see any cause of fear. Nor does our fear assume the shape of apprehension. It is not of such a nature as to incapacitate us from exertion. On the contrary, it only serves as a stimulant to arouse us to an activity, in default of which we might neglect to organize our forces and secure the victory.

In Massachusetts we have the Webster movement, twice abandoned, and only resuscitated at the last by a band of politicians, in whom we recognize very few who have done service in the Whig cause, while we find many more who have not always refused openly to act with the enemy. This movement does *not* originate with the real friends of Mr. Webster. Mr. Choate is not concerned in it; and that distinguished gentleman, than whom Mr. Webster has never had a firmer ally, has entered warmly into the canvass for the candidate of the Convention. Mr. Everett has refused the authority of his name to the Webster disorganizers, and will cast his vote for the regular candidates. We do not pretend to say why Mr. Webster permits his name thus to be used in the furtherance of a local disaffection. But we know quite sufficient for the encouragement of all Whigs who are looking to Massachusetts, that the opposition to Scott and Graham does not extend beyond Boston, and that the State of such true Whigs as Rufus Choate, John Davis, and George Ashmun, will set herself right before all national Whigs in this election. She does not respond to the Georgia disorganizers, nor does Georgia herself sympathize with these nullifiers of the Convention. We happen to have a pretty large exchange list in that State, and for every paper that comes to us with the names of Webster and Jenkins at the fore, there are three with the names of Scott and Graham. There are many Whigs in that State who

decline laboring against the Webster movement, and at the same time intend voting for nobody beside the regular candidates. The names of the journals most forward in advocating this movement, are sufficient to warn all honest Whigs of its mischievousness. There is the *Washington Union*, truly an admirable guide for Whigs, and a most righteous and disinterested adviser. The *Union* affects to condole with Mr. Webster, and thinks something ought to be done by his friends in support of his nomination. Would the *Union* have cherished this regard for that distinguished statesman in case of his nomination by the Convention? And, in case of his defeat by the people, would it have shed its crocodile tears over his misfortune? Then, again, we have the counsels of the New-York *Herald*, the most splendidly unprincipled of party sheets, which, having recently bloomed out in the true colors of Locofocoism, and assumed the responsibility of publishing political biographies furnished by Democratic committees, has become very anxious that the fame of Mr. Webster should be "vindicated," and that the Whigs should awake to a sense of their duty in the matter of his nomination. It is sheer satire to hint that any man of sense can be deceived by these hypocritical and venal prints. Least of all is it to be supposed that Whigs should be thus deluded. It is indeed hard for the slender party who are working in the lifeless and hopeless cause of disaffection, that their chief defenders should be the *Union* and *Herald* newspapers.

We expect to lose votes in Western New-York and Northern Ohio, precisely as we have lost them in every campaign since 1840, with this difference, that we shall not now, as formerly, lose them without company. The nomination of Hale receives the support of many who were Whigs, and it also draws away very many from the ranks of the Democrats. It is not necessary here, nor have we space, to enter into the history or reasons of Third Partyism. These we discussed at sufficient length in our last number. Let us regard it as a fact, and our deductions will follow with calmness and truth. *The nomination of Hale in drawing voters from both parties will affect the prospects of neither.* It is favored by no local issues. Out of Massachusetts, New-York, and Ohio, it will fail to make its mark. And in neither

of these States can it nullify the majority which the Whigs have in their power to bestow upon their candidates.

A few more days, and we shall no more deal in probabilities. But so long as certainty is not entirely within our grasp, it is neither unsafe nor unwise to reason from the facts in our possession. And we are honest in saying, that we firmly believe we are on the eve of a decided victory, such a victory as is demanded by our industrial interests and our national welfare. The Western

farmer, the navigator of our lakes and rivers, the manufacturer who provides a market for the produce of the one, and for the labor of the other, and the planter who provides the great staples of our domestic consumption, are alike concerned in establishing an administration that shall care for their wants and remove the chief obstacles to their prosperity. If their votes do not indicate such a solicitude, we shall have miscalculated American sagacity.

PIERRE, OR THE AMBIGUITIES.*

A BAD book! Affected in dialect, unnatural in conception, repulsive in plot, and inartistic in construction. Such is Mr. Melville's worst and latest work.

Some reputations seem to be born of accident. There are common-place men who on some fine day light, unknown to themselves, upon a popular idea, and suddenly rise on the strength of it into public favor. They stride the bubble for a little while, but at last its prismatic hues begin to fade; men see that the object of their applause has after all but an unsubstantial basis, and when at length the frail foundation bursts, they fall back into their original obscurity, unheeded and unlamented. Mr. Melville has experienced some such success. A few years back, he gave to the world a story of romantic adventure; this was untrue in its painting, coarse in its coloring, and often tedious and prolix in its descriptive passages. But there was a certain air of rude romance about it, that captivated the general public. It depicted scenes in a strange land, and dealt with all the interests that circle around men whose lives are passed in peril. Nor were appeals to the grosser instincts of humanity wanting. Naked women were scattered profusely through the pages, and the author seemed to feel that in a city where the ballet was admired, "Typee" would be suc-

cessful.* Mr. Melville thought he had hit the key-note to fame. His book was reprinted in all directions, and people talked about it, as much from the singularity of its title as from any intrinsic merit it possessed.

This was encouraging, and Mr. Melville evidently thought so, for he immediately issued a series of books in the same strain. *Omoo*, *Mardi*, *White-Jacket*, *Redburn*, followed one another in quick succession; and the foolish critics, too blind to perceive that the books derived their chief interest from the fact of the scenes being laid in countries little known, and that the author had no other stock in trade beyond tropical scenery and eccentric sailors, applauded to the very echo. This indiscriminating praise produced its usual effect. Mr. Melville fancied himself a genius, and the result of this sad mistake has been—"Pierre."

As a general rule, sea-stories are very effective, and to those versed in nautical lore, very easy writing. The majority of the reading public are landsmen, and the events of an ocean-life come to them recommended by the charm of novelty. They cannot detect the blunders, and incongruity passes with them for originality. The author can

* Mr. Cornelius Mathews was, we believe, the first to designate this prurient taste under the happy and specific head of "the ballet-feeling."

make his vessel and his characters perform the most impossible feats, and who, except the favored few that themselves traverse the sea professionally, will be one bit the wiser? The scope for events is also limited, and this very limitation renders the task of writing a sea-tale more simple. A storm, a wreck, a chase and a battle, a mutiny, desertions, and going into and leaving port, with perhaps a fire at sea, form the principal "properties" of a salt-water artist. Considerable descriptive powers are, we admit, necessary to the management of these materials. The storm must be wild, the battle fierce, and the fire terrible; but these, after all, are broad outlines, and require little delicacy of handling to fill them in. Sometimes, as in the *Pilot*, one finds a veil of pathetic tenderness and grace flung over the characters, but as a general rule in nautical fictions, the wit is coarse, the pathos clumsy, and the most striking characters are invariably unnatural.

It is when a writer comes to deal with the varied interests of a more extended life; when his hand must touch in harmonious succession the numberless chords of domestic sorrows, duties and affections, and draw from each the proper vibration; when he has to range among the ever-changing relations of every-day humanity, and set each phase of being down in its correct lineaments; it is then he discovers that something more is necessary for the task than a mere arrangement of strong words in certain forms,—or the trick of painting nature, until, like a ranting actress, she pleases certain tastes according as she deviates from truth.

Mr. Melville's previous stories, all sea-born as they were, went down the public throat because they were prettily gilt with novelty. There are crowds of people who will run after a new pill, and swallow it with avidity, because it is new, and has a long Greek name. It may be made of bread, or it may be made of poison; the novelty of the affair renders all considerations of its composition quite immaterial. They learn the name, eat the bolus, and pay the doctor. We have a shrewd suspicion that the uncouth and mysterious syllables with which Mr. Melville baptized his books had much to do with their success. Like Doctor Dulcamara, he gave his wares an exciting title, and trusted to Providence for the rest. The enchantment worked. The mystic ca-

bala of "*Omoo*, by the author of *TYPEE*," was enough in itself to turn any common novel-reader's brain, and the books went off as well as a collection of magic rings would in Germany, or the latest batch of *Agnus Dei*s in an Italian village. People had little opportunity of judging of their truth. Remote scenes and savage actors gave a fine opportunity for high coloring and exaggerated outline, of which Mr. Melville was not slow to avail himself, and hence *Fayaway* is as unreal as the scenery with which she is surrounded.

We do not blame Mr. Melville for these deviations from truth. It is not much matter if South Sea savages are painted like the heroes of a penny theatre, and disport themselves amid pasteboard groves, and lakes of canvas. We can afford Mr. Melville full license to do what he likes with "*Omoo*" and its inhabitants; it is only when he presumes to thrust his tragic *Fantoccini* upon us, as representatives of our own race, that we feel compelled to turn our critical *Ægis* upon him, and freeze him into silence.

Pierre aims at something beyond the mere records of adventure contained in *Mardi* and *Omoo*. The author, doubtless puffed up by the very false applause which some critics chose to bestow upon him, took for granted that he was a genius, and made up his mind to write a fine book; and he has succeeded in writing a fine book with a vengeance. Our experience of literature is necessarily large, but we unhesitatingly state, that from the period when the *Minerva* press was in fashion, up to the present time, we never met with so turgid, pretentious, and useless a book as "*Pierre*." It is always an unpleasant and apparently invidious statement for a critic to make, that he can find nothing worthy of praise in a work under consideration; but in the case of *Pierre* we feel bound to add to the assertion the sweeping conclusion, that there we find every thing to condemn. If a repulsive, unnatural and indecent plot, a style disfigured by every paltry affectation of the worst German school, and ideas perfectly unparalleled for earnest absurdity, are deserving of condemnation, we think that our already expressed sentence upon *Pierre* will meet with the approval of every body who has sufficient strength of mind to read it through.

Mr. Pierre Glendinning, the hero of the

book, and intended by the author to be an object of our mournful admiration, supports in the course of the story the arduous characters of a disobedient son, a dishonest lover, an incestuous brother, a cold-blooded murderer, and an unrepentant suicide. This *repertoire* is agreeably relieved by his playing the part of a madman whenever he is not engaged in doing any thing worse.

This agreeable young gentleman is the only son of a widow lady of large fortune, who coquets in her old age with suitors about the same age as Pierre. And to render the matter still more interesting, Pierre by mutual consent sinks the son, and deposits himself by word and look towards his mother as a lover; while she, charming coquette of fifty that she is, readily imitates this delightful *abandon*. The early character of Mr. P. Glendinning, as traced by our author, is exceedingly fine; we will, however, spare it to our readers, merely stating on Mr. Melville's authority, that in him might be observed "the polished steel of the gentleman, girded with Religion's silken sash;" which sash, his great-grandfather had somehow or other taught him, "should, in the last bitter trial, furnish its wearer with glory's shroud." Setting aside the little incompatibility of religion having any thing to do, even in sashes, with martial glory, we cannot help thinking that the mere mention of making a shroud out of so scanty an article as a sash, is quite sufficient to scandalize any respectable undertaker.

Well, this be-sashed young gentleman, who lives alone with his mother at the family place of Saddle Meadows, is engaged formally to a very flighty young lady named Lucy Tartan. If there is any thing to which we object particularly in this young couple, it is the painful habit they have contracted of *tutoyer*-ing each other through whole pages of insane rhapsody. We cannot believe that the indiscriminate use of "thee" and "thou" makes the nonsense with which it is generally connected one atom more readable. On the contrary, it has a most unpleasant effect, for it deprives the mad passages in which it occurs of the only recommendation that can palliate insanity, that is, simplicity.

Notwithstanding Mr. P. Glendinning's being already supplied with a mother and a mistress, he is pursued by indefinite longings for a sister. His reason for this im-

perious craving is rather a pugnacious one, and almost inclines us to believe that the young gentleman must have had some Celtic blood in his veins. If he had but a sister, he alleges he would be happy, because "it must be a glorious thing to engage in a mortal quarrel on a sweet sister's behalf!" This, it must be confessed, is a strange fancy, but we suppose it is to be accounted for by the fact of Saddle Meadows being rather a dull place, and Mr. Pierre believing that a little fighting was the best thing in the world for the blues.

By a chain of the most natural circumstances in the world—we mean in Mr. Melville's books—this sister is most unexpectedly supplied. In fact, though the author says nothing about it, we are inclined to think that he imported her direct from a lunatic asylum for the occasion. She proves to be an illegitimate daughter of Pierre's father, and judging from her own story, as well as we could understand it, appears to have been dry-nursed by an old family guitar; an allegory almost as fine as that of Romulus and Remus. If we suppose this paternal instrument to have been out of tune at the time that it assumed the responsibility of the little Isabel, that young lady's singular turn of mind is at once accounted for; but if we go a little farther, and suppose the worthy instrument to have been cracked, we explain still more satisfactorily the origin of her very erratic conduct.

"Sister Isabel," being an illegitimate Glendinning, is of course inadmissible to the refined atmosphere breathed by the aristocratic Mrs. Glendinning, who has rather strong ideas upon such subjects. Accordingly, Pierre, who is afraid to mention to his mother the discovery he has made, and moved to compassion by the forlorn state of the young lady, who lives with her faithful guitar in a charming cottage on the edge of a beautiful lake, takes compassion on her desolate condition, and determines to devote his life to her. He therefore conceives the sublime idea of obviating all difficulties—for difficulties there must have been, or Mr. Melville would not say so, though we confess that we have not been so fortunate as to discover them—by presenting her to the world as his wife! The reasons alleged by this virtuous hero are detailed at some length by Mr. Melville, as if he knew that he could not apologize too much for present-

ing such a picture to the world. Firstly, Pierre wishes to conceal the fact of Isabel's being the offspring of his father's sin, and thereby protect his parent's reputation. Secondly, he is actuated by a desire not to disturb his mother's mind by any disclosure which would destroy the sacredness of her deceased husband's memory; and lastly, he entertains towards this weird sister feelings which Mr. Melville endeavors to gloss over with a veil of purity, but which even in their best phase can never be any thing but repulsive to a well constituted mind.

Now, in this matter Mr. Melville has done a very serious thing, a thing which not even unsoundness of intellect could excuse. He might have been mad to the very pinnacle of insanity; he might have torn our poor language into tatters, and made from the shreds a harlequin suit in which to play his tricks; he might have piled up word upon word, and adjective upon adjective, until he had built a pyramid of nonsense, which should last to the admiration of all men; he might have done all this and a great deal more, and we should not have complained. But when he dares to outrage every principle of virtue; when he strikes with an impious, though, happily, weak hand, at the very foundations of society, we feel it our duty to tear off the veil with which he has thought to soften the hideous features of the idea, and warn the public against the reception of such atrocious doctrines. If Mr. Melville had reflected at all—and certainly we find in him but few traces of reflection—when he was writing this book, his better sense would perhaps have informed him that there are certain ideas so repulsive to the general mind that they themselves are not alone kept out of sight, but, by a fit ordination of society, every thing that might be supposed to even collaterally suggest them is carefully shrouded in a decorous darkness. Nor has any man the right, in his morbid craving after originality, to strip these horrors of their decent mystery. But the subject which Mr. Melville has taken upon himself to handle is one of no ordinary depravity; and however he may endeavor to gloss the idea over with a platonic polish, no matter how energetically he strives to wrap the mystery in a cloud of high-sounding but meaningless words, the main conception remains still unaltered in all its moral deformity. We trust that we have said enough on

this topic. It is a subject that we would gladly not have been obliged to approach, and which we are exceedingly grieved that any gentleman pretending to the rank of a man of letters should have chosen to embody in a book. Nor can we avoid a feeling of surprise, that professedly moral and apparently respectable publishers like the Messrs. Harper should have ever consented to issue from their establishment any book containing such glaring abominations as "Pierre."

But to return to the development of this chaotic volume. Mr. P. Glendinning, actuated by this virtuous love for his sister, informs his proud mother that he is married. She, knowing not the true relationship that binds them together, spurns her unworthy son from her house for having degraded the family name so far by making a *mésalliance*; and the worthy young gentleman, after having nearly killed Miss Lucy Tartan, his betrothed, with the same intelligence, and left his mother in a fit of indignation which has every chance of becoming a fit of apoplexy, sets out with—we really do not know what to call her, for Mr. Melville has so intertwined and confused the wife with the sister, and the sister with the wife, that we positively cannot tell one from the other; so we may as well compromise the matter by calling her simply Isabel. He sets out then with Isabel, in a perfect enthusiasm of virtue, for the city, having first apprised a fashionable cousin of his, one Mr. Glendinning Stanly, that he was on his way, and requesting him to prepare his house for his reception. This fashionable cousin, however, takes very little trouble about the matter; and accordingly, when Pierre and Isabel arrive accompanied by a young lady of loose morals named Delly, they find no house or welcome. A series of incidents here follow, which are hardly worth reciting. They consist of Pierre's quarrel with Stanly, a scene in a police station, a row with a cabman, and ending by Pierre's taking rooms in some out-of-the-way place, inhabited by a colony of poor authors, who bear the general denomination of Apostles. Just in this part of the book it comes out suddenly that Pierre is an author, a fact not even once hinted at in the preceding pages. Now the reader is informed, with very little circumlocution, and as if he ought to have known all about it long ago, that Mr. P. Glendinning is the author of a son-

net called the "Tropical Summer," which it seems has called forth the encomiums of the literati, and induced certain proprietors of certain papers to persecute him for his portrait. All this is told in a manner that proves it very clearly to be nothing more than an afterthought of Mr. Melville's, and not contemplated in the original plan of the book, that is, if it ever had a plan. It is dragged in merely for the purpose of making Pierre a literary man, when the author had just brought him to such a stage that he did not know what else to do with him.

Of course, under such circumstances, Mr. P. Glendinning, having the responsibility upon his back of Mrs.—Miss Isabel, his wife-sister, (as Mr. Melville himself would express it,) and the young lady of loose morals, and having no money wherewith to support them, can do nothing better than make his living by writing. Accordingly he writes away in his garret; and we cannot help thinking here, that if he wrote at all in the same style that he speaks, his MSS. must have been excessively original and amusing. Here in this poor place he starves his time away in company with Isabel and the young lady of loose morals. Meanwhile he hears of his mother's death, her bequest of all the property to his cousin Stanly, and the betrothal of that gentleman to his late mistress, Lucy Tartan. This intelligence, however, is soon followed by a remarkable event. Miss Lucy Tartan, true to her old habits of flightiness, conceives the resolution of coming to live with Pierre and Isabel, whom she believes to be his wife. Accordingly, she arrives at the haunt of the Apostles, and takes up her abode with her old lover, very much to the disgust of Madam Isabel, who acts much more like a jealous wife than a sister. In this comfortable state they all live together until Mr. Glendinning Stanly and Miss Lucy Tartan's brother arrive at Pierre's domicile to reclaim the fugitive. She refuses to go, however, and Mr. Pierre thrusts them out of the house. Immediately after he receives two notes: one from a bookseller, for whom he was writing a work, informing him that he is a swindler; the other from Messrs. Stanly and Tartan, putting him in possession of the fact that he is a liar and a scoundrel—all of which conclusions the reader arrives at long before this epoch.

Mr. P. Glendinning on reading these notes immediately proceeds to stand on them.

This operation is minutely described by our author, and is evidently considered by him as a very effective piece of business. Putting a note under each heel of his boots, appears to be with Mr. P. Glendinning the very climax of vengeance. Having stood for a sufficiently long time upon the epistles, he proceeds to enter an Apostle's room, and burglariously abstract from thence a pair of pistols, which he loads with the unpleasant letters. Then marching into the street, he meets with, and is cowed by, Mr. Stanly, and in consequence thereof shoots that individual with two distinct pistols. One would have been meagre, but two bullet-holes make the thing dramatic.

Mr. P. Glendinning now makes his appearance in prison; a place that, if fitness were any recommendation, he ought to have been in long ago. Here he raves about as usual in compound words and uncompounded ideas, until Lucy and Isabel enter, when there is a terrific amount of dying, and the usual vial of poison makes its appearance. How many persons give up the ghost in the last chapter of this exciting work, we are really unable to decide. But we have a dim consciousness that every body dies, save and except the young lady of loose morals.

Previous to entering more closely upon the singular merits of this book, we have endeavored, we fear but feebly, to give the reader some idea of the ground-work on which Mr. Melville has strung his farrago of words. If we have succeeded, so much the better, for our readers will perhaps appreciate more fully our approaching remarks. If we have not, it matters but little, for the reader will have lost nothing that is worth a regret.

We have already dismissed the immorality of Mr. Melville's book, which is as horrible in its tendency as Shelley's *Cenci*, without a ray of the eloquent genius that lights up the deformity of that terrible play; but we have yet another and less repulsive treat in store for the reader. Mr. Melville's style of writing in this book is probably the most extraordinary thing that an American press ever beheld. It is precisely what a raving lunatic who had read Jean Paul Richter in a translation might be supposed to spout under the influence of a particularly moonlight night. Word piled upon word, and syllable heaped upon syllable, until the tongue grows as bewildered as the mind,

and both refuse to perform their offices from sheer inability to grasp the magnitude of the absurdities. Who would have believed that in the present day a man would write the following, and another be found to publish it?

"Now Pierre began to see mysteries inter-pierced with mysteries, and mysteries eluding mysteries; and began to seem to see the mere imaginari-ness of the so supposed solidest principle of human association. Fate had done this for them. Fate had separated brother and sister, till to each other they somehow seemed so not at all."—Page 193.

There, public! there's a style for you! There, Mr. Hawthorne, you who rely so much upon the quiet force of your language, read that and profit by it! And you, Mr. Longfellow, who love the Germans, and who in "*Hyperion*" have given us a sample of an ornate and poetical style, pray read it too, and tell us if it is a wise thing to bind 495 pages of such stuff together, and palm it off upon the public as a book! But here is a string of assertions that we think are not to be surpassed; it is positively refreshing to read them:

"Of old Greek times, before man's brain went into doting bondage, and bleached and beaten in Baconian fulling mills, his four limbs lost their barbaric tan and beauty; when the round world was fresh, and rosy, and spicy as a new-plucked apple; all's wilted now! In those bold times, the great dead were not, turkey-like, dished in trenchers, and set down all garnished in the ground to glut the damned Cyclop like a cannibal; but nobly envious Life cheated the glutton worm, and gloriously burned the corpse; so that the spirit up-pointed, and visibly forked to heaven!"—Page 269.

We pause here. And when our readers have sufficiently recovered their senses to listen, we will remark that until now we were quite unaware that it was the modern practice to bury people in cover dishes or soup tureens, after having garnished them with parsley. Mr. Melville however asserts it, so it *must* be correct. Neither do we see what the Cyclop has to do with the funereal ceremonies alluded to. A church-yard is the last place in which we should think of looking for Polyphemus.

It is rather a curious study, that of analyzing a man's style. By a little careful examination and comparison, we are always able to hunt out the lurking secret of a writer's diction. We can discover Bulwer's trick of culminating periods, and Dickens's

dodge of impossible similes and startling adjectives. A perfectly plain and pure style is the only one which we cannot properly analyze. Its elements are so equally combined that no one preponderates over the other, and we are not able to discover the exact boundary line that separates the art of the author from the nature of the man. But who writes such a style now-a-days? We feel convinced that echo will *not* answer, "Mr. Melville."

The author of *Omoo* has his own peculiarities. The English language he seems to think is capable of improvement, but his scheme for accomplishing this end is rather a singular one. Carlyle's compound words and Milton's latinic ones sink into insignificance before Mr. Melville's extraordinary concoctions. The gentleman, however, appears to be governed by a very distinct principle in his eccentricities of composition, and errs systematically. The essence of this great eureka, this philological reform, consists in "est" and "ness," added to every word to which they have no earthly right to belong. Feeling it to be our duty to give currency to every new discovery at all likely to benefit the world or literature, we present a few of Mr. Melville's word-combinations, in the hope that our rising authors will profit by the lesson, and thereby increase the richness and intelligibility of their style:

Flushfulness,	page 7	Soldest,	page 193
Patriarchalness,	" 12	Un capitulatable,	" 229
Humanness,	" 16	Ladylikeness,	" 235
Heroicness,	" do.	Electricalness,	" [206
Perfectest,	" 41	Ardeutes,	" 193
Imaginari-ness,	" 193	Unsystemiz-able,	" 191
Insolubleness,	" 188	Youngness,	" 190
Recallable,	" 186	Unemigrating,	" 470
Entangledly,	" 262	Unrunagate,	" do.
Intermarryingly,	" 151	Undoffable,	" do.
Magnifiedly,	" 472		

After such a list, what shall we say? Shall we leave Mr. Melville to the tender mercies of the Purists, or shall we execute vengeance upon him ourselves? We would gladly pursue the latter course if we only knew how to accomplish it. As to destroying or abusing the book, we cannot make it appear worse than it is; and if we continue our remarks upon it, it is simply because we have a duty to perform by every improper work, which we have no right to leave unfinished. We shall, then, instead of turning executioners, simply assume the post of monitors, and warn all our little authors who are just now learning to imitate the last celebrity, to

avoid Mr. Melville and his book, as they would some loathsome and infectious distemper.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable features in *Pierre*, is the boldness of the metaphors with which it is so thickly studded. Mr. Melville's imagination stops at nothing, and clears a six-barred simile or a twenty-word antithesis with equal dexterity and daring. It is no light obstacle that will bring him up in his headlong course, and he scoffs alike at the boundaries of common sense and the limits of poetical propriety. We have just caught an image which will serve our purpose, and transfix it, butterfly-like, on our critical pin, for the admiration of scientific etymologists. It is a fine specimen, and quite perfect of its kind. Fortunately for the world, however, the species is very rare:

"An infixing stillness now thrust a long rivet through the night, and fast nailed it to that side of the world!"—Page 219.

This is a grand and simple metaphor. To realize it thoroughly, all we have to do is to imagine some Titantic upholsterer armed with a gigantic nail, and hammer to match, hanging one hemisphere with black crape.

His description of a lady's forehead is equally grand and incomprehensible. He says, "The vivid buckler of her brow seemed as a magnetic plate." Trephining is rather an uncommon operation, but we fancy that this lady's head must have undergone some such treatment, in order to warrant her forehead being likened to a "vivid buckler."

Mr. Melville, among other improvements, has favored us with a new substantive of his own invention. We are very grateful to him for this little attention, but our thankfulness would be rendered still more willingly if he had appended a little note explaining the meaning of this—no doubt very forcible—word. At page 252 we find the following sentence: "Thy *instantaneousness* hath killed her." On a first reading of this we hurriedly came to the conclusion that "*instantaneousness*" must be either some very old or some very new weapon of destruction. We judged simply from the fatal results attributed to it in the sentence. Can it be possible, thought we to ourselves, that the reign of the sanguinary Colt is over? that revolvers are gone out of fashion and "*instantaneousnesses*" come in? What can these new

weapons be like? Have they six barrels, or are they worked by steam? In the midst of these perplexities we were still further bewildered by coming suddenly upon this passage, at page 248:

"The strange, imperious *instantaneousness* in him."

Here in an instant was our whole theory upset. The hieroglyph on the Rosetta stone was not more puzzling than this noun of Mr. Melville's. It was evident from the context in the last sentence that it could not be a weapon of destruction, so we immediately formed a conception that it must be some newly discovered magnetic power, which resided *in* the man, but could be used with fatal effect if necessary. Upon this hypothesis we were proceeding to build another theory, far more magnificent than our first, when we lit upon a *third* sentence that sent to the winds all previous speculations. It ran as follows:

"That *instantaneousness* now impelled him."—Page 252.

Eureka! we shouted, we have it. Success has crowned our toil, and the enigma is forever solved. "*Instantaneousness*" is a new motive power! We leave our readers to brood over this discovery.

Mr. Melville's lingual improvements do not stop here. He discards all commonplace words, and substitutes much better ones of his own in their stead. He would not for the world call the travelling from one place to another "*a journey*"—that would be far too common. In Mr. Melville's refined diction it becomes "*a displacement*." Every thing that is dim is with him "*nebulous*." Hence we have nebulous stories, nebulous landscapes, nebulous meanings, and though last, not least, Mr. Melville himself has given us a very nebulous book!

His descriptive passages are very vivid. The following "*night piece*" is somewhat after the manner of Callot:

"The obscurely open window, which ever and anon was still softly illumined by the mild heat-lightning and ground-lightning, that wove their wonderfulness without, in the unsearchable air of that *ebonily warm* and most noiseless summer night."—Page 203.

In the same page, a little further on, we find that

"The casement was suddenly and *wovenly* illumined."

This is no doubt fine to those that understand, but, strange as the confession may appear, we are foolhardy enough to acknowledge that we have not the remotest conception of what it all means. We cannot, by any mental process hitherto discovered, induce our reasoning faculties to accept "ebony warm" and "wovenly illumined" as conveying any tangible idea. The first two words we do not recognize as belonging to any known language, and we have a shrewd suspicion that the idea—if the author intended any—is quite as undiscoverable.

Again, he hits off a lady's eyes after the following fashion. It may be poetical, but we cannot call it complimentary :

"Her dry burning eyes of long-fringed fire."—Page 202.

This young lady must have been the original performer of the "lightning glance" and the "look of flashing scorn," once used so freely by a certain class of novel-writers.

At page 60 we find the following singular expression :

"It was no wonder that Pierre should flush a bit, and *stammer in his attitudes* a little."

It was an old-fashioned idea that the disease of stammering was usually confined to the organs of speech. In modern times, however, it seems to embrace a wider sphere; and we shall, no doubt, soon hear of "stuttering legs" and "a man with a hesitation in his arm." Nor do we see why the converse should not be adopted, or why a man should not have a "club-tongue," or "bunions upon his conversation!"

We have been so far particular in pointing out Mr. Melville's faults. We have attached a certain degree of importance to each of them, from the fact that we are obliged to look upon him in the light of an experienced author, and cannot allow him that boyish license which we are always ready to grant to tyros who lose themselves for the first time amid the bewildering paths of literature. Mr. Melville has written good books, and tasted largely of success, and he ought to have known better. We regret that we are not able to temper our criticism with some unalloyed praise. Critics too often gain the reputation of deriving pleasure from the depreciation of others, but it is those who are ignorant of the art that say so. The true critic rejoices with a boyish

enthusiasm when he meets with a work worthy of his admiration. The very nature of his avocation enhances the pleasure he feels at the recognition of original beauty. He that has been travelling for many a weary day over dry and dusty tracks of letter-press, strewn thickly with withered commonplaces, and enlivened only with newly-feathered platitudes, must experience a thrill of strange delight when he suddenly emerges from the desolate path he has been pursuing, and comes upon a rich and pleasant pasture of thought. Believe not, fair Public, that this weary critic will not do the fresh mead justice. Believe rather that in his wild pleasure at lighting upon this pure untrodden ground, where things do not smell of second-hand nature, he will rush madly into the extreme of praise, and search as sedulously for the hidden flowers of beauty as he did before for faults. Critics are not envious or malicious—they are simply just; and being just, they are obliged to condemn three fourths of the books that are submitted to their notice. It is not by any means with a view of proving our magnanimity that we quote the following passage from Pierre as a specimen of Mr. Melville's better genius. Even this very passage is disfigured by affectations and faults, which, in any other book, would condemn it to exclusion; but in a work like Pierre, where all else is so intensely bad, and this is probably the only passage in it that could be extracted with advantage, we feel that we would be doing our author an injustice if, after setting forth all his sins so systematically, we did not present to our readers some favorable specimen of his powers. The passage we subjoin is a description of old Pierre Glendinning, the grandfather of the young Pierre, our ambiguous hero :

"Now this grand old Pierre Glendinning was a great lover of horses, but not in the modern sense, for he was no jockey. One of his most intimate friends of the masculine gender was a huge, proud, gray horse, of a surprising reserve of manner, his saddle-beast. He had his horses' mangers carved like old trenchers, out of solid maple logs: the key of the corn-bin hung in his library; and no one grained his steeds but himself; unless his absence from home promoted Moyar, an incorruptible and most punctual old black, to that honorable office. He said that no man loved his horses, unless his own hands grained them. Every Christmas he gave them brimming measures. 'I keep Christmas with my horses,' said grand old Pierre. This grand old Pierre always rose at sunrise; washed

his face and chest in the open air; and then, returning to his closet, and being completely arrayed at last, stepped forth to make a ceremonious call at his stables, to bid his very honorable friends there a very good and joyful morning. Woe to Cranz, Kit, or Douw, or any other of his stable slaves, if grand old Pierre found one horse unblanketed, or one weed among the hay that filled their rack. Not that he ever had Cranz, Kit, Douw, or any of them flogged—a thing unknown in that patriarchal time and country—but he would refuse to say his wonted pleasant word to them; and that was very bitter to them, for Cranz, Kit, Douw, and all of them loved grand old Pierre, as his shepherds loved old Abraham.

"What decorous, lordly, gray-haired steed is this? What old Chaldean rides abroad? 'Tis grand old Pierre; who, every morning before he eats, goes out promenading with his saddle-beast; nor mounts him without first asking leave. But time glides on, and grand old Pierre grows old; his life's glorious grape now swells with fatness; he has not the conscience to saddle his majestic beast with such a mighty load of manliness. Besides, the noble beast himself is growing old, and has a touching look of meditateness in his large, attentive eyes. Leg of man, swears grand old Pierre, shall never more bestride my steed; no more shall harness touch him! Then every spring he sowed a field of clover for his steed; and at midsummer sorted all his meadow-grasses, for the choicest hay to winter him; and had his destined grain thrashed out with a flail, whose handle had once borne a flag in a brisk battle, into which this same old steed had pranced with grand old Pierre; one waving mane, one waving sword!

"Now needs must grand old Pierre take a morning drive. He rides no more with the old gray steed. He has a phaëton built, fit for a vast general, in whose sash three common men might hide. Doubled, trebled, are the huge S-shaped leather springs; the wheels seem stolen from some mill; the canopied seat is like a tattered bed. From beneath the old archway, not one horse, but two, every morning now draw forth old Pierre, as the Chinese draw their fat god Jooh once every year from out his fane.

"But time glides on, and a morning comes when the phaëton emerges not; but all the yards and courts are full; helmets line the ways; sword-points strike the stone steps of the porch; muskets ring upon the stairs; and mournful martial melodies are heard in all the halls. Grand old Pierre is dead; and, like a hero of old battles, he dies on the eve of another war; ere wheeling to fire on the foe, his platoons fire over their old commander's

grave. In A. D. 1812 died grand old Pierre. The drum that beat in brass his funeral march, was a British kettle-drum, that had once helped to beat the vain-glorious march for the thirty thousand prisoners led into sure captivity by that bragging boy, Burgoyne.

"Next day the old gray steed turned from his grain—turned round, and vainly whinnied in his stall. By gracious Moya's hand he refuses to be patted now; plain as horse can speak, the old gray steed says, 'I smell not the wonted hand; where is grand old Pierre? Grain me not, and groom me not; where is grand old Pierre?'

"He sleeps not far from his master now; beneath the field he cropt, he has lain him softly down; and long ere this grand old Pierre and steed have passed through that grass to glory.

"But his phaëton, like his plumed hearse, outlives the noble load it bore. And the dark bay steeds that drew grand old Pierre alive, and, by his testament, drew him dead, and followed the lordly lead of the led gray horse—those dark bay steeds are still extant, not in themselves, or in their issue, but in the two descendants of stallions of their own breed. For on the lands of Saddle-Meadows, man and horse are both hereditary; and this bright morning, Pierre Glendinning, grandson of grand old Pierre, now drives forth with Lucy Tartan, seated where his own ancestor sat, and reining steeds whose great-great-grandfathers grand old Pierre had reined before."—Pages 38–41.

We have dwelt long enough upon these "Ambiguities." We fear that if we were to continue much longer, we should become ambiguous ourselves. We have, we think, said sufficient to show our readers that Mr. Melville is a man wholly unfitted for the task of writing wholesome fictions; that he possesses none of the faculties necessary for such work; that his fancy is diseased, his morality vitiated, his style nonsensical and ungrammatical, and his characters as far removed from our sympathies as they are from nature.

Let him continue, then, if he must write, his pleasant sea and island tales. We will be always happy to hear Mr. Melville discourse about savages, but we must protest against any more Absurdities, misnamed "Ambiguities."

SKETCHES OF A CAMPAIGN IN COAHUILA.

NO. I.

ARRIVAL AT THE RENDEZVOUS—VOLUNTEERS—PITCHING TENTS—QUARTERS—MILITARY BILL OF FARE—CAMP COOKING—FAREWELL TO ALTON—LIFE ON THE STEAMER—THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER—ARRIVAL AT NEW-ORLEANS—DEPARTURE—SEA-SICKNESS—GALVESTON—LA BACA—VOLUNTEERING AS A SPECULATION—GENERAL WOOL'S DEPARTURE.

JULY 1st, 1846.—With much parental advice undigested, and with many a tearful regret still haunting our memories, after a few wakeful nights and toilsome days, we have at last reached the rendezvous where the patriotism of Illinois is assembling, preparatory to a grand jubilee in the halls of the Montezumas. Companies are coming in daily from all parts of the State. Here may now be seen lead-miners from Galena; wharf rats and dock loafers from Chicago; farmers on unpurchased lands from the interior; small pattern politicians, emulous of popularity; village statesmen, pregnant with undeveloped greatness, and anxious to enlarge the sphere of their influence by a military *accouchement*; briefless lawyers and patientless physicians; wasp-waisted beaux transferred from the counter to the camp; and a liberal allowance of honest, hard-fisted "Suckers," whose huge frames, panoplied in muscle, demonstrate their legitimate claims to Illinois nativity. The volunteer system levels up and levels down, and the parade or drill ground is a platform adapted to as many varieties as one constructed at Baltimore by Democratic log-rollers and joiners. There is no aristocracy round a camp kettle or a mess chest, and there can be no conventional distinctions on a blanket stretched over an area of mother earth six feet long and eleven inches wide. This fact is realized in an astonishingly short time; and professional pomposity or pretended fastidiousness is soon merged in the necessity of "keeping your little fingers on the seams of your pants," (vide Hardin's abridgment,) and the other varied and sublime manifestations of the "position of a soldier."

Not a few of us were particularly familiar with the process of "barn-raising;" but our knowledge of shores and sleepers, ribs and

rafters, and the other elements of wooden structures, did not seem to avail us much in the operation of "pitching" a tent. First it was "wrong side out;" then it was "back to the front;" then "the poles wouldn't fit;" then "it was 'not in line;" and in moving it from "too far to the rear," it was unluckily thrust "too far to the front." Indeed, "defining its position" was as difficult a task as that of a Virginia politician; and like the same politician, too, when it became finally "fixed," a gust of wind tumbled it to the ground, and we had to begin again *de novo*. In the course of a few experiments, however, we succeeded in preserving its perpendicular, and getting the pegs properly driven, and we would then willingly have obeyed the instructions to the Jews, "Enlarge the place of thy tent, lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes." After pitching our tent, we were neither loth nor long, in Western phrase, to "pitch into it," as some slight relief from the blazing sun which was almost raining down fire upon us. When we were at length enabled to measure the interior by our own dimensions, we were not much elated to find an area of six and a half feet in length and eight feet wide—with nothing in the way of upper territory or atmospheric aid, except to those in the middle—as the regulation allowance of parlor, bed-chamber and kitchen, to six champions of the Republic, who were going forth to fight its battles and enlarge its boundaries, from a mere plethora of patriotism. This unlooked-for squeeze was something of a stopper to vaunting ambition bent on "extending the area of freedom;" still we were in for it, and the only alternative was grumbling submission.

"Terrestrial happiness," says Doctor Johnson, or some other philosopher, as we used

to read in the 'English Reader,' "is of short continuance," and so verily we found it; for before we had satisfactorily ascertained the actual fractional portion of our domicile due to each individual, there was an invitation to drill, or, as one observed, with horrible facetiousness, "the pleasure of our company was requested by the Colonel." We accordingly tumbled forth to take our first lesson in "the school of the soldier." This call to drill, by the way, though coming from our "band," has no music in it: drumming may be "the food of love," but no one says, "play on." Taking this day in camp as a directory, the hours may be written down as absorbed thus: drilling, cooking, eating; drilling, cooking, eating, loafing, snoozing; drilling, cooking, eating, loafing and sleeping. This is hardly the entertainment which we expected; but these delectable recreations monopolize the twenty-fours in a circle of variegated brilliancy, and as the time for the last operation is here, I assume the horizontal upon a sand-bank, softened by a blanket, and, lulled by the nasal music of five pairs of harmonious nostrils, surrender myself to "tired nature's sweet restorer."

Saturday, July 11th.—The courage of Bob Acres, it is more than insinuated, oozed out of the palms of his hands, but the courage of volunteers has more than one way of exit, and streams out from every pore under the system of daily drilling which obtains within this military dominion. While every one is impatient to be off, burning with patriotic ardor, and anxious for a little relaxation in the way of a fight, we are kept here, subjected to almost all the ills that camps are heirs to. With the mercury at a hundred in the little shade that is to be had, the sand of an unfathomable depth, blistering us by daylight and blinding us at night, we go through the outward forms and observances of drills, in which there is but little of the "progressive spirit of the age," and in which, frequently, officers and soldiers are rivals in ignorance and awkwardness. It is true, a "regular" has been sent here for the purpose of communicating wisdom to the "irregular" officers, and the latter, in the scale of professional merit, are to exercise the "delightful task" of teaching the unlearned private "how to shoot;" but, whether from incapacity, or some other cause, on the part of instructors or of pupils, very little

has thus far been imparted to the rank and file. We are told in tones of unaffected earnestness to "keep our eyes fifteen paces to the front," and our "feet turned out so as to form an angle little less than ninety degrees;" but while we are thus involuntary martyrs to the cause of science, and practically illustrating optics and trigonometry, we make no visible progress in the process of conquering a peace. We sleep on the ground, with barely room enough to turn over, get up half rested at réveille, eat our breakfasts half cooked, and then drag out the most of the day in half drilling, and awake on the morrow to go through the same elementary gyrations. We hear however that our commanding General has arrived, and from his known energy and activity, we hope soon to get orders for departure.

A great pest—perhaps I should say *the* great pest—in the early stages of camp life, is the cookery. The stomach is the regulator of the human machine, and the seat of the motive power; while digestion is the thermometer that measures the rise and fall and indicates the extent of his capacity. Without some skill and experience therefore in the preparation of the rations, they are not only execrable and unwholesome diet, but generally fall short of the stomachic demands. It requires the genius of Mrs. Glass or of Ude to fabricate and disguise into a palatable compound the elements of the army ration, which are herewith subjoined, as Uncle Sam's bill of fare for his belligerent nephews:

Three fourths of a pound of pork or bacon;
Eighteen ounces of bread or flour, or twelve ounces of hard bread;
One fiftieth of a quart of vinegar;
Eight twenty-fifths of a gill of vinegar;
Sixteen twenty-fifths of a gill of beans;
Nearly one ounce of coffee, and
Two ounces of sugar,



for one day's allowance. The ration is modified at times, and on certain days of the week we get a pound and a quarter of fresh beef instead of the allowance of pork or bacon. The Israelites thought it a hard matter to make brick without straw; but the imposition upon one who has not previously known the difference between a camp kettle and a kettle drum, of the duty of cooking for a volunteer mess, is one of those refinements in oppression which Egyptian task-masters never dreamed of.

Saturday, July 18th.—The order has come, and we are gone.

"Once more upon the waters, and once more,"

we may sing with Childe Harold, as the river rolls beneath us. Alton is far behind us; and ere the freshness of the military sufferings of the place wears off, let me linger a moment in fancy over its immortal associations, and, by the aid of a hundred power engine, waft from a heart surcharged with steam and sentimentalism, a long, perhaps a last adieu. We part—"it may be for years, and it may be for ever." Then farewell, Alton! to thy whited walls and whitewashed occupants; farewell to thy gaping grogeries and delicious dram-drinkers; farewell to thy taverns without temperance, to thy landlords without liberality, and to thy landladies without loveliness; farewell to thy dusty domiciles, thy stifling streets, thy arid avenues; farewell to thy choirs without choristers, and to thy churches without congregations; farewell to thy neck-laced nymphs, thy blazing belles, thy spongy spinsters, thy majestic matrons; farewell to thy counsellors without clients, thy physicians without patients, thy judges without justice, and thy courts without capacity; farewell to thy banks not bankable, and to thy bankers bankrupt; farewell to thy stately structures worth thousands, and to their opulent occupants not worth a cent; farewell to thy croaking camps, thy detested drills, thy cruel cookery, thy soups not savory, and thy suppers succulent. In a word, O Alton! a volunteer for Mexico, as he tears himself away from thy delightful embraces, flings from his bosom, concentrated into one aspiration, the most sincere and comprehensive of adieus.

By transporting six companies on one steamer, (Mr. Cooper says in—but we are not in,) about the same proportion in relative capacity is observed as in stowing away six men in a single tent. The ratio of six to one is apparently a favorite idea with military officials, and is adhered to on land and water. And if the Mexicans should also act on this rule, in case of a collision, it might possibly prove more vexatious and uncomfortable than with tents or steamboats. Conspicuously posted for the benefit of all who can read, almost the first object visible after coming on board, was the following

 NOTICE. 

"The Government having provided a deck pas-

sage only for troops, with the exception of officers, none but the latter will be allowed to enter the cabin."

Here was "information gratis," which gave us the run of the hurricane deck, the forward deck, the interstices of the machinery, and any other vacant spots which an inquiring mind might discover. It appears that we are at liberty during the passage to take a broil above from the sun, or a stew below from the steam, as individual preferences may suggest. These are handsome concessions, and of course gratefully received; with honest Sancho, we should doubtless pray "God bless the giver, nor look the gift horse in the mouth." Accordingly, after having occupied a berth under the cylinder, or been toasted by the fire-places, or fricasseed by the boilers, or smoked by the chimneys, or bruised by the wood piles, or stifled by the vapors, or scarified by the shaft, or caught in the tiller ropes, or greased by the engine drippings, or flooded by the paddle-wheels, or deafened, blinded and dumb-stricken by the ceaseless babel of blowings, hissings, crackings, snappings, bellowings, snortings, and the hundred other nondescript noises and movements of a Mississippi high-pressure steamboat, we avail ourselves of the privilege to ascend to the upper deck; there cover ourselves with a garment of sunbeams, and inhale the pure fresh air as it rises from the transparent waters of the "Father of Rivers."

Tuesday, July 21st.—Down the mighty and majestic, and to many the monotonous Mississippi, we pursue our course to the great emporium of the South, with all the speed desirable from that wonderful agent which the genius of Fulton gave to the world. Thus far there has been little to diversify our progress. Between St. Louis and the mouth of the Ohio, we were frequently detained on account of low water, but since we passed Cairo it has been plain sailing. The wheels continue their ceaseless revolutions; the fires belch forth flames and smoke; the pumps ply their powers in supplying water for the boilers, which is soon transmitted to the upper air, and in the form of vapor again given to the elements, to be perhaps subjected to a renewal of the process, and

"Fuel, like the phoenix in its fires,
Exhales its carbon, blazes and expires,"

and is replaced as often as the furnace is ex-

hausted. These are the constant quantities of steamboat existence; and with the excitement of a short race, and the loud cheers from the wordy and windy patriotism of the passengers bound up stream, which we occasionally meet, constitute the staple commodities of "riverain" enjoyments. Life on the Mississippi is dull enough, whether devoted to the purposes of pleasure or of patriotism; and, considered in reference to the visible portion around one, the river possesses little to excite the enthusiast or suggestive of thought to the reflective mind. But when viewed as a whole, with its giant arms stretching from the rivulets of the Rocky Mountains, the Black Hills of British America and the springs of the Alleghanies, to the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, the mind can scarcely grasp such illimitable vastness. It is not easy to realize that the waters beneath us, since they leaped as a little rill from a stream perhaps also tributary to the Pacific, have flowed thousands and thousands of miles; that the valley of which they are the outlet has an area of nearly a million and a half of square miles; and that the entire extent of navigation for vessels of different classes afforded by the river system of which the Mississippi is, as it were, the reservoir, is not less than fifty thousand. This muddy, turbulent and ponderous stream, therefore, bears upon its bosom no small fraction of the commerce of the world. It numbers its vessels by thousands, and their tonnage will soon reach within the millions. It is the great carrier of the products in agriculture and manufactures, and other applications of labor, of States and territories extending over twenty degrees of latitude. It has reared cities as if by magic. It has been the means of converting within a lifetime primeval forests of boundless extent into prosperous villages and fertile and luxuriant farms, and of making literally the "desert to smile and the wilderness to blossom as the rose." But apart from all these physical effects, it has been the agent of a wide-spread and tremendous moral influence. It has brought extremes together, and thus fraternized and socialized the members of our North American confederacy. It has contributed to the rapid development of hidden resources, to the enlargement of the bounds of science, the cultivation of literature, and the promotion of the useful and ornamental

arts. It moreover serves as a bond, more powerful than hooks of steel, to preserve in its symmetry and strength that "more perfect union" which was the great object of the Federal Constitution. To an American, therefore, the Mississippi river ought not to be an uninteresting object. In silent but mighty power it runs its majestic course, grand in its gloomy and solitary magnificence, but more grand in the capacity and the means with which it enriches the nations of the earth, and adds to the common stock of human comfort and happiness.

Thursday, July 23d.—Our proximity to New-Orleans created some little excitement with us to-day; and the vicinity of another boat having Illinois troops on board, also contributed to the sensation. The river, moreover, for the last hundred and fifty miles, has presented to us a new aspect. The shores are here adorned with fertile and waving fields of grain, luxuriant soil in a high state of cultivation; while negroes in parties of fifties and hundreds are scattered over the grounds singing merrily in the sunshine, and gaily plying the hoe amidst the corn and sugar-cane. The residences of the planters were constantly in view, some looking desolate and bare, but many embowered in trees and tastily adorned, giving evidences of luxury and refinement, elegance and affluence, and resembling the old chateaux of France more than the structures of the Northern United States. Less aristocratically pretentious, but at the same time presenting an appearance of neatness and comfort, the clusters of cottages occupied by the slaves rise picturesquely on either bank. We passed Baton Rouge about eight o'clock in the morning, and saw from the high grounds the flag of the Republic streaming in the breeze, indicating the position of a military post. As we rapidly glided along, passing planters and plantations, the borders of the river seemed moving panoramas, one beautiful scene succeeding another, like the changes of a magic mirror.

The wharves of the great city were thronged with myriads of the patriotic unwashed, who had come down to welcome us to the wars. The decks of the "Convoy" and "Missouri" were bristling with the bayonets of our men, who were all formed in battle array; our flags were waving above us, and the bands were putting forth the

most elaborate and desperate efforts at an imitation of

"Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds."

The cheers from the shore were answered by shouts from the steamers, and these patriotic experiments, on the vocal powers of the respective parties were continued until our commanding officer ascertained that we were to disembark at the battle-ground, four miles below the city. We were accordingly compelled to take a somewhat unceremonious leave of our enthusiastic admirers, and landed about dark upon the soil rendered classical by the engagement with the British on the 8th of January, 1815, and by the remarkable civil consequences resulting from that day, not the least extraordinary of which, perhaps, is the fact that it has already given three Presidents to the United States, and almost imparted power to the incumbent to appoint his successor for ever.

We were of course delighted to get once more ashore, and to be relieved from the thousand annoyances of the steamer; but the lateness of the hour at which we arrived rendered the removal of our effects, and the process of going into camp, and pitching tents by starlight, somewhat difficult for beginners. However, we finally found ourselves "settled," and the most of us, as early as practicable, took very kindly to our blankets.

Tuesday, July 28th.—After sweltering in camp until yesterday evening, subjected to the wet, swampy influences of the locality at night, the thick, bilious fogs of the morning, and the hot suns of the day, we found the transition to the "Galveston" steamer, and to the pure, bracing air of the Gulf, decidedly a relief. Three companies are on board, with General Wool and Captain Cross, of the Army. On awaking this morning, we discovered that we had emerged from the muddy and tortuous Mississippi, leaving behind us its smiling plantations, its shining negroes, and its antique architecture, all which we had exchanged for the waters,

"Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"

of the Mexican Gulf. The sun rose from the ocean, undimmed by a single cloud, and the calm, mirror-like surface of the water seemed to promise a glorious day, and a quick and quiet passage. About 9 o'clock,

however, the wind freshened, and dark masses of clouds reared themselves thick and fast around us, obscuring the heavens, and threatening us with one of those sudden and startling gales to which the Gulf of Mexico is so constantly exposed. But the whole soon passed off with nothing more disastrous than some slight volleys of thunder, accompanied with a heavy shower of rain, the latter being very grateful to all on board—who were fortunate enough to secure a shelter. The rays of a July sun, nevertheless, soon proved too formidable for the refreshing and lingering coolness of the shower, and I fear forced upon many of us the ingratitude that would not

"Bless the cloud when it had passed away."

Notwithstanding we have had wind enough to roll the surface of the waters into divers hills and vales of the most graceful and undulatory outline, and to give our vessel therefore an occasional lurch and pitch, resembling the motions of a man whose equilibrium has been destroyed by the infusion of too much [alcoholic] fluidity to the system, there are but few cases of sea-sickness on board. These, though slight, are bad enough, for of all the ills to which humanity is condemned, there is nothing approaching in its effects the profound depth of disgust with life and indifference to existence, which accompany this most grievous malady. It was this disease doubtless to which Shakespeare refers in the celebrated figure of "taking up arms against a sea of troubles." Thus explained, the combination presents no such rhetorical monstrosity as a "mixed metaphor" against which the critics exclaim, for the poor unfortunate not only "takes up arms," but frequently half his insides, "against the sea of troubles." The expression "living-dead man" conveys precisely the idea of that state of being, and no other, which sea-sickness produces. But while I am writing, the premonitory of something like it gives me pause.

Thursday, July 30th.—At an early hour this morning we made Galveston harbor, or rather the bar, for the depth of water would not permit us to enter without a pilot, who was not very prompt in making his appearance. Vessels drawing over eight or nine feet, it is said, cannot enter in rough weather, though ordinarily there is from ten to twelve feet of water on the bar. We found the

channel quite distinctly marked by the wrecks on either side, indicating pretty clearly its questionable character. The truth appears to be that there is not a harbor on the coast of Texas which can be made available to vessels of any magnitude at those critical periods when harbors are most wanted.

A delay of several hours, with permission to go ashore, gave me an opportunity of taking a rapid glance at Galveston, the commercial capital of Texas, which, when the dreams of speculating visionaries are realized, is to rival New-Orleans in trade, wealth and commerce. Mr. Charles Dickens would be prodigiously shocked at its appearance, as it is not unlike a New-England village, in deriving its magnitude and magnificence from wood, white lead and whitewash. There are but few structures of brick, and the ingenuity of mechanism seems to have been exhausted in the effort to conceal simplicity of material under elaborate and fantastic variety of form and ornament. A city would of course be incomplete unless it could present evidences of taste and refinement, and advancement in the arts, and it cannot be denied that Galveston has been eminently successful in its architectural illustrations of the aristocracy of timbers. There are three churches, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Episcopal, and a house in which the Roman Catholics perform their ceremonies. These buildings are all of wood, modest and unpretending. The island being low and flat, a high tide might at any time subject its entire area to submerision; and to guard against the calamity of being suddenly set afloat, the buildings are generally elevated a few feet above the surface, so that in the distance the town appears to be walking on legs. Its growth hitherto has been rapid, as it is in fact at present the only point for exportation or importation on the coast of Texas. Yet, as it has grown up like Jonah's gourd, under the night which prevailed here during the existence of the "lone star" above the horizon of nations, it may perhaps wither as soon under the daylight of annexation. A fire once kindled would spread with fearful rapidity, and probably destroy the whole city. There are no hydrants or wells; cisterns, which are the sole reliance, would soon be exhausted, and utter destruction appears inevitable. The want of water, now

constituting a most serious evil, may possibly be overcome by an Artesian well, upon which a commencement has been made.

The site of Galveston is frequently described as one of extraordinary beauty, but to a stranger there are no visible claims to such distinction. The island is a flat, barren, sandy waste, covered with a thin and sickly verdure, the portion appropriated to the town forming no exception to the description. The beach is extolled as being a rare gem, but I have been unable to discover in it any peculiar beauty. At certain periods of the tide, there is a slope towards the water, twenty or thirty yards wide, where the curious conchologist may occasionally pick up a worthless shell, and which is indurated by the waves so as to form a very comfortable carriage way. As far as the eye can reach in a westerly direction, on one side may be seen the same desert prairie, the same desolate and solitary sand-bank, stretched like a huge alligator in the sun, and on the other, the waters of the Gulf, sometimes reposing in calm and silent majesty, and sometimes lashed into fury, and rolling its billows onwards as if to bury the little island for ever beneath its waves. The beach here, therefore, is doubtless much like other beaches. There is as much water as may be desirable in one direction, and as much of a low, dreary, treeless, lifeless waste as is agreeable, in the other.

The business of Galveston—so far as may be gathered from a glance—is a small matter conducted on a great scale; an effort to swallow the camel while the gnat sticks in the throat. The downfall of the Texas revenue laws has, I am informed, led to the recent introduction of merchandise in enormous quantities; the supply has immeasurably increased without reference to improved demand, the market is glutted, paralysis has already succeeded the unnatural activity, and the hammer of the auctioneer will soon ring out the death-knell of many an "enterprising house." The whole trade of the town is almost entirely based upon the annual arrival of twelve thousand bales of cotton; its commercial importance therefore must be factitious, as its existence is purely spasmodic, the result of violent, hot-bed stimulation. Indeed, it may be doubted whether Texas can ever possess the elements necessary to the creation and support of a commercial town, or that the predictions will be

realized for centuries, of holders of Texas lands and Texas scrip, who, in consideration of such shadowy representatives of wealth and of the success attending their diplomacy in the cause of annexation, appear to think they have a preëemptive right to speculate upon the feelings and pockets of all those who are credulous enough to become victims.

Friday, July 31.—A few hours' run from Galveston brought us to Pass Cavallo, and, after being transferred to another vessel, we finally reached the shore of Port La Baca. This harbor is the second best in Texas. The bar has about nine feet of water, though the charts give twelve. This, however, is one of those delicate deceptions practised upon the uninitiated in relation to almost all the qualities of this country. La Baca is probably destined to become a place of some importance, unless the business should be transferred at an early day to a point nearer the Gulf. Vessels may reach the wharf here drawing five feet, and whatever products or supplies the valleys of the San Antonio and Guadalupe rivers may yield or require, will doubtless pass through this place or Matagorda. It would not be prudent at present to predict any extensive trade from these causes. It is certain that the resources of the adjacent country are very limited, and that a long time must elapse before these resources, few and feeble as they are, can be developed.

On account of the difficulty of procuring wood and water in this vicinity, we are to go into camp twelve miles distant, where all the troops arriving here are to be concentrated before advancing to San Antonio. We find at this place an independent company of Kentuckians, not attached to any regiment, under the command of Capt. Williams, bound with us for Chihuahua as part of Gen. Wool's column.

Tuesday, August 4th.—Notwithstanding the rain and mud, the intercourse between Camp Irwin and La Baca is quite frequent, none of us as yet preferring a tent to a house, however miserable it may be. The camp is pleasantly enough located, but the consciousness that we are confined to its limits, or that we are not at liberty to go and come when we please, constantly generates a disposition to leave as often as opportunity offers. No one can exactly say, with Sterne's starling, "I can't get out," but the

sense of captivity is almost as strong as with the poor bird confined to its wires.

The little village of La Baca is a curious compound of tessellated structure—a pure piece of the patch-work mosaic or corrugated combination of the elements of a Western "settlement." It probably numbers a dozen or fifteen families, in whose dwellings pride and poverty, pauperism and pretension, are mixed up after the most approved method of Fourierian and Hawthornian philosophy. The houses have not attained the dignity of an ordinary Western residence—"two pens and a passage"—but are little better than Indian wigwams of frail materials more frailly put together; yet the occupants of some of them, as if striving with each other in exhibiting the power of contrast, display their silver forks and damask napkins upon pine tables with their original yellow yet undimmed, while others unveil their mahogany upon uncarpeted and unscooped floors, and flaunt their purple and crimson hangings upon walls unpolished by the trowel, and athwart windows through which the sun beams with virgin freshness. The nasal and full-lunged music of the incipient porker mingles its melodies in the same apartment with the tender tones of a Texas belle; and the sharp shrieks of the hand-saw not unfrequently give new and startling effect to the voluptuous strains of one of Chickering's unmatched. The mournful remnants of former opulence, the first germ of the aspirations of mammon; the evidences of taste and cultivation that poverty and reverses cannot annihilate, and the innate vulgarity that wealth and prosperity serve only as foils to set off; premature decay and decrepit juvenility, are all beautifully interwoven and dove-tailed together, forming a *tout-ensemble* that could hardly be presented out of Texas. In fact, pigs, poultry and pianos; corn meal, claret and custard; sand, silver and sawdust; tubs, tea-pots and tapestry; mops, mirrors and mahogany; gourds, gimlets and geraniums, are associated on the most liberal terms, and with no regard to the arbitrary rules which govern older and more artificial communities, and which separate the domestic elements as widely as are the upper units of mankind from the lower hundreds.

The torpidity hitherto indigenous to almost every part of Texas has ceased for a time here, and the vitality of the Federal Treasury, opened, as we are facetiously told

at Washington, by reason of "Mexican hostilities," has roused into action even the dry bones of La Baca. Man, woman, and child are roused by the electric shock of a "legal tender," and are moved to unwonted exertion to hold their dippers while the golden shower continues. Accordingly, mustangs, gourds, and horned frogs, the principal products of the country and the favorite staples of each one respectively, have risen enormously in value, in consequence of the extraordinary temptations just held forth by so novel a display of the mammon of unrighteousness.

Thursday, August 6th.—Locomotion is rapidly becoming an "obsolete idea." The route from the village to the camp will soon be beyond the power of soundings, and if the weather continues, legs must be lengthened, or transitions cannot be effected with any prospective safety for life or limb. The soil is of such a character that it has been converted into a rich and tenacious paste of a consistency and quality between glue and molasses, and is of that affectionate temperament which ought to result from a union of the adhesive properties of both.

The principal sleeping house in La Baca, to which officers mostly resort when there, is of a character wholly unique, though possibly it is no very striking phenomenon in Texas. It is a stationary omnibus, having as little room to spare inside as one running from the Battery to the Third Avenue when the "b'boys" are out on a trotting match. The building was originally designed as a storehouse, and though nominally it still adheres to this vocation, time and necessity have vastly enlarged the sphere of its honors and its usefulness. On the ground floor, commissary, quarter-master, ordnance, and hospital stores are piled to the ceiling in huge masses, while the attic, which was once doubtless solely devoted to the purposes of animal life, presents a still more heterogeneous appearance. Its roof, of course, is so low as to convey frequent practical admonitions upon the virtue of humility, yet the apartment serves as an office for several individuals, among whom is that accomplished officer and gentleman, Captain Irwin, whose name honors our encampment; a depository for kitchen utensils and horse equipage; a dry goods, grocery, and hardware establishment; a barber's shop and a provision store; while the interstices created by these numer-

ous operations are filled up with camp-stools, blankets, mattresses, &c., upon which nightly some ten or fifteen patriots of the Republic fold themselves up like pocket-knives, and dream of the "Halls of the Montezumas."

An incident occurred to-day, which, as it serves to illustrate the extra-official, though possibly well-intended, benevolence of the Secretary of War, in directing, without authority, and perhaps in violation of law, the payment in advance of the clothing commutation of the volunteers, may be worthy of record. Several of our belligerent enthusiasts were about being discharged on the surgeon's certificate of disability, but when the paymaster, in closing their accounts, proposed deducting from their dues the three dollars and a half per month of the unexpired portion of the twelve, they demurred, and found themselves suddenly restored to fitness for duty, gold being more recuperative in certain cases than the ordinary prescriptions from the *Materia Medica*. It would seem that these men sought their discharge on speculation, and when foiled in an act of no very questionable propriety, they find a return of their wonted health and vigor with magical rapidity. The act of the Secretary, whether suggested by kindness or demagoguism, was ill-advised and inexpedient in its first effect, which was to seduce the improvident and intemperate into excesses to which otherwise there would have been no temptation, and to suggest to the honest and well-disposed the immediate application of the money to the purchase of clothing, with which many have not only overloaded themselves, but encumbered the baggage-train with much that we are told cannot be transported. These consequences, so obvious that they ought to have been foreseen, are bad enough, but in addition we see that this false philanthropy has originated desires and pretexts to quit the service, and thus the country is defrauded by a compound wrong.

The road between La Baca and the camp passes near the former site of the village of Linville, which was burned a few years since by the Camanches. Nothing marks its past existence but the fragment of a wharf that once projected into the bay. A small mound of earth, reared by the industry of the indefatigable pismire, forms a not inappropriate monument to its remains. The grass grows in its departed streets with the same luxuriance as in the surrounding prairie.

Saturday, August 8th.—Drizzles yet continue, though there has been a slight relaxation in the vigor and frequency of the showers. We are informed that the rains in the interior have been more copious and abundant than those on the coast, and that the entire country for miles is almost flooded. Texas is certainly a peculiar, if not a favored region. The blessings of Heaven are here as elsewhere, but He who "maketh His sun to shine on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust," distributes His gifts as He wills, and rain and sunshine here seem to follow, in their comings and goings, the laws of an epidemic.

The last detachment of Illinois troops arrived yesterday, and to-day the Commanding General, in company with Major H. and Lieuts. K. and McD., passed through camp on his way to San Antonio. His aide-de-camp was unluckily left here, having been thrown from his horse this morning at La Baca, according to report, while attempting some volts or demi-volts to which he or the steed, it appears, was not quite equal. His injuries, however, are but slight, and he will probably resume his journey in a few days. The General dined with Colonel Hardin, and taking an escort, pushed on towards Victoria. We hope soon to be after him.

THE AMERICAN VINTAGERS' SONG.*

(From a MS. National Poem.)

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

THE Vine, the Vine! the glorious Vine
That binds the beaming brow of Mirth,
That sanctifies the solemn shrine,
And blushes o'er the joyous Earth,
Unwrinkled still amid the years,
And laughing with the laughing spheres!

Why seek for nectar o'er the sea!
Why fill the bowl from sceptred lands?
The juice may waken revelry,
But it is poured by trembling hands:
That thought alone, in festal hours,
Should cast a shade o'er Pleasure's bowers.

Then look on your own mighty hills,
And ye must see them nobly pine,
Beside their silver-throated rills,
To bear the Vine, the Freeman's Vine,
Whose blood shall only fill the bowl
That beams for an unfettered soul.

No castled crag shall coldly tower
Above the vineyard laughing here;
No eyes that to a sceptre cower,
Upon the tendrils shed a tear;
Nor shall a single drop of wine
For tyrants and their minions shine!

The leaves would shrink beneath their touch,
The hills would shudder at the tread,
The proud, the pompous tread, of such,

And in their cerements stir the Dead—
The patriot Dead whose valor gave
These hills to all except the slave.

Then fill, fill high the beaming bowl,
Whose sides the scenes of battles bear
Where Freedom, with exulting soul,
Looks on the Despot's dark despair:
Here Warren waves his cheering band,
There Stewart leads his ocean band.

Fill high, fill high! for now we drink
Of Freedom's wine to Freedom's chief,
Who gave, on Danger's darkest brink,
His Country Triumph's greenest leaf:
See how the wine beneath this sun
Leaps at the name of Washington!

Yet fill again! Fill high again!
Unto the Grandest drink we now—
That Heroes have not died in vain,
But hallow yet our Country's brow—
While Union, like a golden Fate,
Binds heart to heart and State to State.

O glorious thought! O Vision blest!
Fill! Freemen, every goblet fill!
And roll with every heaving breast
A sea of song from hill to hill,
Whose vines spring from a chainless sod,
Awed only by the step of God!

* The Vine (Catawba) has been most successfully cultivated, near Cincinnati, by Nicholas Longworth, Esq., whose vats yield a rich and most sparkling wine.

SCOTT AND HIS ASSAILANTS.

WE have rarely witnessed a more timely publication than the *Lives of Winfield Scott and Andrew Jackson*, by J. T. Headley, from the press of Scribner. There is a peculiar fitness in this association of two of the most memorable men whom America has produced—renowned in war, skilful in diplomacy, honored as citizens, and revered as statesmen. Nor are we without the conviction that this joint biography will be useful in an immediate and momentous crisis. The character of the former individual whom it commemorates cannot, at the present juncture, be too deeply or faithfully studied. The history of the latter is eminently calculated to manifest its own lustre by adding new radiance to the renown of the living hero, by continuing the prestige of American success back to an earlier period, and elucidating the great secret of the unexampled moral force which everywhere accompanies American extension. We are glad that the task has been accomplished by an author who understands his own talents. Mr. Headley is much more than a Pamphleteer, and something less than a Historian. He is essentially a Biographer, a strong, nervous writer, with a peculiar sharpness of sight for salient points of character and incident; possessing a rich facility of description, and of a truthful and upright disposition of mind. He is one of those useful men who act the part of skirmishers before the regular army of historians; and the records which—to continue the figure—he has made captive and brought into shape and disposition, will be of great service at some future day to the Historian of the Twentieth Century, whose track lies over the confused and broken field of the Nineteenth.

This book, we say, is useful. Indeed, we can hardly over-estimate the value of such a work. It is needed to counteract the unheard-of slanders which the Opposition Press have, for the past six months, spread over the country. We have not space to even mention the names of the party organs who have been most conspicuous in this bad and unmanly business. Were we to name the catalogue, however, we should find especial and notable room for a so-called "Independent Journal," boasting of political purity, and publishing a false life of the

Whig Candidate, furnished by a secret Democratic committee. Let us say nothing of the rottenness of the cause that shall find its principal organ and defender in the *New-York Herald*. We may, indeed, deem it a favorable omen that General Scott has been, from the first, attacked by that infamous sheet, in a manner which has left little doubt as to the causes and the motives of the assault.

The *New-York Evening Post* has, perhaps, among its bad rivals, risen to the worst eminence in this work of vilification and detraction. This journal is conducted under the auspices of one whom we have been accustomed to admire as a poet and a scholar, and to respect as a man. The *Post*, in previous campaigns, has been in nowise remarkable for unfairness, and has ever lain under the ban of many Empire Club Politicians, as not sufficiently fitted for the peculiar work of that class of the "Democracy." But Isaiah Rynders may now distribute it and its documents among his followers, with the consciousness that it will not do them the injury of bettering their political morals. Perhaps the bow with which the *Post* has aimed at party rectitude in former times, has been too severely strained. Perhaps the mark was too lofty or the prize too small. But, however this may be, of one thing we are certain, the *Evening Post* has issued a collection of personal attacks upon General Scott, which are as undignified, obtrusive, and scandalously false as any we have yet seen in the range of the opposition press.

The *Post*, the *Herald*, and the *Washington Union*, might, with credit to themselves, and profit to their party, have spared the publication of the correspondence between General Scott and William L. Marcy. An ancient proverb tells us that whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad; and certainly none but men devoid of reason could have given this correspondence publicity with the intention of thereby injuring its most distinguished party. The conduct of Mr. Marcy at the time of the difficulty out of which this correspondence originated was such as to create indignation even among the organs of the Administration. Sympathy at that time, as now, was much

more with the working soldier than with the scheming diplomatist. The object of the Secretary was too obvious to be mistaken. The course taken by General Scott had its ground in evident and most weighty reasons, of which time amply showed the validity. On one side was party dislike, envy, the malice of a man who saw future obstacles in the way of his ambition in the success of another; on the other side was honest indignation by a veteran soldier, attempted to be lectured by a man ignorant of war, and insolent in proportion to the want of his knowledge. It is a problem inexplicable and mysterious—the good which a party hope to gain by the publication of a series of letters, in which every honest reader cannot fail to see the injustice of Marcy, and the bold rectitude and conscious knowledge of General Scott.

Let us trace the history of this attempted injury of the present Whig Candidate.

General Scott had been appointed commander of the army in 1841, and held his head-quarters at Washington, where he remained in the performance of his duties, until he assumed command of the army in Mexico.

The war with Mexico broke out in May, 1846. We have not room here to discuss the cause of the war, but the administration of Mr. Polk held, that since Texas, previous to her annexation to the United States, had declared the Rio Grande to be her boundary with Mexico, and that since the United States had, by the act of annexation, taken upon themselves the labor of proving their claim of boundary, and that since Mexico had refused to enter into diplomatic negotiations for the settlement of that and other disputed questions, and had even refused to receive a minister from the United States, therefore it had become necessary to resort to extreme measures for sustaining the claims of Texas and the United States.

While this position of affairs continued, General Taylor, then in command on the west bank of the Nueces, was ordered to take post on the east bank of the Rio Grande, and, in obeying this order, a detachment from his command was surprised and assaulted by a much larger Mexican force, and a number of American soldiers killed, wounded, and taken prisoners. On hearing these news, war was immediately declared by Congress against Mexico.

It became necessary to raise a large num-

ber of new recruits for the army. This task was mainly intrusted to the superintendence of General Scott, who acted according to the Bill passed on the 13th of May, providing for such undertakings. This Bill was defective, in not providing a sufficient staff, or sufficient company officers, for the new regiments, and General Scott at once prepared a supplemental Bill, which the Secretary of War promised to bring to the attention of Congress; and on the 19th of May he went to the Senate Committee for that purpose, having inserted a first section, providing for two additional major-generals and four brigadier-generals for the regular army.

The section had been introduced without the knowledge of General Scott, and it was then known to him that party leaders had protested against his being charged with the war. Indeed, Mr. Senator Benton, in advocating the measure, avowed it to be the policy of the Administration to appoint party generals to conduct the war. "Generals," said he, "are wanted, who would look to the *authority* which appointed them. Political talent, more than mere military skill, is needed to conduct an invasion successfully."

On the 18th of May, General Scott had written to General Taylor, informing him that heavy reinforcements were to be sent to the Rio Grande, and that he had been designated for the command of the augmented army. He added, he feared that, with the utmost efforts, the reinforcements could not be put on the Rio Grande before the 1st of September, and that he did not expect to assume the command much before the arrival of the reinforcements alluded to. This letter was read by Mr. Marcy before it was dispatched, and one paragraph in the letter stricken out, upon his suggestion.

Under these circumstances Mr. Marcy undertook, on the 20th, two days later, to lecture General Scott on his delay, in not repairing at once to the seat of war. The Secretary well knew at the time the avocations of the General-in-Chief; that much yet remained for him to do in Washington, towards preparing supplies, &c., for the invading army, and that, in the opinion of General Scott, military operations could not be pushed from the Rio Grande before the 1st of September. From this unusual and unjustifiable proceeding on the part of the Secretary of War—this condemnation in advance—it was apparent to General Scott that the Administration had lent itself to what

seemed the popular belief at that time, that an army of thirty thousand men could be collected, equipped, thrown upon the Rio Grande, and be in condition to commence military operations immediately; or else, that the design of the lecture of the Secretary was to make use of this popular belief, for the purpose of hurrying him off to the Rio Grande, before the necessary preparations had been made, or the troops collected, and afterwards charge the necessary delays which must occur, before military operations could be commenced, to his inefficiency, and recall him.

In reply to Secretary Marcy, General Scott wrote his famous letter of the 21st of May. In that and subsequent communications, he stated, in detail, the work of collecting, equipping, and organizing an army. He clearly proved that the army and materials of war could not be in readiness before the 1st of September. We quote from the concluding remarks of the letter :

"All that I have but sketched, I deem not only useful to success, but indispensable. As a soldier, I make this assertion without the fear of contradiction from any *honest and candid* soldier."

"Against the *ad captandum* condemnation of all other persons, whoever may be designated for the high command in question, there can be no reliance in his absence, other than the active, candid, and steady support of his government. If I cannot have that sure basis to rest upon, it will be infinitely better for the country, (not to speak of my personal security,) that some other commander of the new army against Mexico should be selected. No matter who he may be, he shall at least be judged and supported by me, in this office and every where else, as I would desire, if personally in that command, to be judged and supported."

These representations were made in vain to a jealous Secretary and an opposing Administration. Party malice triumphed over the instincts of justice. General Scott's assertion that the army could not commence operations from the Rio Grande until September 1st, was ridiculed. Suspicions designed to injure his reputation were secretly encouraged throughout the organs of the Administration, and Mr. Marcy replied on the 25th, that the country would feel impatient if the volunteers were to remain inactive on the Rio Grande till the 1st of September, and concluded by informing General Scott that his services would be confined to the city of Washington, and to the preparations for the vigorous prosecution of hostilities against Mexico.

But this action of the Government was not destined to endure. Subsequent events of the war verified the sagacity of the General-in-Chief; and, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Administration to falsify his predictions, the army could not commence its operations from the Rio Grande until September.

Meantime Scott remained in Washington, conscious that public opinion would do him justice with the verification of his calculations, and doing all that he could do in that position towards the successful prosecution of the war. His reliance upon public sentiment was not misplaced.

On the 22d of October, after a series of brilliant successes on the part of the American army, among which may be named the battle of Monterey, Secretary Marcy, in view of restoring peace between the United States and Mexico, wrote to General Taylor, then in Mexico, advising the capture of Vera Cruz. The detail of his plans, of course, came to the knowledge of General Scott, who thereupon wrote to Mr. Marcy as follows :

"Unless with a view to a second or new line of operations, I regard the possession, by us, of the city of Vera Cruz and its castle San Juan d'Ulloa, as a step towards compelling Mexico to sue for peace, as not likely to be worth one tenth of the lives, time, and money, which their capture would cost us. In other words, I am persuaded that our possession of those places would be of but very little more value than the present strict blockade of the port; unless, as intimated above, the capture should be promptly followed by a march thence, with a competent force, upon the capital. To conquer a peace I am now persuaded that we must take the city of Mexico, or place it in imminent danger of capture, and mainly through the city of Vera Cruz."

Full details are given by General Scott in his memorandum on the subject for the organization, embarkation, and landing of the force necessary for the undertaking; and on November 12, in a supplemental memorandum, he writes :

"To divide our forces on the lower Rio Grande and in the direction of Monterey and Saltillo, equitably and wisely between the two lines of operations upon the enemy's capital, the positive instructions of the government will be needed, besides the presence on the theatre of war of the highest in army rank. The latter, I beg to say, is the proper officer to carry out on the spot the instructions of government in respect to that division and to direct the principal attacking column on and from Vera Cruz."

On the 18th of November General Scott

was told by the President to hold himself in readiness for this service, and on the 20th, he submitted to the Secretary a draft of the services required. The Secretary did not adopt these in form, but wrote to General Scott on the 23d to repair to Mexico, and commence operations on the Gulf coast, if such operations should be deemed practicable. At the same time, General Scott was invested with the most ample discretionary powers.

The confidence seemed great. The noble and unsuspicious nature of General Scott accepted it in good faith, and forgot the previous slights and annoyances inflicted by the Secretary. In a letter to an eminent friend, he remarked: "*The President has behaved nobly.*" What therefore was his astonishment to hear at New-Orleans, while on his route to the Rio Grande, that the President entertained the project of creating the office of Lieutenant-General for the purpose of superseding him in his high duties! At first he could not believe in the existence of such treachery, and publicly declared his disbelief in the truth of the rumor. Nor until the Message of the President to Congress actually arrived, recommending the creation of the office and the appointment of Senator Benton to fill it, did his confidence in the validity of Mr. Polk's assurances begin to waver. And in proportion as he became awake to the renewed and malignant opposition of the Administration, his reliance upon himself and the affection of his troops became more conspicuous and firm.

The plan of the Administration, as already stated, was to attack Vera Cruz, and thence proceed to the conquest of the city of Mexico. General Taylor, however, advised a defensive course, and said, as an alternative:

"Should the government determine to strike a decisive blow at Mexico, it is my opinion that the force should land near Vera Cruz or Alvarado; and after establishing a secure depot, march thence on the capital. The amount of troops required for this service would not fall short, in my judgment, of 25,000 men, of which at least 10,000 should be regular troops."

On reading General Taylor's letter, Gen. Scott wrote as follows:

"I have hastily read Gen. Taylor's dispatches, which arrived last night. I suppose that the war must go forward, and not be allowed to degenerate into a war like a peace, which would be as bad, or worse, than a peace like a war, involving an indefinite period of time and waste of money.

"I have the honor to propose:

"1. That for the expedition against Vera Cruz, 5,000 regulars and four small brigades of volunteers, making, say, 6,000 men, with two volunteer major-generals, and four volunteer brigadier generals, to be taken from the forces now under Major-General Taylor, or under orders to join him, although he may be, for a time, reduced to a strictly defensive position at Monterey.

"2. That to the 11,000 men, (regulars and volunteers as above,) there be added, say, 4,000 volunteers, to be divided among the four old brigades, taken as above, or to be placed under two new volunteer brigadiers, to be appointed by the President, according to his pleasure.

"3. That the new volunteers (nine regiments) be organized and dispatched as rapidly as possible, and also the construction of the boats for embarkation and debarkation, in order that the whole expedition may be afloat and beyond the Rio Grande by the 15th of January, or, at the very latest, the 1st of February, so as to leave good time for operations on the Gulf coast before the return of the yellow fever, to be apprehended in April, but always certain in May.

"4. That, to enable Major-General Taylor to resume offensive, or, at least, threatening movements from Monterey upon Saltillo, San Luis de Potosi, &c., pending the expedition against Vera Cruz, if possible, to send him recruits to fill up the regular corps left with him, and also the remainder, say, 3,500 new volunteers, of the nine regiments.

"5. That, to give the certainty of greater activity and success to the two attacking columns, it is respectfully suggested that the President call for additional regiments of volunteers.

"[6 and 7 propose other details for increasing the efficiency and strength of the force.]

(Signed) WINFIELD SCOTT.

"Nov. 21, 1846."

The instructions of the Secretary, dated November 23d, giving the entire direction of the war to General Scott, followed, and he at once proceeded to the Rio Grande. From here, through Tampico, through the capitulation of Vera Cruz, the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Churubusco, Molinos del Rey, and Chapultepec, his course was one brilliant triumph, unstained by cruelties, and marked by all the evidences of a humane and consummate General; let us hear with how little loss to the American forces: "I recapitulate," writes General Scott, "our losses since we arrived in the basin of Mexico:

"August 19, 20. Killed 137, including 14 officers; wounded 877, including 62 officers; missing, probably killed, 38 rank and file—total, 1,052.

"September 8. Killed 116, including 9 officers; wounded 665, including 49 officers; missing 13, rank and file—total 799.

"September 12, 13, 14. Killed 130, including

10 officers; wounded 703, including 68 officers; missing, 29 rank and file—total, 862.

"Grand total losses 2,713, including 212 officers.

"On the other hand, this small force has beaten on the same occasions—in view of their capital—the whole Mexican army, of (at the beginning) thirty odd thousand men—posted always in chosen positions—behind intrenchments, or more formidable defenses of nature and art; killed or wounded of that number more than 7,000 officers and men; taken 3,730 prisoners, one seventh officers, including thirteen generals, of whom three had been Presidents of this Republic; captured more than twenty colors and standards, seventy-five pieces of ordnance, besides fifty-seven wall pieces, 20,000 small arms, an immense quantity of shots, shells, powder &c.

"Of that army, once so formidable in numbers, appointments, artillery, &c., twenty odd thousand have disbanded themselves in despair—leaving, as is known, not more than three fragments—the largest about 2,500—now wandering in different directions, without magazines or a military chest, and living at *free quarters* upon their own people."

And now what was the reward of this success, and what the result of the persecutions set in motion by Secretary Marcy and the Administration, unable to dispense with the services of General Scott, jealous of his renown, and only waiting opportunity to order his recall—such an opportunity as only came after he had dictated peace to the Mexicans in their own capital, and left them in a condition powerless to make further resistance? His reward was this—and let history blush to record it: that in the very capital which he had entered with his victorious troops, he was divested of his command by the Administration, and ordered to be tried in the presence of the Mexicans, by a court designated by that individual who had labored with such malignity to crush him since the commencement of the war. And the charge was that he had fomented quarrels in the army by prohibiting private reports of military operations. This prohibition was, let it be said, an act of the Administration, but its enforcement was charged as a crime upon General Scott. On this shallow and frivolous accusation—for no other could be brought—General Scott was removed. Nor did the persecution of the Secretary cease till the accession of the new Administration. Such, in brief, is the true history of the "difficulty" between General Scott and Secretary Marcy, backed by the Administration. It will, we think, be difficult to find a record of greater forbearance on one side, and of more gratuitous treachery on the other, on the pages of his-

tory. When the excitement of the present contest shall have passed away, the organs of the now opposition will think with little pride or gratulation of the base charges which they have endeavored to revive from the scandal of Mr. Secretary Marcy, and the Administration by which he was supported and encouraged.

We turn from this chapter of the history of General Scott to survey for a moment the high moral influence of his career, in connection with an infamous accusation lately answered by himself in person in a Western city. On General Scott's arrival at Tampico, he issued the following order:

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY, }
Tampico, Feb. 19, 1847. }

GENERAL ORDERS, }
No. 20. }

1. It may well be apprehended that many grave offenses, not provided for in the act of Congress, "establishing rules and articles for the government of the armies of the United States," approved April 10, 1806, may be again committed—by, or upon, individuals of those armies, in Mexico, pending the existing war between the two Republics. Allusion is here made to atrocities, any one of which, if committed within the United States or their organized territories, would, of course, be tried and severely punished by the ordinary or civil courts of the land.

2. Assassination; murder; malicious stabbing or maiming; rape; malicious assault and battery; robbery; theft; the wanton desecration of churches, cemeteries, or other religious edifices and fixtures, and the destruction, except by order of a superior officer, of public or private property, are such offenses.

3. The good of the service, the honor of the United States, and the interests of humanity, imperiously demand that every crime enumerated above should be severely punished.

4. But the written code, as above, commonly called the *rules and articles of war*, provides for the punishment of not one of those crimes, even when committed by individuals of the army upon the persons or property of other individuals of the same, except in the very restricted case in the 9th of those articles; nor for like outrages, committed by the same individuals, upon the persons or property of a hostile country, except very partially, in the 51st, 52d, and 55th articles; and the same code is absolutely silent as to all injuries which may be inflicted upon individuals of the army, or their property, against the laws of war, by individuals of a hostile country.

5. It is evident that the 99th article, independent of any reference to the restriction in the 87th, is wholly nugatory in reaching any one of those high crimes.

6. For all the offenses, therefore, enumerated in the second paragraph, above, which may be committed abroad—in, by, or upon the army, a supplemental code is absolutely needed.

7. That unwritten code is *Martial Law*, as an addition to the written military code, prescribed by Congress in the rules and articles of war, and which unwritten code, all armies, in hostile countries, are forced to adopt—not only for their own safety, but for the protection of the unoffending inhabitants and their property, about the theatres of military operations, against injuries contrary to the laws of war.

8. From the same supreme necessity, martial law is hereby declared, as a supplemental code in, and about, all camps, posts and hospitals which may be occupied by any part of the forces of the United States, in Mexico, and in, and about, all columns, escorts, convoys, guards and detachments, of the said forces, while engaged in prosecuting the existing war in, and against the said republic.

9. Accordingly, every crime, enumerated in paragraph No. 2, above, whether committed—1. By any inhabitant of Mexico, sojourner or traveller therein, upon the person or property of any individual of the United States' forces, retainer or follower of the same; 2. By any individual of the said forces, retainer or follower of the same, upon the person or property of any inhabitant of Mexico, sojourner or traveller therein, or 3. By any individual of the said forces, retainer or follower of the same, upon the person and property of any other individual of the said forces, retainer or follower of the same—shall be duly tried and punished under the said supplemental code.

10. For this purpose it is ordered, that all offenders, in the matter aforesaid, shall be promptly seized and confined, and reported for trial, before *Military Commissions*, to be duly appointed as follows:

11. Every military commission, under this order, will be appointed, governed, and limited, as prescribed by the 65th, 66th, 67th, and 97th of the said rules and articles of war, and the proceedings of such commissions will be duly recorded, in writing, reviewed, revised, disapproved or approved, and the sentences executed—all, as in the cases of the proceedings and sentences of courts-martial; *provided*, that no military commission shall try any case clearly cognizable by any court-martial, and *provided* also that no sentence of a military commission shall be put in execution against any individual, whatsoever, which may not be, according to the nature and degree of the offense, as established by evidence, in conformity with known punishments, in like cases, in some one of the States of the United States of America.

12. This order will be read at the head of every company of the United States' forces, serving in Mexico, or about to enter on that theatre of war.

By command of Major General Scott.

In pursuance of these orders, several offenders publicly underwent the penalty of their crimes in Mexico. No scandal had associated itself with the mode of their execution until the present campaign suggested to certain reckless prints the idea of such a mode of attack. Accordingly we find that, at a recent visit of General Scott to Columbus, Ohio, he was waited upon by a deputa-

tion of German citizens, "who referred to a paragraph from the *Westbote*, a German paper published in this city, and containing the statement that General Scott tied to one tree and flogged fifteen Germans, while in Mexico.

"Other charges, of his having hanged others, cruelly and unjustly, were also referred to.

"Never," writes the *Columbus Journal*, "have we witnessed a scene more imposing than when the old chieftain, with a quick and indignant response, repelled the false and malignant charge. Lofty in stature, and standing at least four inches above the tallest of those among whom he stood, his form seemed gigantic, as with heightened color and flashing eye, and a wave of his hand that expressed a calm defiance of all such assailants, he uttered his emphatic protest against such assaults as that paragraph presented."

"New, and before unknown to me, are such things as have now been told me. They surprise and they pain me. They at once concern all that I value personally, and aim a blow at all that wherein, if I know myself, I have the highest pride. They attack my own identity! The principles for which, I had believed, I need never search my own bosom in vain, are here undermined or denied me! I am met with charges of injustice and cruelty, while leading an American army through Mexico, and while participating alike in its trials and its triumphs!

"Gentlemen, it was my lot to lead an American army, upon a foreign field. I went, resolved to sustain, in the fore-front of my progress, the *high-tide-water mark of our own American Civilization*, in all its moral and civil virtue. The standard of our *own* and *not* the *practices* of that foreign country, was the standard which I sought for the government of men's passions and the control of the license and excesses of war. Alike to Americans, whether native or of foreign birth, and to Mexicans, I declared my purpose, and exhibited my principles of action.

"I promulgated the martial code. Doubtless you all have read it. I deemed it *necessary*. I could do nothing without it. It announced the spirit of our progress, and held amenable to punishment *all* who forgot manhood, and threatened to bring shame upon our flag—dishonor to our arms—or a reproach upon our virtue! Without it, we had not conquered, or if we had conquered, the brightest trophy of our conquest had been wanting. It would have been a physical triumph, and a physical triumph alone. Humanity would have disowned us. I promulgated that order. Read it, and read it again, gentlemen, and then bear me witness, that it was in *my heart*, as it was almost hourly on my lips, for continued months, to carry with American arms, and under the American flag, even into the enemy's country, all the elements of

social order, and that regard for personal right, that belonged to our own free institutions in the United States.

"Yes, I sought to carry with me, and resolved to maintain, at all hazards, among my own command, and also that people among whom we should be thrown, that high standard of virtue and honor which we boasted at home. Had I not been less than an American, and recreant to the highest interests of humanity, and the age we rejoice in, if I had done less? They say I hanged some Germans and tied up and flogged others. Gentlemen, some persons were hanged in Mexico. The names of all of them I do not now recollect. Whether any were Germans or not I know not. But for what—yes, for what were they hanged? I hanged one for murder, gentlemen; I hanged one for rape upon an innocent young female, and for profane and wicked church robbery. All knew the law that was over them. Every man of them knew that he would be held as answerable for vile misdeeds against the laws of God and man, as if he were then upon American soil!

"For such crimes they suffered—for such crimes as here, in your own Ohio—a land of law—would have brought down upon them severe penalties, and with equal justice. Some did suffer death! But their trial was fair, impartial, and upon the same principles of solid law upon which they would have been adjudged guilty, here, among you. Do some say I hanged fifteen Germans, and that others were arraigned and flogged without cause or trial? Gentlemen, I know nothing of it. It is false—it is a lie—an invention, gentlemen—a LIE. I see aged citizens before me. I see eminent lawyers here. And, gentlemen, you see me much excited. But is it not for cause? For one who for fifty years has scarcely ever walked, rose, slept or eaten, or even taken a cup of cold water, in the field, the town, or the camp, but his thoughts were of his country—her virtue—her renown—her honor; to be thus assailed—it is MONSTROUS—it is INTOLERABLE! Gentlemen, I did, with a high hand, sustain the law, which, with uprightness in my heart, I determined to sustain. I did hang for murder! I did hang for rape! I did hang for treason! and I flogged thieves and pickpockets! For, gentlemen, let me again say, I not only carried with me, but I resolved, with every resource I could command, to sustain, fearlessly and effectually, in its virtue and its choicest blessings, not only to my own command but to defenseless and peaceable Mexicans, that civilization—yes, that Christian civilization of which I was proud to believe that army might appear a worthy representative.

"But, gentlemen, I was no respecter of persons. American or Mexican—native born or foreign born, whoever knew the law and obeyed it not—whoever, reckless of his own responsibilities, and the rights of others, trampled under foot and set at naught the law that was over all, I punished. I did hang for the crimes stated, and I would have hung an hundred seekers of innocent blood, and violators of female chastity, if so many had been the offenders! And for this, perverted and misshaped, I am made answerable to a charge against which my every feeling revolts, and which my whole nature and my whole life repel. No, gentle-

men, it is a lie, (the charge as made, or that any were wrongfully punished,) a false and groundless lie. I am not unthankful to my good friend who has told me of these things. It was right. But, gentlemen, I stand here, before you, and declare as I have already declared, and again declare, that the principles that governed my command in Mexico are those of my life. To that life in my country's service, I need not appeal in vain for an answer now. With equal freedom and confidence do I throw myself upon the honest verdict of every man, who, with me, served his country in the fields of Mexico."

It is this high moral resolve, this steady determination to carry the "high tide-water mark" of civilization before him in all his conquests, that has raised General Scott above the level of a soldier, and cause him to stand out before us as the noble, patriotic man. We realize in him the essence of American progressive genius, conservative while it conquers, forbearing in its most intense and warlike phases, recognizing the decisions and decrees of God in all things, and full of the deepest and liveliest humanity. Such is the triumph of American force wherever it advances. Its march is indicated only by the blessings which it distributes. It conciliates, harmonizes, preserves, and solidifies.

Still among the attacks of party malice must we record a still more wanton meanness? Are all the arrows of General Scott's enemies freighted with poison? Is there with them no reverence for high and illustrious achievement? Will not an honesty so scrupulous that no private slander has yet assailed it, awe down their strange and unheard-of hatred? Let us, before we bid farewell to all the suggestions of charity, with reference to the principles of the "Democracy," attend to the Hon. Mr. Merriweather, of Kentucky—*primus inter illustres* as an unscrupulous "Democratic" politician.

The Hon. Mr. Merriweather, of the U. S. Senate, near the close of the last session of Congress, proposed to that body to investigate the amount of money that had been paid to General Scott since the commencement of his career, as compared with that paid to Mr. Pierce. The resolution was passed, and the nation was informed that the money paid to General Scott for fifty years of service amounted to the sum of \$290,977 18. Mr. Merriweather also ascertained that the sum paid Franklin Pierce for his brilliant achievements in Mexico did

not amount to nearly as much. The baser part of the Opposition press have taken Mr. Merriweather up, and with a blind and stupid fury are parading his statements before the country as an evidence of General Scott's extravagance and cupidity.

The reader may well stagger at this example of party degradation, and insensate malice! Six Thousand Dollars a year, for a life passed in active service, amid dangers and perils thick and momentous, and amid responsibilities sufficient to oppress the strongest minds! Six Thousand Dollars a year in return for a series of acts by which this country has been safely carried over the fearful ground of war which always attends the border progress of a young nation! Six Thousand Dollars a year for honorable peaces five times dictated to other countries! Six Thousand Dollars a year for the thorough supervision of the American army for thirty years! Six Thousand Dollars a year for these inconsiderable services! Six Thousand Dollars a year, when the Postmaster of a flourishing city can only realize Ten Thousand Dollars a year from the discharge of his arduous duties! Six Thousand Dollars a year, when the Collector of Customs of the Port of New-York shall only realize Thirty Thousand a year by incessant labor during five long hours of each day! Six Thousand Dollars a year, when "Democratic" Congressmen, with constructive mileage labors and dangers to be undergone, shall only clear *their* six thousand a year! Six Thousand Dollars a year!

Advices from England, of the 18th of September, informed us of the death of the Duke of Wellington, long expected but deeply deplored. A nation mourns the loss of her Greatest Captain, and a prince among her statesmen. But neither amid the desolation of the bereavement, nor amid the events of his just finished life, has the nation once considered for a moment with feelings of envy or regret, the FIFTEEN MILLIONS of Dollars which she had paid that renowned and wonderful man. He was a conspicuous partisan, yet amid the heats of political contests, no orator or press of the opposite party ever once alluded to the noble rewards which his country had given him as other than deserved, and most appropriately be-

stowed. No price, it was thought, could compensate for the advantage and the glory which he had brought upon England. Fifteen Millions of Dollars weighed lightly in the scale against his protection of the English Crown. And yet the services of Wellington in behalf of his country, were no greater than those of Winfield Scott in behalf of the United States. Wellington built up the East India Company in a foreign land, at great sacrifice of life and money, but it was never his high duty and success to drive an enemy from the territory of his country. He was styled, and not unjustly, the conqueror of Napoleon, but no French invasion ever threatened England with one half the imminence with which the British and Indian forces threatened the frontiers of the United States. Nor was the moral effect of Wellington's victories equal to that of the victories of Scott. Of this we have already spoken. To Scott the United States have given Six Thousand Dollars a year, nor has a murmur of discontent ever passed his lips at this moderate compensation. To Wellington England gave Three Hundred Thousand Dollars a year, nor did she grudge the remuneration for the protection his strength and name afforded her. A SINGLE YEAR'S INCOME OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON EQUALS THE PAY OF GENERAL SCOTT DURING HIS ENTIRE LIFE OF SERVICE. THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IS THE SUM PAID TO WELLINGTON FOR EACH YEAR OF SERVICE, AND TO GEN. SCOTT FOR A WHOLE LIFETIME OF SERVICE!

But though gifts like those awarded the Duke of Wellington are not desirable to a citizen of a Republican nation, there is a reward infinitely higher, and incapable of being measured by money, which it is the power and privilege of this country to bestow upon General Scott. Its bestowal involves no sacrifice of principle, and demands no concessions incompatible with the pure economy of our institutions. In comparison with the high honor of the Presidency of the United States, the ranks, titles, and emoluments of the Old World sink into insignificance. Let this honor be conferred upon the "Most Worthy"—upon that distinguished man now the candidate of the united Whig Party of the Union.

OUR GENERAL REVIEW.

AN ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE OF THE TIME.

FOREIGN politics just at present are of that monotonous character which does not very well admit of any lengthened details. Probably the most important event is the death of the Duke of Wellington. This great general expired at his residence, Walmer Castle, on Wednesday, 15th of September, at twenty-five minutes past three A. M. His body has been removed to Apsley House, where it will await the disposal of the Queen, to whose care the Duke by will has confided his remains.

In France, Louis Napoleon is verging still closer on the Empire. At Lyons, on the 22d, he made a speech full of prophetic significance, on the occasion of the inauguration of the Equestrian Statue of the Emperor. He commenced by alluding to the loyalty to his uncle which had always distinguished the Lyonnese, and commented upon Lyons being the first French city to raise a statue to his memory. He endeavored to prove that his uncle had a legitimate title to the throne of France, and alluded in an affecting manner to the way in which the French people honored the Napoleonic blood, by electing him President. In conclusion he makes use of the following remarkable words: "We have but just extricated ourselves from those moments of crisis, where, in consequence of notions of good and evil being confounded together, the best minds have been perverted. Prudence and patriotism demand that at such times the nation should reflect before it decides on its destinies; and it is yet difficult for me to know under what name I can render the greatest services. If the modest title of *President* can facilitate the mission confided to me, and before which have I never held back, it is not I who from personal interest would desire to change that name for the title of *Emperor*."

The President has been making a triumphal progress through the provinces, and every where the cry of *Vive l'Empereur* has greeted him. The *Constitutionnel* newspaper has headed an article with the word *L'Empire* in large capitals, which it begins by declaring that the question is not now whether the empire will be reestablished, but when it is to be proclaimed.

In Prussia the cholera is raging fiercely, especially among the Jews. The Free Communion of Königsberg having endeavored to hold its secret meetings in defiance of the police, a collision took place, and the latter were forcibly ejected from the room. The military were called in and several arrests took place, while all that were at liberty took flight. The Princess Anna, daughter of his Royal Highness Prince Charles, is to be confirmed next month, and it is understood that her betrothal to Prince Frederick, of Hesse Cassel, will be officially announced before the end of the year.

The Burmese war still continues to afford a few

paragraphs of stupid news to the English papers. The English troops are doing nothing, and the affair threatens to be of rather a tedious length.

The persecution against Protestantism in Italy still rages with true Catholic fervor. Two men were condemned to the galleys for life for reading the Bible.

In Ireland the attack comes from the opposite side. Dr. McHale and his confederates are leveling their missiles at the Established Church in all directions.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

The Civil and Diplomatic Bill, which passed both Houses on the eve of adjournment, provides as below:

To Current Legislative Expenses.....	\$687,000
Thomas Ritchie, assignee, &c.....	50,000
Other Printing and Binding of H. of R. . .	75,000
Contingent Expenses of H. of R.	93,000
Library of Congress.....	90,000
Presidential Salary.....	25,000
Department of State.....	77,000
N. E. Executive Building.....	5,000
Treasury Department.....	357,000
Contingent Expenses of that Department	40,000
S. E. Executive Building.....	26,000
Department of the Interior.....	268,000
Contingent Expenses of that Department	82,000
War Department.....	86,000
Contingent Expenses of that Department	14,000
N. W. Executive Building.....	6,000
Building on F street.....	25,000
Navy Department.....	70,000
Contingent Expenses of that Department	7,000
S. W. Executive Building.....	5,000
Post Office Department.....	103,000
Contingent Expenses of that Department	14,000
Auditor of the P. O. Department.....	114,000
The United States Mint.....	242,000
Territorial Government.....	124,000
Judiciary Department.....	741,000
Des Moines Claim in Ohio.....	12,000
Surveyor's Department.....	98,000
Light-House Establishment.....	640,000
Sub-Treasury Department.....	58,000
Marine Hospital.....	14,000
San Francisco Hospital.....	130,000
Custom Houses.....	652,000
Foreign Intercourse.....	518,000
Public Lands.....	187,000
Surveys of Public Lands, chiefly for California and Oregon.....	500,000
Public Buildings.....	478,000
Total.....	\$6,918,000

MISCELLANEOUS.

California Land Commission.....	50,000
Annuities and Grants.....	750
Expenses of Loans and Treasury Notes...	20,000
Cemetery near Mexico.....	3,000
Miscellaneous Claims.....	5,000
Deficiency in Fund for Disabled Seamen.	100,000
To Mr. Elliott, U. S. Agent at St. Domin-	
go.....	600
Keepers of Penitentiary in District of Co-	
lumbia.....	7,350
Other Expenses of Same.....	1,800
Contingencies of Census.....	49,000
Insane Paupers of District of Columbia...	19,000
Mexican Boundary Commission.....	120,000
Arrearages of Same during last year....	25,000
Agricultural Statistics.....	5,000
Librarian Patent Office.....	1,200
Pedestal for Jackson's Statue.....	5,000
Transportation of Greenough's Group...	7,000
Interest on Stocks held for Chickasaws..	5,400
Six Revenue Cutters.....	90,000
Redemption of 17 Loan Office Certifi-	
cates.....	4,165
Books for Members of Congress.....	115,800
American Archives for new Members...	5,600
Reporting in Globe.....	21,600
For Copies of Globe and Binding.....	48,000
Books for Patent Office.....	1,500
Library of Patent Office.....	2,000
Salary of Sergeant-at Arms.....	1,500
Messengers.....	4,000
Additional Compensation to Clerks in	
Patent Office.....	3,000
U. S. Mint at San Francisco.....	300,000
Balance due to Massachusetts for Expen-	
ses on N. E. Boundary.....	300
Balance due to Maine.....	2,200
Five Additional Clerks in Post-Office...	6,000
Total Miscellaneous.....	\$1,030,765
Total under General Head....	6,713,000
Grand Total.....	\$7,743,765

The acts passed at the first session of the Thirty-second Congress are:

An act granting the right of way to the State of Missouri, and a portion of the public lands to aid in the construction of a railroad from Hannibal to St. Joseph, in said State. Approved June 14, 1852.

An act to grant a branch of the United States Mint to California. July 13, 1852.

An act to extend the time for selecting lands granted to the State of Wisconsin for saline purposes. May 4, 1852.

An act to confirm to the State of Michigan certain lands selected for saline purposes. August 25, 1852.

An act for the relief of Theodore Offutt. April 14, 1852.

An act to relinquish to the State of Iowa the lands reserved for salt springs therein. May 27, 1852.

An act for the relief of William P. Greene. August 25, 1852.

An act granting relief to John A. McGaw, of New-York. August 25, 1852.

An act authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue register to the Ada. January 23, 1852.

An act amendatory of an act entitled "An act to provide for holding Courts of the United States in case of the sickness or other disability of the Judges of the District Courts," approved July 29, 1850. April 2, 1852.

An act for the relief of Rufus Dwinel. March 11, 1852.

An act to provide a room for the Congressional Library. January 23, 1852.

An act to amend an act entitled "An act to incorporate the Washington Gas Light Company," approved July 8, 1848. August 2, 1852.

An act concerning the sessions of the Courts of the United States in the District of Columbia. May 11, 1852.

An act to provide for the appointment of a Superintendent of Indian Affairs in California. March 3, 1852.

An act to permit the hermaphrodite brig Sylphide to registry. February 28, 1852.

An act to make land warrants assignable, and for other purposes. March 22, 1852.

An act for the relief of Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell, of the State of Missouri. March 11, 1852.

An act for the relief of Jane Irwin. May 11, 1852.

An act relating to the salaries of officers of the Territories of the United States. June 15, 1852.

An act to extend the time for selling the lands granted to the Kentucky Asylum for Teaching the Deaf and Dumb. March 11, 1852.

An act to provide for the repair of the Congressional Library room, lately destroyed by fire. November 19, 1852.

An act to change the time of holding the United States District Courts in Alabama, and for other purposes. May 1, 1852.

An act to authorize the Mayor and Common Council of Chicago, Ill., to excavate a portion of the public reservation at that place, with a view to the improvement of the navigation of Chicago. July 22, 1852.

An act for the relief of Anna Norton and Louis Fosket. May 11, 1852.

An act granting a pension to John Le Roy. August 25, 1852.

An act for the relief of Charles G. Hunter. May 11, 1852.

An act to grant to certain settlers on the Menomonee Purchase, north of Fox River, in the State of Wisconsin, the right of preëmption. May 27, 1852.

An act to provide for the holding of the District Court for the District of Columbia in case of sickness or other disability of the District Judge. May 27, 1852.

An act to amend an act entitled "An act to carry into effect the Convention between the United States and the Emperor of Brazil, of the 27th day of January, in the year 1849," approved March 29, 1850. July 3, 1852.

An act to change the name of the steamboat Brilliant. June 15, 1852.

An act to create three additional land districts in the State of Iowa. August 2, 1852.

An act to protect actual settlers upon the land on the line of the Central Railroad and branches by granting preëmption rights thereto. January 21, 1852.

An act authorizing the payment of interest to the State of New-Hampshire for advances made for the use and benefit of the United States, in repelling invasion and suppressing insurrection at Indian Stream, in that State. January 27, 1852.

An act to amend an act entitled "An act for the punishment of crimes in the District of Columbia." July 3, 1852.

An act for the relief of the Virginia Woollen Company. January 27, 1852.

An act making appropriations to meet the expenses incurred in consequence of the late fire at the Capitol. January 13, 1852.

An act making appropriations for the payment of invalid and other pensions of the United States, for the year ending the 30th of June, 1853. July 12, 1852.

An act making appropriation for the payment of navy pensions. June 19, 1852.

An act for carrying into execution, in further part, the 12th article of the treaty with Mexico, concluded at Guadalupe Hidalgo. February, 1852.

An act to admit a certain vessel to registry. January, 1852.

An act in relation to a certain lot of land in the town of Gnadenbuthen, in the State of Ohio. July 12, 1852.

An act for the relief of Edward Everett, late a sergeant in the United States army. January 27, 1852.

An act for the relief of John W. Robinson. May 26, 1852.

An act for the relief of Philip Miller. May 4, 1852.

An act for the relief of Joseph Johnson. May 4, 1852.

An act for the relief of Robert Milligan. May 26 1852.

An act for the relief of Philip Miller. March 19, 1852.

An act for the relief of Sylvanus Blodget. May 26, 1852.

An act for the relief of Amos Knapp. July 12, 1852.

An act for the payment of arrears of pension to the guardian of Artemus Conant. May 4, 1852.

An act for the relief of American citizens lately imprisoned and pardoned by the Queen of Spain. February 10, 1852.

An act making appropriations for the support of the Military Academy for the year ending the 30th June, 1853, and for other purposes. August, 1852.

An act for the relief of William Greer. May 26, 1852.

An act for the relief of Williams, Staples, and Williams. March 19, 1852.

An act for the relief of James Ferguson, surviving partner of the firm of Ferguson & Milhado. March 19, 1852.

An act for the relief of the executors and heirs of Thomas Fletcher, deceased. July 21, 1852.

An act for the relief of James Lewis. May 4, 1852.

An act for the relief of the heirs of John Jackson. July 3, 1852.

An act for the relief of Gustavus A. De Russey, late an acting purser in the navy. July 21, 1852.

An act for the relief of Francis Tribon. July 12, 1852.

An act for the relief of Ichabod Weymouth. July 12, 1852.

An act for the relief of John McIntosh. July 21, 1852.

An act for the relief of the legal representatives of James C. Watson, of Georgia. July 30, 1852.

An act to authorize the issuing of a register to the brig America. April 7, 1852.

An act for the relief of Wm. S. Payne. June 19, 1852.

An act to authorize the issuing of a register to the ship Kossuth. April 7, 1852.

An act for the relief of the Munroe Railroad Company, and their securities. May 4, 1852.

An act for the relief of Isaac Cobb. July 21, 1852.

An act for the relief of David Murphy. August, 1852.

An act to regulate the mileage of the Delegate from the Territory of Oregon. May 19, 1852.

An act to supply deficiencies in the appropriations for the service of the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1852. July 21, 1852.

An act to legalize certain entries of public land made in the State of Florida. May 26, 1852.

An act authorizing the Legislature of the State of Mississippi to sell the lands heretofore appropriated for the use of schools in that State, and to ratify and approve the sales already made. May 19, 1852.

An act to amend an act entitled "An act providing for the sale of certain lands in the States of Ohio and Michigan, ceded by the Wyandot tribe of Indians, and for other purposes;" approved March 3, 1843. July 12, 1852.

An act for the relief of James W. Campbell, of Pike county, Missouri. July 12, 1852.

An act to release from reservation and to restore to the mass of Public Lands certain lands in the State of Arkansas. July 12, 1852.

An act to supply a deficiency to the State of Indiana, in a township of land granted to said State for the use of a State University, by an act of Congress, approved April 19, 1816.

An act to provide for executing the public printing, and establishing the prices thereof, and for other purposes.

An act to establish certain post roads.

An act to amend an act entitled "An act to settle and adjust the expenses of the people of Oregon in defending themselves from attacks and hostilities of Cayuse Indians, in the years 1847 and 1848," approved February 14, 1851.

An act to grant the right of way to all rail and plank-roads passing through the public land belonging to the United States.

An act to enable the Legislature of the State of Indiana to dispose of the unsold saline lands in said State.

An act to reduce and define the boundaries of the Military Reserve at the St. Peter's river, in the Territory of Minnesota, and to secure the rights of the actual settlers thereon.

An act to authorize the issuing of a register to the schooner *Caroline*, of Barnstable.

An act to change the name of the American-built vessel named *Amelia*, and to grant a register in her name.

An act to authorize the President of the United States to designate the places for the ports of entry and delivery for the collection districts of Puget's Sound and Umpqua, in the Territory of Oregon, and to fix the compensation of the Collector at Astoria in said Territory.

An act giving the assent of Congress to the State of Missouri to impose a tax or taxes upon all lands hereafter sold by the United States therein, from and after the day of such sale.

An act to establish additional land districts in the State of Wisconsin.

An act to provide for executing the public printing, and establishing the prices thereof, and for other purposes.

An act making appropriations for the civil and diplomatic expenses of the Government for the year ending the 30th of June, 1853, and for other purposes.

An act making appropriations for the support of the army for the year ending 30th June, 1853.

An act making appropriations for the naval service for the year ending the 30th June, 1853.

An act making appropriations for the service of the Post-Office Department during the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1853.

An act making appropriations for the transportation of the United States mail by ocean steamers and otherwise, during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1853.

An act for the relief of Mrs. Margaret L. Hetzel, widow and administratrix of A. R. Hetzel, late Assistant Quartermaster in the army of the United States.

An act to provide for a tri-monthly mail from New-Orleans to Vera Cruz, via Tampico, and back, in steam vessels.

An act for the relief of Mrs. Mary A. Davis, widow of Daniel W. Davis.

An act authorizing imported goods, wares, and merchandise, entered and bonded for warehousing, in pursuance of law, to be exported by certain routes to ports and places in Mexico.

An act for the relief of the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad Company.

An act to create an additional Land Office in the Territory of Minnesota.

An act to amend the act entitled "An act to reduce and modify the rates of postage in the United States, and for other purposes," passed March 3, 1851.

An act to amend an act entitled "An act to provide for the better security of the lives of passengers on board of vessels propelled in whole or in part by steam."

An act making appropriations for the improvement of certain harbors and rivers.

An act in addition to an act to promote the progress of the useful arts.

An act supplementary to "An act providing for the taking the seventh and subsequent censuses of the United States, and to fix the numbers of members of the House of Representatives, and provide for future apportionment among the several States," approved 23d May, 1850.

A bill making appropriations for Light Houses, Light Boats, Buoys, &c., and providing for the erection and establishment of the same, and for other purposes.

A bill for the relief of L. F. Johnson.

An act to constitute Alton, in the State of Illinois, a port of delivery.

An act in addition to an act to promote the progress of the useful arts.

A bill making appropriations for the current and contingent expenses of the Indian Department, and for fulfilling treaty stipulations with various Indian tribes for the year ending the 30th of June, 1853.

A bill making further provision for the satisfaction of Virginia Land Warrants.

An act for the relief of the heirs of Semoice, a friendly Creek Indian.

An act for the relief of Sergeant Leonard Skinner.

An act for the relief of Monmouth B. Hart, Joel Kelley, and William Close, securities of the late Benjamin F. Hart, a Purser in the United States Navy.

An act for the relief of the legal representatives of James C. Watson, of Georgia.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

BOOKS.

Hagar: a Story of To-day. By ALICE CAREY.
New-York: Redfield, Clinton-Hall. 1852.

FICTION has long been the means for propagation, and the medium of discussion for the favorite theories of those by whom it is written. Many a double-columned octavo volume of three hundred pages has been labored through, to show what might have been better shown by one fifth the labor bestowed on twenty. Tales of Morality, Religion, Political Economy, Domestic Virtue, and the like, are constantly being thrust before the world in every conceivable shape and variety. In the work before us, we have one side of a discussion between Miss Caroline Chesebro' and Miss Carey as to Human Will. Not that Miss Chesebro, avowedly advocates its supremacy, but she does so at least inferentially in her late work, "Isa, a Pilgrimage," which is dedicated to Miss Carey; and by the life and death of Isa, she teaches that human bonds are of little worth compared with the gratification of ambitious will, even when governed by passion. Miss Carey looks not so upon human obligations and the duties of mortals toward each other. Hagar is the embodiment of will, susceptible of the strongest passions, and keenly alive to the promptings of her affections, yet guided by principle and duty. There were unpleasant words between Grace Greenwood and Miss Carey, to whom Miss Chesebro's work was jointly dedicated, growing out of its character, warranting the belief that "Hagar" was written in reply to "Isa."

The story is after this fashion: A talented, ambitious minister loves a girl in humble life, and deserts her. He renounces the ministry and takes up authorship, leaving the country for many years. The girl serves as governess, living in herself, and without betraying the particulars of her former life, while her name is entirely unconnected by the world with the minister, Warburton. He returns after many years and marries her charge, and Hagar resides with them a short time, unknown of course. She becomes curious to know the contents of a private drawer in his cabinet, suspecting its connection with her own history, and one evening, while he and his young wife are absent, opens it with a key of her own. There are the letters she had written to him, her miniature, and, in a polished case, the coffin of their child which he had taken from her at his desertion, and murdered! The most horrid of these details are kept hidden until the close of the book, when Hagar writes them for Arnold, who had fallen in love with her, and won her affection in return, many years after her flight from the house of Warburton, as a reason why she turned "from the fountain and the white tent of innocence, to wander thirsty and alone in the desert." There is ever a struggle, fiercer than that of the elements, in her bosom be-

tween Passion and Will in the guise of Duty. At the first trial temptation conquers, and she falls; but afterward, when they are brought into conflict, will is conformed to a higher power, and she is victorious. Such, in brief, is the story, without incidents or connections. Many other characters are introduced: Miss Crum, with her old-maidishness; Frederick Wurth, indolent and yielding; Mrs. Yancey, the type of a country slattern, her husband, so quiet and industrious, and little Nanny their child. There is nothing more beautiful in the whole book than Nanny's meekness and self-denying beauty. There is no sweeter inducement to holy life than the influence of such a person; nothing that so wins the heart to purity as the appreciation of it in others, and especially in those we love. Her short life of toil, in its bearings upon that of her uncle, was productive of more good than the lives of thousands who have held the sceptre of empire, or influenced the minds of men by mighty works. Were there nothing else, the book would have an object worthy the talents of the authoress.

Miss Carey, in the prefatory remarks, avers her belief "that there is a God in heaven." Miss Chesebro' speaks of God as if he existed, yet in the result of a flagrant violation of his laws, a wanton desecrating one of His most sacred commands, she sees peace and quietude of spirit, the harbinger of a faith "that reaches within the veil." Miss Carey in the path of sin strews thorns, regrets, and upbraidings, with a stern will to bear, to endure, and to forsake.

Having avowed belief in God, how is will regarded; what place in the great world of mind is allotted to that important element in the aggregation of character?

"The Will has something of that power the Masters said belonged to Faith, to which it is related so nearly, as often to be distinguished from it only with great difficulty. The schoolmen have debated of it much, and many hold that it must bend to other forces; but from all that I have read in histories, or seen in life about me, Will is sovereign over every thing but God, whose own most fit description is the HIGHEST WILL. Into the heart and brain of Elsie came suddenly this inspiration, and she looked bravely out on her future, from the sight of which she before shrank appalled; and she saw the mountains moving, and day again brighter and fairer for the blackness and terror of the receding night, blooming and shining far, far away, to where it mingled with the eternal light." Pages 66, 67.

The earnest seeker after truth is not turned away from his search by any counter influence, or the temptations of error. It becomes him to know if Will is the only working agent in the world; if it is never acted upon, swayed by other and outer things; if it is not changed in substance by the temptations that beset, or if they do not often give

it the character it possesses. Do they not become in many persons the power behind that throne upon which Will sits, and seems to rule as a very God? Are men the rulers of their own will, the keepers of their own hearts? Do they not bend to the suggestions of other powers, and does not the will bow as well? These, and such as these, are questions suggested by the two works. Isa and Hagar are both the embodiment of Will. Isa would not yield to pure affection; but to unholy passion, when mixed with or seemingly guided by an intellectual sympathy, utterly heedless whither it tended, she proved a ready, a willing minister. Hagar, ere the character was formed or the will developed, yielded to passion in the guise of affection; but she yielded not again. Will for good was thereafter paramount; she yielded no more for ever, although the tumult and the whirlwind shook her as the topmost boughs of the pine are shaken by the fitful blast. Isa rose before her fall, only to fall farther and for ever, while Hagar fell and rose again to fall no more. One was a deliberate abandonment of the path of duty in mature life, the other was the wandering of youth and temptation. Isa received homage and worship for her intellect, while Hagar found but degrading pity for her portion. Hagar's example to the world was one of self-abnegation, meekness and charity; and while, with good taste, it seems to us, the name of our Saviour is not introduced, his spirit breathes through her actions and life. There may never come to us such a whirlwind of temptation, such a tempest, but all need in their souls some stronger power than mere human will to withstand what is ever to be withstood. In daily life a power superior to will moves and guides; in the tumult of the world's progress, will is moved by other than those strict principles which in solitude it adopts and acknowledges. Not to dispute whether will, when merged in and overwhelmed by other influences, remains will, yet what better than mere passion is such will, which is then the true ruler?

There are too many general characters and lofty thoughts in this, as in every book worth reading, for the final impression to be summed up in a sentence. Indolence is brought to want, crime is punished, and the good of a holy life lasts long after it is past, reproducing and recreative. The path of Hagar is not strewn with flowers; her brows are not crowned with laurel, nor are the plaudits of a world's praises rung in her ears for sinfulness and crime. None would tread the path of death hoping for her reward, nor by the influence of her example yield to sinfulness and crime. The path of sin is the path of horror, the flowers beside it are the lurking-places of adders, and their stings who can bear? Beauty and interest are lavishly bestowed on every page, and one reads not to forget. The desired teachings are left in no doubt, nor are they capable of misinterpretation; there can be no mistaking what is said, however much may have been left unsaid and incomplete.

"*The Men of the Times ; or Sketches of Living Notables*," published by J. S. Redfield, is a work of decided value, which goes far towards sup-

plying a great want in our language. It contains biographical sketches, more or less extended, of nearly a thousand men, of all countries, most distinguished in their several vocations, and presents an amount of contemporary biography greater than can be found in any other book accessible in this country. Absolute completeness is of course unattainable in a work of this kind. No two persons would agree upon a list of names to be admitted, and no editor could procure sketches of all the individuals, the insertion of which he could desire. Hence, names will be omitted which many would consider to have as fair claims to insertion as others which are admitted. But making all allowance for cases of this kind, the present work will be found indispensable for those who wish to obtain some knowledge of the persons who are now playing prominent parts in the drama of life. We observe that many of our newspaper contemporaries have been amusing themselves by making out lists of names omitted, which they think should have been inserted. We have also noted sundry omissions, which we suggest to the editor for admission in a subsequent edition. Among the novelists we have looked in vain for the names of George Lippard and "Professor" Ingraham; E. P. Christie and (?) Fellows, of the rival *troupes* of negro melodists, do not appear among the Composers; the immortal constructor of the "Perrine pavement" finds no place among the Engineers; the names of Isaiah Rynders and John Van Buren are wanting in the list of Statesmen; and, in spite of his manifold claims as Divine and Dramatist, Journalist and Savan, Statesman and Traveller, no mention whatever is made of C. Edwards Lester. This last omission cannot be an accident, and we can account for it only by supposing that it belongs to those few cases, noted by the editor, in which "reluctance to publicity" has induced distinguished individuals to withhold the information necessary to furnish a sketch of their lives.

Industrial Resources of the South and West. By J. D. B. De Bow. Published at the office of De Bow's Review, New-Orleans, and 79 John street, New-York.

The division of subjects embraces—I. *Commerce*.—Its history, laws, and statistics, commodities, shipping, navigation, treaties, tariffs, exports and imports, trade of the different States and cities, of the United States and of foreign powers. II. *Agriculture*.—Discussions upon cotton, rice, sugar, tobacco, hemp, Indian corn, wheat, farming and planting interests, statistics, slavery and slave laws, &c. III. *Manufactures*.—Progress of Manufactures in the South and West, and in the Union. IV. *Internal Improvements*.—Canals, railroads, plank-roads, general intercommunication South and West, in the Union and abroad. V. *Miscellaneous*.—Historical Sketches of States and cities. VI. *Statistics*.—Complete tables upon all the above heads—population, resources, wealth, mortality, blacks and whites, &c.

The general contents of the volumes are—history, population, geography, statistics of the South and West; agricultural products of cotton,

sugar, tobacco, hemp, grains, naval stores, &c.; manufactures: detailed accounts, statistics and history of all branches; internal improvements: complete statistics of railroads, results, profits, expenses, costs, advantages, miles in projection, construction, completed, &c.; plank-roads, canals, navigation, &c.; statistics of health and diseases, wealth and progress; relative condition, whites and blacks; slave laws and statistics, management and amelioration of slavery; origin, history, and defenses of slavery and slave institutions; the valuable treatises of Harper, Hammond, Drew, on slavery, &c.; commerce of the South and West in all of its minute particulars, &c., together with an historical and statistical sketch of each of the States and cities; the domestic and foreign trade, resources, manufactures, &c., of the United States; the census returns from 1790.

Hand-Book of the Erie Railroad. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.

Most travellers on the Erie Railroad have seen this volume. It is a valuable index to the many points of interest which have made this road famous among tourists and lovers of the picturesque.

The scenery of the Erie Railroad has been often described, and the theme is yet unexhausted. It traverses a district of as wild country as can be found between the Adirondack Mountains and the Alleghanies. Much of this tract still remains in its primitive state, although the immediate border of the road has been cleared, and exhibits the beneficent influence of the great work of improvement by which it has been brought into notice.

The road is specially famous for the scenery of the Delaware River and the mountainous spurs of Delaware and Sullivan counties. The chief constructive works of which it boasts are the Cascade Bridge and the Starucca Viaduct, within three miles of each other; each a splendid example of engineering skill.

The Erie Railroad has started into lively existence a score of flourishing towns and cities, of which a few years since we hardly knew the names. Dunkirk, Elmira, Corning, Owego and Binghamton, are among the most noticeable of these new centres of population. The various branches of the road have also stimulated the growth of many towns in the interior.

The Progress of Nations in Civilization, Productive Industry, Wealth and Population. Illustrated by Statistics of Mining, Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, Coin, Banking, Internal Improvements, Emigration and Population. By EZRA C. SEAMAN. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1852.

This is one of the most valuable works of the day. It shows the marks of great care; and we judge of its value much more by these indications than by the quantity and diversity of figures which it has brought together. It requires little labor to heap together columns of figures in these days of censuses and statistics; but to compress and digest them is quite another matter.

We intend a full review of this work, and we

shall then give our reasons for believing in its value.

Daniel Webster and his Contemporaries. By CHARLES W. MARSH. New-York: Charles Scribner. Fourth Edition.

To say that this book is worthy of the subject attempted is the highest praise that could be bestowed upon it. We can at least say that those who read it will have a great intellectual treat. Mr. Marsh relates the incidents and depicts the scenes in the splendid career of the great statesman and orator of modern times with a clearness, eloquence and force that has not often been equalled in our literature.

That his work is destined for a wide appreciation and circulation we have no hesitation in predicting, as well from these qualities of the work as the ever-extending and deepening appreciation of the services and genius of its subject.

The Works of Shakspeare: The Text carefully Restored according to the First Editions, with Introductory Notes, Original and Selected, and a Life of the Poet. By the Rev. H. N. HUDSON. In Eleven Volumes. Vol. V. Boston: James Monroe & Co.

The manner in which Mr. Hudson continues to execute his task confirms the opinion we have heretofore expressed touching the value of this edition of Shakspeare. There is nothing, we are sure, so complete, and at the same time so compact, among the many editions of the great bard.

Mr. Hudson himself has a remarkable genius for the analysis of character and the complicated motives which sway the actions and destinies of men. The ideal world of poetic truth which Shakspeare has created is to him, therefore, an infinite wonder and mystery, in which he revels with a feeling worthy of the grandeur and beauties which surround him.

Thus his own commentaries are not only full and rich, but he has selected the true inspirations which have fallen from the most gifted of those who have preceded him. If "*the proper study of mankind is man*," there is no such text-book in any language as such a convenient edition of the "*myriad-minded bard*," so illustrated by the great moralists, philosophers and poets of our language.

The Poetical Works of Fitz-Greene Halleck. Clinton Hall, New-York: Redfield. New Edition.

The elegance of this new edition, with its superb paper and beautiful type, must commend it to the lovers of Mr. Halleck's graceful and lively muse. The additional verses in this volume, although they may not add materially to the fame of the author, will not detract therefrom. It was to be hoped that Mr. Halleck had done more in the interval than is here indicated.

Louisiana: Its History as a French Colony. Third Series of Lectures. By CHARLES GAYARRE. New-York: John Wiley, 167 Broadway.

It has not been our good fortune to see the previous series of lectures on the subject, by Mr. Gay-

arré; but judging from the present goodly volume, we conclude that they form the most complete history of this most interesting of the French colonies, so full of curious and romantic incidents. It is a valuable contribution to the early history of the country.

The Pioneer Women of the West. By MRS ELLET, author of the "Women of the American Revolution," &c. New-York: Charles Scribner

It was a happy idea of MRS. ELLET to collect these fading memories of the heroic women who assisted in carrying civilization and refinement out into the wildernesses of the West.

The stories of their lives are highly instructive and interesting; and we can heartily commend the book to the patriotic appreciation of all Americans.

Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library, for Travellers and the Fireside.—Home and Social Philosophy, from Dickens's HOUSEHOLD WORDS. Sicily, a Pilgrimage. By H. T. TUCKERMAN.

These are two new volumes of this exceedingly cheap, well selected and handsomely printed series, issued by Mr. Putnam. They must command an extensive circulation.

Physical Theory of another Life. By ISAAC TAYLOR. 289 pp. 8vo. New-York: William Gowans. 1852.

The spirited publisher to whom the American public is indebted for so many valuable republications, all of them works of the highest character, prefers new claims to their gratitude and discriminating appreciation in this latest reprint, just put forth.

Mr. Gowans publishes no poor books, and not only evinces judgment, but respect for his readers, in selecting the best books.

The work, whose title forms the caption of this paragraph, cannot be despatched in a mere notice. It is worthy of a philosophical review; its scope and spirit demand a wide field of discussion, as they include the highest of all speculations—those that refer to the future life, or another world. Suffice it to say, that much ingenious thought and able writing is here expended, on a subject interesting to every man—whether he be poet and philosopher, or the humblest of artisans.

Appended to the work, but forming a distinct and elaborate catalogue, is a list, the fruit of long and accurate research, on the part of the publisher himself, of books treating on the immortality of the soul; this is an effort that does Mr. Gowans honor.

Life and Public Services of Henry Clay, brought down to 1848. By EPES SARGENT. Completed at Mr. Clay's death by HORACE GREELEY. Derby & Miller, Auburn, N. Y., 1852.

We delay notice of this work at present; hoping to do justice to this history and others with more extended space at a future time.

Lillian and other Poems. By WINTHROP MACK-WORTH PRAED. New-York: J. S. Redfield. 1852.

Lectures on the Works and Genius of Washington Allston. By WILLIAM WARE, Author of "Zenobia," "Aurelia," "Probus," &c. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1852.

Mr. Ware, whose untimely death was so deeply and widely lamented, was one of the most graceful writers whom this country has produced. His fictions of ancient life were of a new school, and full of vigor and beauty. The present volume is worthy of his reputation.

The National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans—Nos. 3, 4, 5, and 6. Philadelphia: R. C. Peterson & Co. New-York: N. Terry, 113 Nassau street.

This work improves. We learn that its circulation is rapidly increasing.

Whims and Oddities. By THOMAS HOOD. Putnam's Semi-monthly Library. Vol. 17. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.

One of Hood's best efforts. Mr. Putnam has not issued a more readable volume.

Romance of American History. By JOSEPH BAYVARD. New-York: Lewis Colby. 1852. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

A valuable book, and especially useful for young readers

MUSIC.

THE CONCERT SEASON IN NEW-YORK.—SON-TAG: ALBONI.—In the metropolis the concert has fairly supplanted the opera. There was a time when this result could hardly have been foreseen. Once the opera appeared fairly domesticated, and promised to be one of the most brilliant of episodes in the tiresome epic of our urban existence. But it was no episode to its various managers; and *their* Epic was both laborious and unremunerated. The opera, it was found, with its scenery and its choruses, and its immense and necessary corps of retainers, did not pay. Jealousies could not be prevented among its stars. Immense salaries depleted the treasury. Managers became bankrupt, and creditors seized the "properties." Amid such circumstances the opera died, and in its stead there has sprung up the full-grown concert, with orchestras equally large and brilliant, but without the band of supernumeraries, without the aggregation of stars, without the sceneries and the properties, and the other expensive accompaniments which span the narrow gulf between profit and loss, and have so often left unhappy managers in the depths of ruin. It is, we think, demonstrated beyond doubt that a first-class singer, well supported, can give an indefinite series of concerts in our large cities, and especially in New-York, with large success and profit, and that too when the prices of seats, however moderate in themselves, are such as would have been deemed extravagant a few years ago.

Shall we make an exception in the case of Catherine Hayes? Let the exception consist in

the singer and not in the statement. Catherine Hayes came to us with a reputation very far above her merits. This could hardly have been called her fault. The lavish praise which ruined her did not proceed from herself. An estimable artist and a true lady, it was painful to witness the deception which she was put forward to support. Had her resolution equalled her true excellence of heart, she would never have suffered herself to be the victim that she was; and her success in a less ostentatious rôle would have satisfied at once her nature and her expectations.

Let us rather appeal to the example furnished us by the separate and yet conjoint appearance of two artists of high talent and deserved fame, and whose strength of character and real dignity of action have preserved them from any associations with the cheaper arts of winning public favor. In the case of either, the promise of excellence has been fully and fairly substantiated. Without descending to artifice, or inclining to the favors of particular musical coteries, each has achieved splendid success, and each has before her a season of prosperity almost indefinite in duration, and having for its theatre a collection of cities in which music is cultivated and appreciated, and in which there is abundant wealth to compensate the artist who comes recommended by intrinsic excellence, and by the spontaneous praise of former hearers.

In our last number we gave a prospective sketch of Madame HENRIETTE SONTAG, recounting the large success of her career hitherto, and anticipating an equal measure during the season in which we are to be favored with her presence. Since that time she has given six concerts, each commemorated by full houses and hearty enthusiasm, by the most unfeigned satisfaction on the part of the audience, and by an unmarred excellence of performance on the part of Madame Sontag and the eminent artists whom she has gathered around her.

Lately turning over a volume of an English periodical, published three or four years since, our eyes happened to rest upon a representation of Her Majesty's Theatre in London: a crowd around the outer doors; carriages rolling to the entrance, and the names of the principal performers of the evening, *Lablache, Grisi, SONTAG*, carelessly thrown in by the engraver as the final stroke to the interest of the picture. It recalled to our mind the days, of whose triumphs the present successes of these famous artists are the undiminished perpetuation. Horizons are but a line—the zenith alone is boundless. Past years lose their historic character by being associated with the person of living genius; and if it is true that we are of the same feeling and mind that we were yesterday and the day before that, equally true is it that artistic excellence may continue in renewed youth, even though historic records may be set here and there to mark its progress.

In music, criticism ends where enthusiasm begins. And if criticism be indeed only analysis and dissection, we defy its operation upon music at all. But if the true appreciative organ with which we are endowed can be exercised any where with pleasure and advantage, it is upon the rich, elevated, classic music of which SONTAG and ALBONI

have given us such high examples. For it is only the well-trained and perfected artist who is qualified to exhibit music really worthy of educated attention. The true orators of music are few; but it is only in them that the excellence of music is perceived at all. We may dissect and anatomize indifference, but the enthusiasm enkindled by perfection is not easily made familiar with the rules of criticism.

The naturalness of Madame Sontag's singing has not been sufficiently dwelt upon by our contemporaries. It is a rare charm, and she possesses it in a very marked degree. It is much more difficult to sing without affectation in concerts than in operas. In the latter, the artist forgets herself in the character she represents, while on the concert boards she is constantly reminded of herself, and as constantly prompted to that striving after effect, which it requires a true and sincere character to repress.

— We need not express the gratification it has given us to hear Signor BADIALI once more. He is a prime favorite with New-York audiences; and those who have heard him once are not at a loss to understand the reason why he is liked so well.

The difficulty of finding first-rate Tenors, so often complained of in New-York, has not been entirely obviated at the concerts of Madame SONTAG and Madame ALBONI. SANGIOVANNI sings sweetly but feebly, and POZZOLINI is hardly equal to the task of filling a room like Metropolitan Hall. The orchestra of these concerts is full of the first talent.

— Shall we pass by the piano execution of JAELE, or the exquisite performance of that tiny violinist, PAUL JULIEN? Let us simply say that they are worthy of being associated with the full intonations of BADIALI and the silver notes of SONTAG.

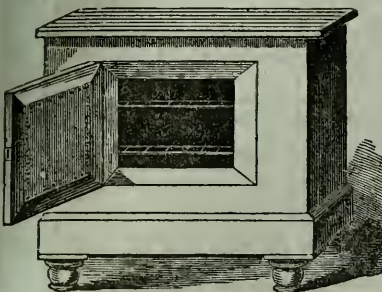
— It is the intention of Madame SONTAG, we understand, soon to visit Philadelphia and Boston, in the former of which cities ALBONI has preceded her. Our neighbors are already on the *qui vive*, and we need only assure them that they cannot rate too high in prospective the musical enjoyment which they are about to receive.

The French Opera Company have taken their final departure from NIBLO's, where their brief engagement was lately concluded with much success. The operas of *Zampa* and *Ne Touchez pas à la Reine* were the last in which the company appeared. The latter opera is a capital bit of French vivacity, and abounds in really good music.

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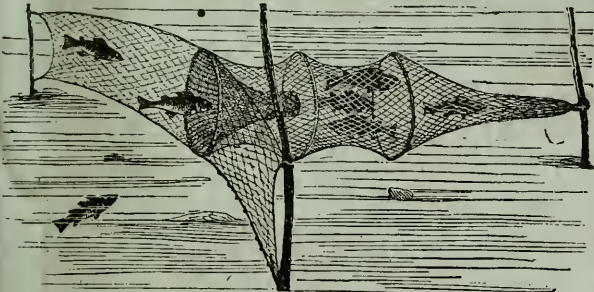
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